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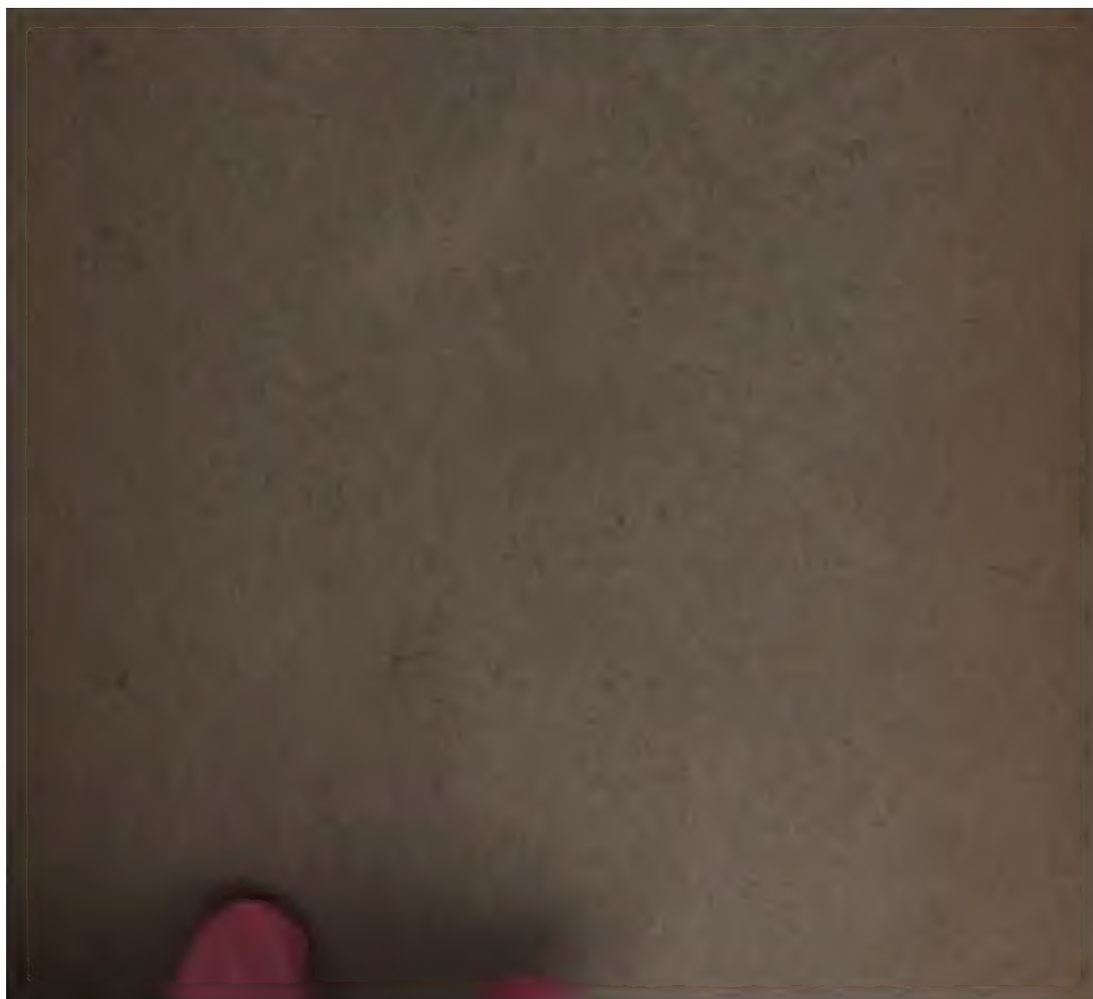
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J. H. Colwell

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No 1.

JANUARY 1st, 1889

Vol. I

Rear-Admiral P. H. Colomb.



WE have no doubt that our readers will welcome the portrait of a naval officer who, like Rear-Admiral Colomb, has recently done so much to elucidate and advance the cause of national defence. In 1849-57 he served as a midshipman on board the *Reynard* in the Chinese waters, which was totally wrecked on the Prata Shoal; and in the *Serpent* during the Burmese War of 1852-53, and won the medal. He was mate of the *Phoenix* in the Arctic Expedition of 1854, and won the Arctic medal; lieutenant of the *Hastings* in the Baltic, where he took part in the right attack on Sweaborg. He was flag-lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Sir Thos. Pasley 1859-63, and was employed on special service as Associate Member of the Ordnance Select Committee. He invented the system now in use for flashing signals by day, night, or in fog; also devised the present system of naval tactics. He was attached to the Royal Engineers in order to assist in perfecting military signalling in 1867, and commanded

the *Dryad* in 1868 while engaged in the duty of suppressing the slave trade. He invented the modern method of lighting the interior of men-of-war ; and is author of the *Manual of Naval Evolutions*. He was chairman to the Committee on Machine-Guns in 1879, and commanded the *Thunderer* in 1880-81. It is to this officer that is due the reorganization of the steam reserves ; he is a gold medallist of the Royal United Service Institution, and a Younger Brother of Trinity House. Among his literary works are *Our Peril Afloat* ; *The Duel : a Naval War Game* ; *The Dangers of the Modern Rule of the Road at Sea*. He is lecturer on Naval Strategy and Tactics at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.



Historical Panics and Early Volunteers.

BY CAPTAINS S. LEITH TOMKINS AND H. R. GALL.



THE tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada affords a fitting opportunity to draw attention to the special feature of interest which the year 1588 offers to the Volunteers of the present day. Then, as on several subsequent occasions, the national spirit was aroused by the dread of invasion, and when war was declared by Spain and a formidable fleet was being prepared for a descent upon our coasts, every nerve was strained to meet the danger, and give a crushing blow to any of the Spanish troops who might be able to elude the vigilance of our fleet and land on our shores. The crowning event in the summer of 1588 was a review by Queen Elizabeth of the troops encamped at Tilbury, and in the records of that memorable review special mention, for the first time in English history, is made of the captains of the Artillery Garden, who commanded soldiers trained by themselves. These officers were really the *first Volunteers*, and were all merchants of the City of London who had left their business and their homes to take part in the defence of the kingdom, after a thorough training in drill and discipline, to which they had subjected themselves at their own expense.

Previous to this time the Honourable Artillery Company had been one of the City Guilds (called the Guild of St. George, which dates from the time of Henry VII.), and like several other City companies, such as the Bowyers, Fletchers, and others had practised archery from a very early date and enjoyed various privileges in consideration of their teaching and promoting the practice of archery and, subsequently, musketry; but training men in the duties of a soldier and teaching them to act in concert does not appear to have been practised, and it was not until the year 1587, when invasion seemed imminent, that, impressed with the importance of drill and discipline, some 300 of the citizens of London, for the most part merchants and traders, enrolled themselves in the Honourable Artillery Company, and agreed to

meet every Thursday in the year at the Artillery Garden in Spitalfields under trained officers, and there acquire, over and above the knowledge of handling a pike or firelock, a thorough acquaintance with the drill and duties of a soldier. Every man who joined learned what was required in the ranks, then the duties of a non-commissioned officer, and, lastly, those of a captain, so that each and every volunteer was thoroughly grounded in the drill of all ranks, from a private upwards. So proficient did they become that not only, as we know, were they allotted honourable posts under the generals of the Queen's army, but, later on, members of the Honourable Artillery Company were invited to afford their valuable aid in training recruits for the City Trained Bands and greatly assisted to bring these troops to a high state of efficiency. Some fifty years afterwards this Company, the oldest of our Volunteer corps, moved to Bunhill Fields, where they have been located ever since.

The Trained Bands were so named when James I. directed the reorganization of the military forces of the country, and their officers were constantly chosen from among the Volunteers of the Artillery Company, many of whom joined the Company on purpose to qualify for such commissions in the force. William III. recommended all the officers of the City Trained Bands to join the Artillery Company, and in the time of George III. it was made compulsory, and only those who belonged to that Society could be promoted. These Trained Bands in the City continued to exist down to 1794, when they were re-organized, and became the City of London Militia.

The defeat of the Armada was followed by a series of victories which constituted England the mistress of the seas. There was no further dread of invasion, and the reign of Elizabeth closed in splendour and triumph: it consequently followed that there was not the same need for personal sacrifice of time and labour, and the inclination for military service among the traders and gentlemen of the country went to sleep, until again another wave of panic as to a possible invasion swept over the land. But during all this period the old Volunteer Company in the City of London held its ground, and many a time were they called upon to assist the civil power in quelling riots and preserving order. In the eighteenth century they performed signal service of this kind, and the Corporation of London voted them a sum of money to enable them to procure two small pieces of ordnance which would make their small number better able to deal with unruly mobs. Accordingly, in

1781, two companies of sixteen men each were formed to work the field-guns, each company officered by a captain and sergeant, and the word "artillery" which, up to this time had merely meant fire-locks carried by the men, now included field-pieces: in the same year the infantry portion of the corps was ordered to consist of a Grenadier Company, drilled in the use of hand-grenades, a light infantry company, drilled in skirmishing, and four bat (or battalion) companies.

Towards the close of the war with our American colonies a confederacy was organized by France and joined by Spain and Holland (1779), and plans were formed for invading England. Gibraltar was invested, and the combined fleets of France and Spain were practically in possession of the English Channel. Once more the fear of invasion drove all classes to arms: meetings were called and associations were formed for the purpose of enrolling Volunteer soldiers, both cavalry and infantry, in defence of the country. One of the most celebrated of these corps was the regiment of Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, and the ranks were soon filled up. In the following year (1780) they afforded great assistance in subduing the formidable riots which took place in London, and the Corporation of London presented them with a pair of standards and a flattering vote of thanks.

On peace being concluded (ratified by the Treaty of Versailles, 1783), the officers resigned, and the colours were deposited in the Tower; but, ten years later, after the execution of Louis XVI. and the declaration of war by the French Republic, this corps was again revived (1794), as were many others. Once more they performed signal service in suppressing riots in conjunction with the Honourable Artillery Company, and for many years afterwards some portion of the regiment was more or less constantly under arms, performing patrol duties and reconnoitring. In 1795 the King gave them two six-pounder guns for use in suppressing disturbances, but happily they were never needed. In 1798 dismounted companies were added to the mounted troops, making divisions of horse, foot, and artillery in one corps. One of the field officers, Major Stracey, was a great sportsman, and at his instance and under his superintendence a new rifle was issued to the three dismounted companies, instruction in the use of which he himself afforded. He secured a range of 250 yards close to Gray's Inn Lane, and devoted the utmost pains to teaching his men how to use their rifles with effect, adopting the plan of covering the bullet with a greased patch to insure its fitting the barrel of the rifle accurately.

Major Stracey, accordingly, seems to have the honour of anticipating the Hythe course of musketry for Volunteers as far back as 1799.

But this was only one out of a large number of corps. County vied with county in promoting the formation of Volunteer associations, and the war fever reached even the clergy. The Bishop of Winchester authorized the whole of the clergy of Hampshire, and especially of the Isle of Wight, to take up arms and do whatever they considered best for the service of the country. Sixty thousand men joined in a few days, and at this time London presented the appearance of a huge garrison. Volunteer companies were raised in all directions, and numbers of them bore names which have been adopted in our time by the present generation, such as Inns of Court, Westminster Volunteers, St. George's, &c.

On the King's birthday, the 4th June, 1799, George III. reviewed the Volunteers in Hyde Park, and we are able to reproduce a plan of the ground, showing the numbers and position of the regiments present. By some error of the original draftsman, who was a member of the Loyal Westminster Volunteers (infantry), the total is given as sixty-six, but really there were only sixty-five corps in Hyde Park, as will be seen by referring to the Field States which are detailed at the bottom of the plan.

Considering the importance of this review, and especially the fact that it led to the passing of the Volunteer Act, 44 Geo. III., c. 54, which formed the basis of the Volunteer Act of 1863 (26 & 27 Vict., c. 65), under which all our present Volunteers have taken the oath of allegiance, and under which they are brought under the Mutiny Act, and provision made for their pay, pensions, billets, widows' allowances, &c., as also for the terms of their engagement, and the regulations for resignation, we think it will not be out of place to give the contemporary accounts of the day's proceedings *in extenso* in the first place, and then compare the drill and evolutions which the Volunteers then went through with drill and manœuvres of the present day. The first account we subjoin is that given in the chronicle of the *Annual Register* for 1799.

"June 4th, 1799, being His Majesty's birthday, the several associations of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, consisting of sixty-five well equipped corps, and amounting to upwards of 8,000 effective men, assembled in Hyde Park, where they were reviewed by the King. The Temple Association, commanded by Captain Graham, was the first that entered the park; it arrived at seven o'clock, during a heavy shower of rain, which continued incessantly from the time it left the Temple Gardens. Several

other corps followed soon after, and at half-past eight the whole were on the ground. The necessary dispositions, agreeable to the official regulations, were then made, and about ten minutes past nine His Majesty appeared, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, and Gloucester, a number of general officers, and a formidable detachment of the Life Guards. The line being formed, a cannon was fired to announce the approach of the King, on which all the corps immediately shouldered in perfect order, and the artillery then fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. A second gun was fired on His Majesty's arrival in front of the line, and each corps immediately presented arms with drums beating and music playing. A third cannon was fired as a signal for shouldering, which was promptly obeyed. His Majesty having passed along the line, and returned to a central point in front, a fourth cannon was fired as a signal to load, and upon the fifth gun being fired the different corps began to fire volleys in succession from right to left. The same loading and firing were repeated upon the sixth and seventh cannons being fired: in all fifty-nine rounds. On the eighth cannon being fired, three cheers were given, and the music played 'God Save the King.'

"The corps then passed His Majesty in grand divisions in a most excellent manner, under the directions of General Dundas, who headed them on horseback; after which they filed off to the stations respectively allotted to them. The whole of the evolutions pointed out to them in the general orders having been performed, and another royal salute of twenty-one guns fired, His Majesty, after expressing the highest satisfaction at the martial appearance and excellent conduct of his loyal and patriotic army, departed from the ground at a quarter before one, amidst the joyous shouts and affectionate greetings of the people, who assembled on the occasion to the amount of upwards of 100,000, including all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. The sight was truly grand, and highly gratifying; and notwithstanding the evolutions were considerably impeded by the high wind and rain, the whole were performed in a manner that reflects much credit upon every corps present, whose conduct fully entitles them to the very handsome compliments of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, paid them by order of His Majesty in the *Gazette* of that evening. The ground was kept clear by the London and Westminster and Southwark Volunteer corps of cavalry, who preserved the lines from being infringed by the immense multitudes who crowded the park."

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INFANTRY.

<i>Left Column—</i>		St. Martin's	138
Honourable Artillery Company	421	Union	78
St. George's Regiment	641	Chiswick	53
Hackney	87	St. Paul's, Covent Garden	58
Westminster	324	Fulham	56
Islington	301	St. George's, Hanover Square	97
<i>Centre Column—</i>		South-East London Volunteers	402
Bloomsbury and Inns of Court	604	Streatham	54
St. James's	230	Limehouse	46
North-East London	297	Ratcliffe	67
Hampstead	88	Clapham	160
Temple	95	Battersea	79
Pimlico	109	St. Catherine's	42
Finsbury Square	93	Poplar and Blackwall	73
Somerset Place	80	Whitechapel	95
Knight Marshals	90	Highgate	62
Three Ward Associations	182	Lambeth	92
<i>Right Column—</i>		St. Pancras and Kentish Town	204
Stoke Newington	51	Wapping	43
Tottenham	46	Hendon	42
Enfield	50	St. Olave	54
Edmonton	50	Eight Ward Associations	393
Hans Town	86	Shoreditch	60
St. Andrew & St. George	126	Kensington	143
St. Clement Danes	77		
Clerkenwell	66		7,891
St. Sepulchre	35	Add Cavalry in Line	368
St. George's, Bloomsbury	51		
London Volunteers	365		8,259
St. Luke's, Chelsea	88	Add Cavalry keeping the	
Brentford	105	ground	640
St. Margaret and St. John's	123		
St. Mary-le-bonne	350		8,899

"The line was formed on three sides of the park as directed by general orders, and was commanded by Lieut.-General the Earl of Harrington. The three sides were commanded by Major-General Lord Heathfield on the right, Major-General Ludlow in the centre, and Major-General Doyley on the left.

"The infantry composing each side of the square was assembled in a separate column, the right column with its right flank about a hundred yards from the walnut trees; the other two columns on its left about sixty yards from each other. The columns were close but not crowded. They were marched to their points by their respective commanders, each entering near the left of the ground, and prolonging the line, till it arrived at its right point; the cavalry then assembled behind the walnut trees in a line; their

right near the Oxford Road gate of the park, and facing to the west, whence they proceeded to take their final position.

"Precisely at nine the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester, and attended by several general officers, aides-de-camp, and a party of Grenadiers, and two regiments of Life Guards, entered the park. On His



LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEER (LONDON AND WESTMINSTER).

Majesty's arrival a salute was fired, and the evolutions commenced according to the orders issued by the Duke of York.

"The troops then passed His Majesty in a line under the direction of General Dundas, who preceded them on horseback. After which the whole number waved their military caps in the air, and gave three cheers. A salute of twenty-one guns was then fired to conclude the review. The ground was kept clear by the City Light Horse and Surrey Volunteers.

"The line performed its manœuvres in a manner which, considering the novelty and the difficulty of so large a body acting together in perfect concert, reflects the highest honour on the discipline of the Volunteers. The firing was, with some exceptions, executed with great regularity. The exception applies to a few of the newly embodied corps, and to others which, originally small in number, had incorporated with each other a short time previously to the review. This defect shows the necessity of acting in large bodies, and will, we trust, lead to an immediate junction of various small corps. Several of the associations had, in consequence of their distance from the metropolis, received orders to muster and march out at an early hour: some of them were actually on their march between two and three o'clock in the morning, and were much incommoded by a heavy fall of rain from four to six. The assemblage of rank and beauty on this glorious occasion has been seldom equalled. To select any particular corps as the subject of praise might seem invidious, and it is only necessary to observe that the appearance and discipline of this patriot army were such as to grace the noble cause in whose support they have so loyally volunteered. The army consisted of 8,198 effective men. The tops of the houses adjacent to the park were covered with spectators, and the windows decorated with fashion and beauty.

"Her Majesty and the princesses, accompanied by the Countess of Harrington and Lady M. Stanhope, viewed the sight from Lady Caroline Danver's house in Park Lane, and from Lord Cathcart's, where they were entertained with refreshments.

"A poor woman was kicked by one of the horses on her head, and was taken to the hospital, attended by the officer to whom the horse belonged.

"From fatigue one of the corps dropped down in a fit, but was soon recovered.

"His Majesty was so well satisfied with the loyalty and good discipline of the several corps that in the evening the following order was issued:—

"Horse Guards, June 4. 1799.

"His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has His Majesty's particular commands to communicate to the several corps of Volunteers assembled this morning in Hyde Park the great satisfaction with which His Majesty witnessed their regularity and military appearance, and the striking manifestation of their cordial and affectionate attachment to His Majesty. It is particularly

pleasing to His Majesty to observe the effects of the unwearied diligence and attention of the officers and of the zeal and alacrity of the Volunteers, composing this truly respectable force, which entitles them to the strongest expressions of His Majesty's approbation ; and which gratify the just sentiment of national pride in the same proportion in which they add to the public security. His Majesty cannot express the satisfaction he has received on this occasion without the pleasing recollection of the principles of attachment to the Constitution under which these corps have been formed, and without considering their appearance and conduct on this day, as a proof of their firm determination to support His Majesty in transmitting it, with the blessings unimpaired, to their posterity. His Royal Highness has peculiar pleasure in making known His Majesty's gracious sentiments, on an occasion so acceptable to his feelings, and he requests the commanding officers to take the earliest opportunity of communicating them to the several corps seen by His Majesty this morning.

“(Signed) FREDERICK F. M.
“Commander-in-Chief.”

The review on the King's birthday was so successful, notwithstanding the bad weather, which doubtless contributed to make some of the corps unsteady, that His Majesty King George III. determined to inspect the Volunteers at their own quarters, and directed the following letter to be written by his Secretary of State :—

“Downing Street, June 10th, 1799.

“To the Officer Commanding the Artillery Corps of Volunteers.

“Sir,

“The very great satisfaction His Majesty received from the military appearance and truly commendable zeal of the Volunteer corps that were assembled in Hyde Park on the morning of His Majesty's birthday has induced His Majesty to signify his wish to see the several bodies of Volunteer forces, associated within the metropolis and its immediate vicinity, drawn out at the respective stations which under a general arrangement, prepared for that purpose, they would be called upon to occupy ; if, however, contrary, I am happy to say, to every present appearance, circumstances should arise to require their active exertions in the defence of the invaluable objects for the maintenance and preservation of which those highly meritorious associations were first formed, I cannot doubt that it will be highly gratifying to yourself and to the corps under your command to find in this service a fresh opportunity of manifesting your loyal attachment to His Majesty

and the Constitution, and of requiring a further title to His Majesty's approbation. I have, therefore, only to inform you that His Majesty has fixed upon Friday the 21st inst. for this general inspection of the different corps at their respective posts: and that his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief will take an early opportunity of communicating to you the details of the arrangement to be made on that day for the guidance of the corps under your command.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"(Signed)

HENRY DUNDAS."

The following account of the inspection appeared in the *Annual Register* :

"1799, June 21st.—This day, between eight and nine o'clock, His Majesty, mounted on a beautiful white charger, and followed by the male branches of the royal family, a crowd of general officers, and others, went from Buckingham House to inspect all the Volunteer corps in different streets of the metropolis. He passed over Westminster Bridge, and proceeded by the Obelisk to Blackfriars Bridge, on the centre of which he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who afterwards rode before him, the Lord Mayor carrying the sword of state. His Majesty proceeded through Bridge Street, St. Paul's Square, &c., in front of the different associations, making a circle to the artillery ground, where the Prince of Wales appeared at the head of the Artillery Company, and thence to the Lord Chancellor's in Upper Gualdford Street, where all the royal family breakfasted. The King then reviewed the Bloomsbury and other corps in that neighbourhood, and about six o'clock returned home.

The number of Volunteers visited by the King was 12,000; and no sovereign ever experienced greater proofs of the loyalty of his subjects than did His Majesty on this day of parade and rejoicing."

We are able to supplement this account by the official returns of the numbers present, which were:—

St. George's Fields	1,596
Bridge Street, Blackfriars	1,054
St. Paul's Churchyard	1,000
Royal Exchange and Bank	1,011
India House	600
Tower Hill	1,038
Goodman's Fields	823
Finsbury Square	862
Islington	394
Foundling Hospital	1,330
Hyde Park	2,700
	<hr/> 12,208

In the evening of the same day the following general order was issued :—

“ House Guards, 21st June 1799.

“ His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of obeying the orders he has received from his Majesty to convey to the different Volunteer Corps inspected



CHEAT WARD VOLUNTEER.

by his Majesty this morning the heartfelt satisfaction which every part of their conduct has excited in his mind.

“ To his Majesty it is a source of unremitted gratification to know that this general display of loyalty and public spirit is the genuine offspring of a Constitution eminently calculated to preserve the happiness and to increase the prosperity of his People.

“ His Majesty having ever made it the principal study of his life to watch over and maintain, unimpaired, those safeguards which

the laws of this happy country have provided for the security of its Civil and Religious Rights, eagerly embraces this opportunity of expressing the just pride he derives from the gratifying feeling that his uniform endeavour, during a long reign, to promote the happiness of his Subjects have insured to him the continuance of their Loyalty and Affection.

"Deeply impressed with the unequivocal and general manifestation of this zealous attachment to his Majesty called forth on the present occasion, his Royal Highness, from every motive of duty, public and private, feels peculiar pleasure in communicating his Majesty's sentiments to the several Corps which have this day been under arms in the metropolis and its vicinity.

"(Signed)

FREDERICK F. M.

"Commander-in-Chief."

The interest shown by the King in his Volunteer soldiers continued unabated. On the 27th June he reviewed the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, who had kept the ground during the review in Hyde Park, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the appearance and discipline of the men and officers. With the two field-guns which he had presented to the corps, and their mounted troops and dismounted companies, they presented in one regiment specimens of the three branches of the service; but the most interesting feature by far in the review was the introduction of carriages, or "expeditions" as they were called, for moving the dismounted men rapidly to distant parts of the field. The King personally complimented the officers and, desiring still further to show his appreciation of the patriotic spirit and military skill which pervaded all ranks, he said that he wished the privates as well as their officers to order their household servants to wear the military cockade in their hats.

Besides the London and Westminster Light Horse two cavalry corps of Surrey kept the ground on the 4th June, and these also the King reviewed at Wimbledon with all the Surrey Volunteers, consisting of 12 cavalry corps and 24 infantry, numbering in all 2,800; this concluded his inspections of the Volunteer forces of London and the neighbourhood. The impetus given to these Volunteer associations by the favour shown by the King, and the encouragement afforded by the Horse Guards and War Department, greatly contributed to increase their numbers, which gradually increased for the next three years up to the grand total of 468,134 in the year 1808; made up of 380,193 of all ranks for Great Britain, and 82,941 for Ireland, as compiled from the official

returns of December 18th in that year. From that time the force gradually diminished as the immediate danger of invasion vanished, and before the war closed they were replaced by a new force called the "local militia," which was supposed to be more thoroughly under Government control.

The drill of the Volunteers in 1799 was the same as for the line, and they performed the same complicated evolutions on review days which were required of the regular troops. No doubt they acquitted themselves creditably, and the best of the corps must have compared favourably with a line regiment just as the Volunteers of to-day appear to advantage at Aldershot when brigaded with regulars. Nevertheless, there must have been shortcomings: the *Times* special correspondent alludes to the evil of throwing small corps together only just before the review in order to make a large one, and points to the need of their habitually drilling in larger bodies. This evil is still felt, particularly in country corps where administrative battalions are made up of separate companies, which have but rare opportunities of drilling together. An examination of the field statistics given above shows how many small corps were present at the review; no less than thirty-four infantry corps, mustering under 100 of all ranks, fifteen of whom only mustered sixty or less. When we consider that exceptional efforts must have been made for every effective Volunteer to be present in Hyde Park, we can infer with tolerable certainty that in many corps the average attendance on a commanding officer's parade could not have been more than twenty or thirty.

Then, too, the disposition of the men in line made matters worse. In those days the fighting line was composed of three ranks* besides the supernumeraries, a formation which must often have necessitated a very narrow front. We mention this in order to show the difficulties with which they had to contend, and Volunteers under Queen Victoria will heartily sympathize with them, especially if belonging themselves to an administrative battalion. In London, Volunteer regiments are now larger, a fair muster for battalion drill is usually to be met with, and the difficulty is only to arrange brigade days. In 1799 all these troubles were intensified, but with the rapid growth of the force they were gradually lessened if they did not altogether disappear.

We have noticed one of the sights in Hyde Park which would have appeared strange to us—namely, the three ranks firing the

* Wellington's famous two-deep line was not generally introduced into the tactics of the British army until a few years later.

salute (the front kneeling and the other two standing), but when they came to load again we should have been surprised to see the "flugel-man" or leader step out to the front to give the time for casting over the muskets and for shouldering. The right-hand man of the company was the flugel, and had his place in front both in the manual and platoon exercises, resuming his place in the ranks in the latter exercise before the orders to present and fire were given. The manual exercise has been surprisingly little altered in all these years, and though the platoon has been modified by the abolition of flint locks and subsequent improvements, still there is a good deal of resemblance; the orders in slow time being given separately in succession first, and in quick time the men being left more to themselves, with the flugel to mark the time.

Taking the manual exercise first, the preliminary directions ran thus:—"When a regiment is drawn up or paraded for exercise the men are placed three deep, either by companies or divided in platoons, with the grenadiers on the right. When soldiers are drawn up for exercise the ranks and files should be exactly even. The differences between the files must be equal and the ranks eight feet distant from each other."

Both the manual and platoon exercises had been somewhat altered and abridged a few years earlier by His Majesty George III.'s command (April 20th. 1792), and were published at London in 1795 by William Fawcett, the Adjutant-General. These exercises formed the drill-book of the Volunteers: but illustrated manuals were also published by private enterprise, with hand-books of field exercises. The "Manual" ran in the following order, starting from arms at the "Shoulder" of the present long rifle drill, *i.e.*, from the left side:—"Order," "Fix Bayonets," "Shoulder," "Present," "Shoulder," "Charge Bayonets," "Port Arms," "Shoulder," "Support," "Carry," "Order," "Unfix Bayonets," "Stand at Ease."

The most difficult of these motions was the "Shoulder" from the "Order." The firelock was thrown up by the right hand in *one* motion, with as little appearance of effort as possible, into its proper position on the left shoulder: the hand being brought to the centre of the body in so doing, but instantly withdrawn. It will be seen that this was a very different thing from the *two* motions now in use, the first shifting the right hand below the lower band, the second bringing the rifle to the left side. "Charge Bayonets" and "Port Arms" have now changed places: the first was the preparatory motion, somewhat similar to the "Recover" in the platoon,

only the firelock was brought diagonally across the breast instead of being held upright, and the second, or "Port Arms," was the word of command for the front rank to bring the firelock to a nearly horizontal position after making a half face to the right. In some regiments of the line "Port Arms" was omitted, and the "Charge" included the two motions.



CLERKENWELL
VOLUNTEER

It was also laid down that the manual and platoon exercises should no longer make a regular part of a review, but were only to be gone through when particularly called for by the reviewing general. The above were the regular motions of the "Manual," considerably shorter for inspection purpose than our present one, but all the other motions now in use were taught the soldiers in addition. They were the "Advance," used by corporals when marching with reliefs or commanding detachments, and therefore the "Point of Advanced Arms" was ordered to be taught to all soldiers when promoted to that rank, "Secure," "Ground," "Pile," "Trail," and "Slope"; and for funerals the "Club Arms," (now "Reverse Arms") and the "Mourn Arms" (now "Rest on your Arms Reversed") and "Present Arms" from the last-mentioned position. Practically the "Manual" of 1799 was our present long rifle manual exercise, and as such was more difficult to acquire than the short rifle exercise.

The platoon exercise calls for little remark. The words of command ran: "Make Ready" (i.e., bring firelock to the "Recover" upright in front of the breast, and full cock), "Present," "Fire," "Handle Cartridge," "Prime," "Load," "Draw Ramrods," "Ram Down Cartridge," "Return Ramrods," "Shoulder Arms."

After firing again the men were ordered to "Prime and Load Quick." followed by "Make Ready," "Present," "Fire." The front rank knelt while the two others remained standing, with the ranks closed. In firing by platoons, or divisions, the officers commanding them stepped out one pace and faced to the left, stepping back all at the same time when the loading was finished. After a division had fired, the right-hand man of it stepped out

one pace in front of the officers, but keeping his own proper front, and gave time for casting about (i.e., bringing the butt to the ground) and shouldering, after which he fell back into his place. The flugel-man of the battalion also kept his front in giving the time of exercise. In firing by grand divisions, on the words "Make Ready" the centre officer fell back into the fourth rank, and was replaced by the covering sergeant. Sometimes words of command were given for casting about, viz., "Sink Arms," and after priming, "Shut Pans." But they seem to have been optional, and were usually omitted.

In the platoon exercise the flugel had no motion different to perform from the others, but in the manual he had to throw out his left arm at the second motion of the "Present Arms" when the firelock was raised, also at the "Order" he threw out his left arm when bringing the firelock to the ground, and at the "Support" he threw out his right arm when he brought his left across the breast with the lock resting on the arm. All this points to the importance which was laid on the motions being all done at the same instant. The minutiae of drill and excessive attention to the men's uniform and general appearance seem to have been made a great deal of by some commanders, for we find an officer of the line strongly protesting against too much attention being paid to dressing the ranks and the details of the uniform, and specially holding up the French for imitation in their greater looseness of drill. At the same time he urged that classes should be held for the instruction of the officers in tactics, and instanced the common practice in the French army of holding such classes for the officers every ten days. He also advocated sham fights and the practice of guard and outpost duties, which he suggested should be practised in detachments.

We subjoin a sketch of the flugel at the "Support," which not only serves to illustrate the motion but also presents a view of the uniform worn by the Volunteers of 1799.

In one of the Volunteer Handbooks of that day there is given a list of the eighteen manœuvres ordered for a review, which will enable us to see what the Volunteers of 1799 attempted in the way of battalion drill. They were as follows:—

I. *Close Column in Rear of the Right Company.*—The column was then ordered to form column of grand divisions, then close column, next to take ground to the right, and, on the march, deploy on the rear grand division.

II. *Close Column in Front of the Left Company.*—Afterwards

close column of grand divisions, then ordered to take ground to the left, and, on the march, deploy on the front grand division.

III. *Close Column on a Central Company facing to the Rear.*—Column counter-marched and deployed on the right centre company.

IV. *Change of Position in Open Column.*—Open column from line, then marched to new position and wheeled again into line.

V. *Wings thrown back.*—Left company wheeled back four paces the others faced about, wheeled two paces, and marched to new alignment.

VI. *Counter-march and Change of Position.*—Open column from line right in front, then counter-marched, close column formed, and then square. The chief point here to be noticed was that the sub-divisions opened out two paces in the centre of each company for two officers with their covering sergeants to place themselves in the front and rear intervals, and a sergeant was placed at each angle of the front and rear divisions; only the front rank knelt, but stood up to load, and when the words "Prepare for firing" were given, the officers stepped back to the third rank and their covering sergeants knelt in front. The sides were formed by facing three or four files outwards, not by wheeling sections outwards. Squares might be formed either three or four deep. Re-forming column was called "reducing the square," which done, the column marched forward, opened out from the rear, halted, counter-marched, and wheeled into line.

VII. *Counter-march by Files on the Centre of the Battalion.*—Wings faced inwards, and battalion counter-marched in line.

VIII. *March in Open Column.*—Line wheeled into column; sub-divisions formed on the march, divisions re-formed, column halted and wheeled again into line.

IX. *Echelon Change of Position.*—Oblique alignment on right centre company. Similar movement to No. V., one wing faced about.

X. *A New Line taken up by the Echelon Movement.*—Left companies wheeled four paces to the left, the others wheeled two paces and line formed on left company.

XI. *Change of Position.*—The line faced to the right and marched fifty or sixty paces in ordinary time; open column of companies formed, on march, by all except pivot men making left half-turn, column halted and wheeled into line.

XII. *Retreat in Line.*—First as battalion, then line ordered to

fire, next to retreat by alternate companies, and line re-formed on right companies.

XIII. *March to a Flank in Echelon.*—Line wheeled by companies four paces to the right, marched 250 paces, line re-formed by wheeling back again, then marched forward 80 or 100 paces and ordered to fire thrice by companies from flanks to centre.

XIV. *Hollow Square and its Movements.*—Square formed from line on two centre companies, and marched by the angles of the front face, or the right or left faces, or the rear face; line re-formed on the front face or two centre companies.

XV. *Retiring in Lane and Filing to the Rear.*—Line retired and column formed by companies filing to their proper right on the march, the column then wheeled again into line. This was a skirmishing exercise. When the line faced about the light company extended along the old front sixty paces distance to cover the retreat, and when the column was halted the light company passed through it, and took post thirty paces in rear of the intended line.

XVI. *Advancing in Line, Filing, and Charging to the Front.*—Another skirmishing exercise. The light company extended thirty paces before the centre companies, then the line advanced, halted, and formed column left in front by files from the right of companies passing to the front. Light company then passed to the rear and formed sub-divisions on each flank, column then wheeled into line and advanced by wings, firing alternately: line re-formed on right wing, marched forward fifty paces, fired a volley, front rank kneeling, advanced twenty paces, fired another volley, ported arms (for the charge), advanced fifty paces, and, at the word "halt," the front rank brought their muskets to the charge. The battalion was then ordered to shoulder, prime, and load, and, while doing so, the light company passed round the flanks, skirmished in front, and then formed on the left of the line.

XVII. *Retreat in Line.*—This movement was by wings, the colours were divided for an advance or retreat in line: the King's on the inward flank of the right wing, the Regimental on the inward flank of the left wing. A directing sergeant advanced before each.

XVIII. *Advance in Lane.* Line marched forward 100 paces, then ordered to fire a volley obliquely to the right, then to the left, the front rank kneeling, then advanced another 100 paces, fired two volleys, and were ordered to port, half-cock, shut pans, and shoulder.

The rear ranks then took open order, and the line advanced fifty paces, presented arms, the band played "God save the King," and the drummers beat a march. The men were then ordered to



FEUGEL FOR FUGLEMAN.

shoulder arms, and the rear rank to take close order, which finished the review.

This would have been too long a day's work even for a line regiment, as it would have involved keeping the men too many

hours under arms without rest or refreshment, and many of the movements required an exceptional amount of preliminary practice, especially in file marching. Only highly-drilled troops can march satisfactorily in file; distances are always lost under these circumstances, and much time must have been required to dress the ranks afterwards, and make the men resume their proper distances.

However, we may be quite sure that the reviewing general made a selection from the eighteen manœuvres which were supposed to be performed, and so brought the day's work within reasonable limits; and though some counter-marching must have formed part of the programme, probably it did not really occupy all the time which apparently was devoted to it.

Enthusiasm and ambition to equal the performances of the line were distinguishing characteristics of these Volunteers, and being directed and controlled by better education and intelligence than that possessed by the rank and file of the regular army, enabled them to master a competent knowledge of their drill in a comparatively short space of time. Besides, during the next few years many corps were embodied and performed regular duty at various places throughout the country, and thus they had continuous practice from day to day, and enjoyed greater advantages of learning all that could be required of them than any Volunteer of the reign of Queen Victoria.

On further examination of the above-mentioned manœuvres we notice the manner in which the Light Infantry companies were employed to cover the front of the battalion in advancing, or the rear in retreating. As they were extended only thirty paces in front, any protection to the main body which they could have afforded, by drawing the enemy's fire on themselves, must have been nil; the compact line so short a distance beyond them offering a much better mark for the enemy to fire at, and their own fire being of so small account; in a six-company battalion only one-sixth of the whole. Even the tacticians criticised the way the men were taught to fire. The same officer whose views on drill and tactics we have quoted above argued against the system of firing taught and practised at that day, and showed that loading and firing by word of command was a great mistake, and that the greatest effect was produced by a running independent fire, which he stated he considered could be controlled to prevent waste of ammunition, by constant drilling in independent firing. Hence it follows that the running fire of the whole battalion could only have

been kept up by the light company resuming their place alongside the others, thus not only leaving the front clear, but also reinforcing the firing line; and we therefore conclude that any special drill in skirmishing for one company only of a battalion at so short a distance from the main body was a mistake, and that the authorities at the Horse Guards were amply justified in wiping out, at a subsequent period, the special drill of light companies, apart from the rest of the battalion.

Another point to notice in the manoeuvres was the formation of double companies or grand divisions, probably adopted to compensate in some measure for the restricted front caused by drawing up the men in three ranks instead of two. Where the companies were small, say between forty and fifty, the front could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen files three deep; and when we know that in many Volunteer corps the number in each company did not exceed fifty, we cannot but consider that doubling the breadth of the column constituted a marked improvement. Where the companies could present a front of forty-eight or fifty files—as they did a few years later in companies of their full strength, drawn up in two ranks—grand divisions, though more imposing for parade or review purposes, were less suitable for field movements, and were but rarely practised in performing field exercises.

Such were the special points noticeable in the drill of the Volunteers of 1799. Now the manual is simpler; skirmishing and extended movements are universally practised, and the loose drill of the present day has been brought about by the requirements of the modern battle-field. The utmost development of fire-action both in *attack* and *defence* is aimed at, and it has been recognized that all attack formations must lend themselves to the maintenance of command, while at the same time they must admit of speedy reinforcements.

The *role* of artillery, though unaltered, has been rendered more difficult owing to the increased range and accuracy of the rifle. This long-range rifle-fire entails on the part of the officer who directs and the soldier who executes it, a thoroughly practical knowledge of the theory of musketry in all its branches, in addition to a practised eye in judging distances.

In the attack the necessity for obtaining every advantage from cover has thrown upon company and section commanders the responsibility of directing their men in such a manner as to present the worst target to the enemy, without losing the cohesion between

the various fractions which is necessary when the final stage is approached, preparatory to capturing a position and holding it against counter-attacks.

An important memorandum upon the formation of infantry for attack has been recently issued for the guidance of the troops at Aldershot. The general principle lays down that troops allotted for the attack will, when of sufficient strength, be divided into first, second, and third lines. The second line assaults the position when its way has been prepared by the first line. This method, if carried out without confusion and heavy loss at the most critical moment, would appear to solve one of the chief difficulties in connection with quick-loading rifles, *the adequate supply of ammunition at the final stage of the attack*. Experience in actual war alone will show whether it is possible for the second line to double through the first line after the latter has arrived within assaulting distance of an entrenched position. At this critical stage, any check, however slight, might defeat the main object in view, which is to rush in and capture the entrenchments.

In connection with this attack we are glad to note that a suggestion which appeared in the February number of 1887 in this Magazine, and advocated that *an allowance should be made for casualties amongst all ranks when practising the attack*, has been adopted.

At the present time most Volunteer corps, in addition to forming fours and wheeling in columns or into line, would be able to form advance or rear-guards of a column without being coached up at the last moment, and are more or less acquainted with the rudiments of outpost duties; still with them, as with the regulars, the importance of *fire discipline* must be recognized, the necessity for learning how to improvise earthworks in attack as well as in defence must be insisted upon, and at the same time they must be constantly reminded that fire-action is not all that is needed, and that the latest great European war, that of 1877-78 between Russia and Turkey, proved beyond all doubt that a stubbornly defended line of entrenchments can only be carried at the point of the bayonet. So far as the training of infantry is concerned, most of the changes in drill above indicated are now being generally introduced throughout Europe, and the year 1888 will be an epoch in modern tactics.

The Sikkim Expedition.

BY CAPTAIN H. C. WYLLY, 2ND BATTALION DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT.

(Sketches by Lieut. H. J. BOWMAN, same regiment)

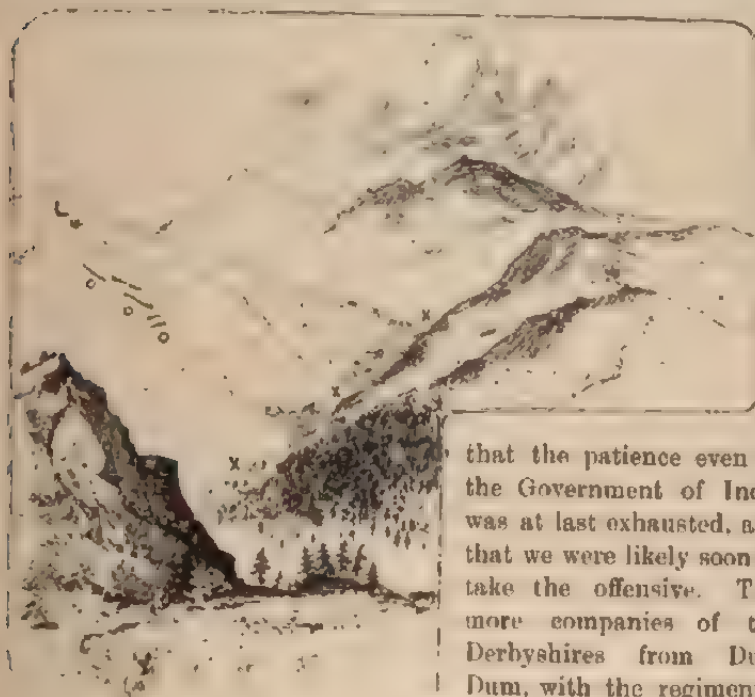
PART III.



TRUST that in this, my third article on this expedition, I may be able to bring to a definite conclusion my account of the campaign. I brought down my last letter to the end of June, by which time all the European troops, with the exception of a half-company of the Derbyshire Regiment which had been recalled, had arrived in Darjeeling, where they were to remain either until a more vigorous policy should again require their services upon the Tibetan frontier, or until the intervention of China might enable the expeditionary force to be broken up. General Graham, who had moved down to Pedong, now returned with his staff to Gnangtong. The Phodong Lama, who is the head of the popular party in Sikkim, and who had, for some weeks past, been residing in the abandoned serai on Lingtu, now endeavoured to open negotiations with the Tibetan authorities, and upon one or two occasions meetings were upon the point of being arranged. The Tibetan authorities, and especially a man named Leden-Se, who is the father of the Sikkim Rani, and who commanded the troops stationed in the Pemberingo Pass, showed themselves, however, to be so treacherous, trying more than once to lay a trap for the Phodong Lama, that all negotiations were perforce broken off.

And so the weary days went by, varied whenever there was a new moon by reports of Tibetan attacks. The Tibetans on their side, were every day occupied in erecting new walls in the passes and in adding to the defensive strength of their positions. Their camps, too, grew larger and larger until, in the latter days of July, there were close upon three hundred tents pitched in the Jelapla

and Pemberingo Passes. The rains were now very heavy, but still the troops were daily employed in erecting new blockhouses to protect our camp, and in clearing away jungle to give us a wide field of fire from the walls of our fort. Then, at the end of July, the troops from Darjeeling were again ordered out, the remaining two guns of the mountain battery being now placed at General Graham's disposal. At first only the four guns and the rest of the company of Derbies rejoined the garrison of Fort Gnatong, two guns and the other hundred men of the 95th being temporarily halted at Pedong; but in a few days' time it was apparent



X X X PEMBERINGO PASS
L SINGAI.
O O O STONE WALLS

that the patience even of the Government of India was at last exhausted, and that we were likely soon to take the offensive. Two more companies of the Derbyshires from Dum Dum, with the regimental head-quarters, were ordered up to Gnatong, together with the company from Pedong, while 500 of the

2nd Battalion of the 1st Goorkhas, from Dharmasala, were also placed under orders for service in Sikkim. The remainder of the 95th was now moved up to Darjeeling, and occupied the artillery barracks in the cantonment at Jalapahar. By the end of August all these reinforcements had arrived at Gnatong, and were encamped under the guns of the fort in the lower Gnatong valley. General

Graham had now close upon 2,000 fighting men under his command, and it was understood that with the very first appearance of fine weather we were to move out from our intrenchments and drive the forces of the Lamas out of British territory, and across the border. But the weather showed no signs of clearing, and rain—heavy continuous rain, with thick mists—rendered all forward movements quite out of the question. And so we came on into the month of September, and little by little both sides began to get into touch with one another. The Goorkhas—who now took our more advanced picquets—managed on two occasions to capture prisoners, and from these we learnt something of our enemies. Their numbers were variously given as from eight to twenty thousand,



TIBETAN "JINGAL"

while we learnt now for the first time that the Tibetans had brought their cannon over the passes, and had mounted them behind their walls. From the descriptions of our prisoners we found that most of these guns were a species of jingal, fired in the following manner :—The gun itself is placed on a stand or rest, and is supported on two arms, and is fired by a gun-detachment of five men, who are severally employed as follows :—No. 1 having carefully padded his shoulder, presses the butt of the jingal well home and takes aim ; No. 2 clasps No. 1 round the waist and supports him as much as possible ; Nos. 3 and 4 tie a rope round the muzzle of the piece and hold tight, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, while No. 5 applies the slow match. Our prisoners, however, told us that the firing of a jingal is always

attended with inconvenience, and occasionally with serious risk. The gun-stand, and the men behind the gun, are invariably knocked over by the recoil, while the gun *has* been known to fall over on its back and go off in quite a contrary direction to that intended. Such were the guns which we had reason to believe were mounted in the passes; and it will now, I think, be as well and sufficient for my purpose, if I go on to describe the defences of the Jelap Pass, since, in the operations of which I shall speak later on, it was in this pass alone that any resistance was encountered.

The defences of the Jelap Pass may be considered in three pieces. As one enters the mouth of the pass from the Kupup valley, there appears straight in front, and at a distance of not more than twelve hundred yards, a long line of loop-holed wall. This is nowhere less than six feet high, stretches almost the whole way across the gorge, and is defended by three of the guns I have above described. Behind this wall were some ninety tents, and here doubtless, but for circumstances which upset all their arrangements, would the Tibetans have made their greatest stand. This wall was, however, commanded at about 1,000 yards range from a long spur which ran out from the hill on the right of the gorge, into and almost across the Kupup valley.* After passing this wall the road made a turn half left and zig-zagged up a very steep ascent, the summit of which was defended by a breast-high wall, and which was also commanded by the defenders of a small entrenched camp situated upon a high and rocky bluff to the right of this second portion of the pass. The road then gradually turns again half right and leads up by a very gentle ascent to the summit of the pass, where there is another long wall of indifferent construction, and distant at least 1,600 yards from the last work. The guns seemed—from a reconnaissance which was made on the 22nd September—to be nearly all mounted behind walls and *sungars* at the mouth of the pass, although on this occasion one or two larger pieces were seen to fire from the middle works in the Jelapla.

We had made every preparation for an advance directly the weather should clear; every fighting man was to be allowed two blankets, a waterproof sheet, and his great coat, amounting in all to twenty pounds, while the kits of officers were not to exceed this amount. Three days' rations were got ready, the mules were moved to Shalambi, three miles in our rear, while the telegraph

* Vide No. 52, October last, p. 229, sketch.

was carried on to the Nimla ridge immediately overlooking the Kupup valley, whence a ground cable was intended to accompany the troops as they advanced. It was intended probably that troops should bivouac just this side of the above-named ridge, advancing against the Tibetan positions at daybreak; but the advance of the enemy to the immediate vicinity of our camp obliged us to alter all our arrangements, and rendered our task far simpler and our success more complete than anybody could have dared to anticipate.

The morning of Monday the 24th September broke dull and misty, and gave no sign of the rainy season being close at hand.



TIBETAN ASKING MERCY WITH TONGUE OUT

As the mists rolled away from the heights to the north of our camp, we could plainly see that the enemy had occupied the Tukola and adjoining hills in great force, and was actively engaged in piling stone upon stone upon walls and *sunquars* which had arisen as though by magic in the night. The wall extended almost continuously for close upon two miles, was nowhere less than four feet high, was loop-holed here and there, was in many places protected by an abattis of rhododendron placed in front; while many of the advanced spurs and knolls were crowned by small outworks. Our guns soon opened fire from the fort upon the enemy's working parties, at ranges varying from 2,000 to 2,500 yards, and the enemy replied with his guns which he had brought in the night





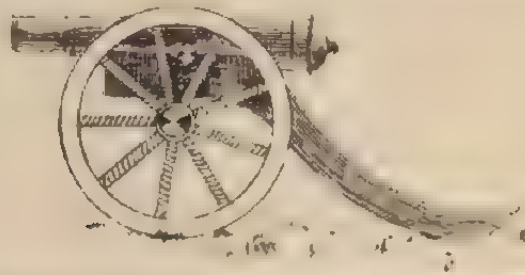
FIGURE OF THE 24TH SEPTEMBER

A A Two Pioneer Guns in Action B B B A Company of Derbyshire lying down and firing long range volleys. C C C Derbyshire, Georchha, and Guns getting into position D D D Company of Pioneer kneeling in reserve. O O O Road from Jantola to Jalap Pass. P P Pioneer Attacking X X X X Line of Tibetan wall and *sungur*.

from the passes and placed in battery upon the Tukola. We felt that our opportunity was come. Every preparation was completed quietly and with dispatch; kits were packed, rations were made up, the mules were sent for, and by 8.30 a.m. three columns left Fort Gnatong to attack the Tibetan positions. The right column was commanded by Major Craigie-Halkett of the 92nd, and consisted of 200 Sikhs, the two mountain guns manned by Pioneers, and a company of Derbies. This column moved out by the Lingtu Gate, and, working round by the upper Gnatong valley, gained a saddle overlooking the approaches to the Tukola, and here, coming into action at a range of 1,500 yards, rendered material assistance to the centre column, under Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, which moved up the road straight upon the main position on the Tukola. Colonel Bromhead had with him the bulk of his own regiment of Sikhs, and moved at first slowly, so as to give time for the left column—which had the longest distance to traverse—to keep pace with him. The mist, however, coming on again made it impossible to keep in view the left column moving along the heights, and Colonel Bromhead, pushing on with the Sikhs, reached the Tukola the first. Here the Tibetans made a stand; but finding the Goorkhas, who were at the head of the left column, were now beginning to take them in flank, they began to give way and were soon in full retreat towards the passes, having succeeded in carrying off all their guns and many of their wounded. Very many dead were, however, left upon the field, and our burying parties, which were sent out some days afterwards, interred in one spot seventy-two bodies, and in another upwards of one hundred. It was determined to strike while the iron was hot, and to follow up the enemy with all speed. The three columns, being now all collected on the Nimla ridge, were hurriedly reorganized. The Pioneers, nearly six hundred strong, under Major Halkett—for Colonel Bromhead had been terribly wounded earlier in the day—were left to watch the Pemberingo Pass, with orders to force it the following morning, while General Graham, taking the guns, the four hundred Derbies, and the same number of Goorkhas, descended into the Kupup valley. As we neared the Jelap we found the lower wall occupied and its guns in action; but our guns opening fire from the spur of which I have before spoken, caused the enemy to break, and he was soon in full retreat up the pass. A running fight was for some distance maintained; but the enemy never really stood again, and by 4.45 p.m. the position was ours. The whole of his camp and tent equipage fell into our

hands: the official estimate of killed amounts to over four hundred, while upwards of a hundred prisoners were taken, besides an immense number of swords, spears, and matchlocks. It is immensely to be regretted that the enemy should have succeeded in carrying off or making away with all his guns. That night the troops bivouacked in the pass at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea-level, and a cold cheerless night it was, with a thin rain falling almost uninterruptedly. By some mistake, too, the mules did not get up till past one o'clock in the morning, and the men had to cover themselves from the biting cold of these altitudes with the unsavoury garments of the Tibetans.

The morning of Tuesday was bright and fine, and evidently the rains has ceased for a season. The column started at 8 o'clock, the Derbyshires leading, and soon our advanced guard had crossed the frontier into the forbidden land. From the summit of the pass



BRASS GUN TAKEN AND PRESENTED TO AIR FREDERICK ROBERTS

a most glorious view was disclosed to us. We had come from a dark and rocky defile, and here all at once we looked into and over a different scene altogether. The path led steeply down at first among the precipices and peaks such as we had left behind us; but these soon gave way to grassy, wooded hills and a sheltered valley, until the background was shut in by the green hills of the Chumbi valley, over which rose the matchless, solitary, snow-clad peak of Chumulhari. On one hill-side nestled the monastery of Tajui, the only habitation within view. We were all glad to escape from the bleak summit of the Jelapla, and hurried down the road towards Rinchagong, supposed to be only seven miles distant, and where we proposed to spend the night. However, it was getting on for three in the afternoon before we drew near the village, and for the latter part of our journey we had been considerably impeded and delayed by broken bridges and by men firing on our advanced guard from the jungle. Presently a turn of the road brought us in

sight of the white houses of Rinchagong, which appeared to be occupied; while men could be seen hurrying down from the hills across the stream, apparently with the intention of getting into the place before us. The two companies of Derbies, who were now well in advance of the rest of the column, were ordered by General Graham to push on; part were sent up the hill on the left to clear the woods, and did some execution upon a party of the enemy making off along the Chumbi road, while the re-



THE RAJAH OF SIKKIM'S PALACE.

mainder, fixing bayonets, rushed the village. Rinchagong was found to be unoccupied, the enemy having apparently made off towards Bhutan—whose frontier is here quite close—when they found we were likely to get first into the village.

We found Rinchagong to be a charmingly situated and most substantially built place, containing, perhaps, fourteen or fifteen houses. The village lies just at the point where the road from the Jelap debouches into the more open valley watered by the Mochu.

Green hills rise all round, and the soil seems rich and fertile. The houses are all built of stone, in several stories, and are used evidently by the rich traders who go to and fro between Llassa and Bengal, for storing their merchandise. Latterly, too, the place had clearly been used for storing commissariat goods and munitions of war. One house was filled with saddlery and gear of all descriptions; another held bales of cloth and of ready-made clothes suitable for uniforms; a loft was full of hundreds upon hundreds of spears; here a large house was crammed from basement to roof with leather boxes filled with gunpowder; while next door a large room held enough *attar* in bags to feed an army for weeks. Here, too, did the Derbies come across a fine brass seven-pounder gun and carriage, which had been hidden away, and had doubtless been in action against us the day before, since the fouling was found to be quite fresh. This gun is believed to be one of four in possession of the Tibetans, and is a handsome trophy, worthy of acceptance by Sir Frederick Roberts, to whom I understand it is to be presented. Each house in the village has its own well-kept garden; in every stable was a pony, a cow, or a yak; while the handsome Tibetan mastiffs tied up to the doors soon made friends with Thomas Atkins. That night the troops occupied comfortable quarters, at an elevation of 5,000 feet and lower than on the previous night; but our picquets were kept all night on the alert by fugitives from the Pemberingo Pass—better known to the Tibetans as the Donglam-la—who kept trying to cut in between our sentries, and make off towards Chumbi and Phari.

The next morning we were up betimes, for we were to march to Chumbi. Our road led along the banks of the Mochu, a broad and rapid river, the day was bright and sunny, the air invigorating, and the scenery perfect; while for once in the course of the last seven months' campaigning, we found ourselves actually walking on the flat! As one went on one could not wonder at the Sikkim raja electing to live in this lovely valley in preference to his own country. Soon we drew near the palace—for Chumbi is barely three miles distant from Rinchagong—and here we were met by the Poorboo Dewan, a Sikkim official, who had long been secretly on our side. By him we were conducted to the palace, and the column, passing over the bridge in front, halted and piled arms in the meadows on the further bank. The Sikkim raja has so long played a double game with the British, and had only a few days before fled from Gantok, his residence, on the approach of the British troops, that it had been intended to sack and burn his palace at Chumbi. How-

ever, we found his mother and two of his young children occupying the palace, though he himself was nowhere to be seen, and for some reason the palace was spared. Search was made for papers, and I took the opportunity of going over the house. It is a dark building of wood and stone, in several stories, access to which is obtained by a centre stairway as steep as the companion of a troop-ship. The rooms are large, and the better ones tapestried in satin, while the remaining apartments were rudely painted and frescoed. The Dowager Rani received us, and handed round small china cups filled with a native spirit or with millet beer, of all which she partook freely herself. She was plainly dressed, all but her head-dress, which was indeed a wonderful fabric; it stood about a foot above her head, was shaped like a horse-shoe, and was covered with rubies, turquoise, coral, and pearls of all



DOWAGER RANI OF SIKKIM.

sorts and sizes, and the old lady seemed quite sensible of the effect she produced upon some of the war-worn soldiers, who gazed upon her matured and decorated charms.

We soon retraced our steps towards Rinchagong, where a company of the Derbies was left to destroy warlike stores and to act as escort for Mr. Paul, the political officer, who here had an interview with a Chinese official. This personage was the Governor of Giantzi, and had been sent on by the Chinese Amban, now hurrying from Llassa, to stop further fighting, but had only reached Rinchagong on the evening of the 28rd, when the Tibetans had already advanced to the Tukola. From this official, and from others, we learnt that we had been opposed on the Monday by 11,000 men, that for the last two days thousands had been pouring through Chumbi, and that the army which the Lamas had raised

and collected from all parts of Tibet was now thoroughly broken and routed. That night the Field Force bivouacked at a place called Nyatoong, some two or three miles nearer the Jelap than Rincha-gong; and early the next morning we set out on our arduous march up the steep and broken road to the Sikkim frontier. It had been intended to halt again for the night in the Jelap Pass, but the troops had crossed the frontier so early that it was determined to push on to our comfortable camp at Gnatong, which was reached by all not long after dark.

The Sikkim raja has now at last come in, while the Chinese Amban is expected here on the 18th of this month. Our troops from Pedong have occupied the Sikkim capital of Tumlong, and have been received with acclamation by the people of that town. It is possible that troops may remain for the winter at some convenient place where the cold is not so intense as at this elevation, while it is tolerably certain that the Field Force will not be broken up until the negotiations with China are in a fair way to being carried out. But none the less is this campaign most surely at an end; and in the results which have been achieved with small means, and in the difficulties which have been surmounted, it will certainly take rank as one of England's successes. The force of 2,000 men has defeated, with very few casualties on our side, and with immense loss to the enemy, the Tibetan army of 11,000; and has further marched into a country but little known to Europeans, and into a part of it where no Englishman had ever before set his foot.

The Rambler Papers.

XII. THE RAMBLER OBSERVES.



COME and dine at mess to-night," said Merrithort to me one day; "that rum old buster Drone, the merchant Prince's governor, has turned up."

Being, as I have already hinted, I think, a married man, I do not often dine at mess; but, knowing that Merrithort was a competent judge of things "rum," I determined to accept the suggestion.

"Fibbens," I said, "I want my uniform to night; I shall dine at mess."

"Very good, Sir; will you wear the old 'uns that you used to put on for rampagin' about in, and for sledgin' in the tea-tray in, or will you wear the new 'uns, Sir, that you got when you was married?"

"Will you never understand, Fibbens," I said severely, "that I *am* married, and that instead of bear-fighting after mess I have now to 'play at bears' at home—that when I became a man I put away——" A rattle lying on the table caught my eye, and the remainder of the sentence I left unfinished. "I will wear the new suit, Fibbens," I said.

"Yessir."

I began to dress and to think.

Men in uniform are curious things to think about. They are like a number of eggs in a basket; until you have cracked their jackets (shell-jackets as Merrithort would be sure to suggest) and looked inside, you cannot tell whether they are good, bad, indifferent, or addled: externally they look so much alike.

Under the same guise Charteris's well-proportioned limbs, Tommy Bowles's brawny muscles, Sir Henry Hammer's herculean

frame and Major Fussy's attenuated organization have all appeared at the self same mess-table, and to a superficial eye have been identically alike. Under an uniform forage-cap the various brains of Merrithort and Drone and Doriman are all at work in different ways, striving after different ends, and concealing the thoughts of their different natures. When we are seated thus round the mess-table, our faces all wearing moustaches of more or less luxuriant growth, and our bodies clothed alike, I often think of conformity and deformity in connection with this outer display of uniformity.

By deformity I do not, of course, mean physical malformation—the profession excludes that—but that sort of mental digression from the roads on which men's lives are ordinarily run, into those by-paths named eccentricity, heterodoxy, monomania, and the like, in contradistinction to that steady plodding on the beaten track which is called regular.

And some men's lives are very regular. Major Fussy, for instance, lives by rule. His existence is a regulation; he would as soon think of flying as of doing anything that was not “laid down.” His literary style of composition is moulded on his long acquaintance with regimental memos; his views are bye-laws, his opinions sections, and his mind a paragraph. His hat is always neatly brushed, his breakfast and dinner hours fixed as the poles, and his library bound in red—I-know-I've-seen-it-somewhere-and-will-find-it-for-you sort of man. He is generally right; but man is fallible, and even Major Fussy is sometimes wrong, and then he is much upset.

Overmuch conformity, you see, may almost amount to a mental deformity.

Now Merrithort conforms to nothing: his bills are very irregularly paid, his comings and goings are uncertain, his bump of reverence small, and his sense of the ridiculous immense; he rarely discusses any subject rationally, although he can talk sensibly enough when he pleases; he is always idle, always in trouble, but for all that always happy. Merrithort is a pleasing deformity.

“Ah! my dear Rambler,” he said to me one day, when I asked the name of the fragrant essence with which he was anointing his scalp—Merrithort is very careful of his personal appearance—“if I had taken as much pains with the inside of my head as I have with the outside, what a devilish clever fellow I should be! as clever as this stuff which, they tell me, goes to the root of the matter with very little application.”

When he says such things as these and laughs, and then remarks that laughing is making him fat, when all his inclinations lean to lean, I find myself wondering what sort of love-letter he would write. I daresay as good as most.

I suppose he gets the maximum of pleasure out of life, but it is impossible to be certain, for pleasure is a difficult matter to determine. It has even been defined as the cessation of pain. That may seem all very true to the metaphysical class of educated mind, but I doubt whether the definition would be accepted by what are known as the "lower orders." I did, however, once, and only once, meet a very lower order, who accepted its truth absolutely and literally and spontaneously supplied me with a thrilling example. It happened thus:—

Mrs. Rambler and I chanced to be living in lodgings kept by three spinster dames in the heart of the country, where everything was primitive and dull. These worthy ladies attended to our wants themselves, but salaried a slut—or kept a maid-of-all-work, whichever you prefer—to look after their own. This girl's name was Christabel. Her name alone proves the lowness of her order, for it is a mistake to suppose that third-class under scullery scrubs are necessarily called Sally. Sarah is the name of a duchess or professed cook, Lady Jane's lady's-maid is Jane, and queens and upper-housemaids are Maries; but the servant's servant is nearly always Gwendoline or Selina or Grace even. Ours was Christabel.

I cannot say that I ever actually saw Christabel, but I used sometimes to catch a glimpse of the coating of blacking, cinders, and soot inside which Christabel existed. She got up at six in the morning, went to bed at ten, and fell asleep over her supper at eight. The spinsters were never unkind to her, but all the live-long day I used to hear their voices calling Christabel to come "*quick*," giving her an order to be executed "*quick*," or an errand to be run "*quick*." I used to wonder sometimes whether a person could be hurried to death. She earned about fifteen pence a week, and had her meals in the scullery. From all this you would not suppose that Christabel knew much about pleasure. But she did.

On the occasion of the butcher being gathered to his father's friendly discussion arose among the spinsters as to which of them should attend their respected neighbour's funeral.

"Oh! let Miss Lizzie go," cried Christabel unexpectedly, "she never has any pleasure."

If this were not a literal acceptance of the definition that pleasure follows cessation of pain, I don't know what is.

I once asked Dorman—another moral deformity—what pleasure he got out of life.

"Eating," he said; "eating is the only pleasure that always satisfies, and never palls for long. The longer you are forced to wait for it, the more you want it; and when indulged in, even to satiety, you are sure to want it again soon. That is more than can be said of any other pleasure I know of."

This remark of Dorman's, by the way, reminds me that I have been wandering somewhat from the subject in hand—our mess-table; but it leads us back to it and our mutton naturally enough.

My first glance at old Drone disappointed me. There was nothing funny about his appearance except the large frill he wore in his shirt-front. He was a clean-looking old gentleman, round in figure, plump in person, and generally prosperous-looking all over; but when I looked more closely at his face, and more especially his eyes on his removing his spectacles, something told me that there was more about old Drone than self-satisfied prosperity. Instead of feeling any inclination to laugh, a desire possessed me to shake him by the hand and tell him he was a good old fellow.

Old Drone sat between his son and Colonel Hammer, and Sir Henry seemed vastly entertained by the guest's conversation. I sat opposite to them, and heard a good deal of it; it seemed to me to progress principally on the question and answer system like a "child's guide to knowledge." Old Drone's thirst for information was wonderful, Sir Henry's quenching of the same was good-humoured and exhaustive.

He began by a searching inquiry into the duties of an officer, and was quite surprised to learn that shouting himself hoarse upon parade was but a very small part of them. He was interested in such details as daily rations, systems of messing and pay, commissariat supply, canteens, regimental funds, roster of duties and recreations. The subject of clothes, too, fascinated him; he asked innumerable questions about their manufacture and cost, and what became of them when worn out. But when the Colonel told him that ledgers were kept for all these things issued and received, as well as for all moneys credited or disbursed, and that every garment and article was accounted for as scrupulously and accurately as every penny, the little gentleman's wonder knew no bounds.

"Dear me," he said, "I had no idea there was so much in it, or that such care was taken of the taxpayer's money."

By this time I began to think him an intolerable bore. But he seemed to have had an object in his inquiries, for at last he exclaimed :

"Thank you, Sir; you have been very obliging, and I have been very rude, perhaps; but the fact is I always thought a soldier's life an idle one; I never believed Joe much when he told me he had anything to do; I wanted to find out for myself. Why, God bless me, Sir, an officer is a lawyer, an engineer, a merchant, an accountant, a banker, *and* a soldier."

"I don't know that he is," laughed Sir Henry, "but he ought to be; at any rate, he has to try to be, for the most part."

"You must have a deal to talk about of an evening," continued the other musingly; "when you have no guests," he added, looking round the table.

The Colonel exploded. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "we don't talk about those things off parade, Mr. Drone."

"No, no," said the other hastily; "You play practical jokes, and sing and drink, and all kinds of devilment. Of course, yes; I've heard about it often."

"You are much more likely to hear about it often than to see it often, Mr. Drone. But Merrithort will sing you a song if you ask him presently."

The removal of the cloth, the drinking of the Queen's health, and the striking up of the band were matters which interested Mr. Drone much. He whispered to his son, loudly enough for me to hear in spite of the band, that it could not be better done at the Mansion House itself. I then heard him ask the Colonel if he might stand champagne or port or something all round. Sir Henry remarked that such a proceeding on the part of a guest would be unusual, that the question had better not be put to the vote as Mr. Drone suggested, and that, on the whole, his son, perhaps, was the best person to consult on the subject. This last piece of advice was taken, and a *sotto voce* consultation ensued between father and son, in which, after much gesticulation, the junior judgment apparently prevailed, for the project was abandoned.

The son's behaviour all through that evening had amused me more even than the father's. Young Drone was evidently much attached to the old gentleman, but seemed over anxious lest his parent should commit some *gaucherie*, and he was more than usually shy in consequence.

When the band had finished its programme, and we had

resumed our seats after standing through the National Anthem, Merrithort, who was seated next myself, entered into conversation with Mr. Drone, cracking a joke or two as he went along, like a train exploding fog signals, and punning pleasantly. Mr. Drone's enjoyment of these witticisms attracted general attention, which in all probability was what Merrithort desired.

"You are a funny young gentleman," said the old fellow at last after one of these sallies.

"Ah! I am always being misunderstood," replied our wag, looking pathetic.

Mr. Drone glanced at him curiously, and then suddenly asked him how many men he had under his command. Merrithort, taken by surprise, said about a hundred.

"Well, well," said Mr. Drone, "a very little anchor holds a great big ship."

There was enough ambiguity in the remark to silence Merrithort for a time, and raise a laugh at his expense; in this he joined heartily, and, being of a buoyant disposition, readily complied with Mr. Drone's suggestion that he should sing. He had a good voice, and sang a good song well. At its conclusion Mr. Drone expressed his approbation by desiring to take wine with him. In return for this compliment the irrepressible Merrithort rapped upon the table for silence, and stated that the "call" being with him, he called upon their distinguished guest "to favour the company and oblige." This suggestion was loudly and laughingly applauded by everyone, except young Drone, who tugged at his father's coat-tails, and whispered in his ear.

"All right, Joe," said his father, aloud, "I am old enough to take care of myself"; at which there was a titter, and Joe looked sheepish.

"It is many a long year, gentlemen, since I sang a note," said Mr. Drone, "but as I have spent a very pleasant evening amongst you, and have listened to a very good song from the young gentleman opposite, I will sing him one in return, which I hope you will all like—at any rate, I will do my best." Merrithort said "Hear, hear!" but the rest of us were too surprised to say anything.

He then, in a sweet, and by no means untuneful voice, with just enough expression to point the meaning of his words, sung us a song, which I give you *in extenso*, for I liked it. I only regret that you cannot hear it as I heard it, and that I am unable to reproduce its soft melody and the quaint contrast of the simple air

of the verses to the half jocular, half touching burden of the refrain which followed.

This was Mr. Drone's song:—

The seasons of life are but four,
 They come in rotation and go;
 From Spring with its flowers in store
 To age with its wintry snow.
 Then list ye to the song I sing,
 Be merry while you can;
 And loudly let your laughter ring
 —For life is but a span.

The baby's soft lisp is a song
 The angels may well love to hear.
 But the singing can never last long,
 'Tis as fleet as the Spring of the year.
 Then list ye to my song I say,
 And make ye much of joy,
 For childhood soon must pass away
 —The babe becomes a boy.

Let school-boys delight in a cheer,
 Let laughter from malice be free,
 For soon the green leaves will be sere,
 And fall from the boughs of the tree.
 Then list ye all unto my song,
 Be merry while you can;
 With laughter loud and laughter long
 —The boy is now a man.

Let man with his cynical mirth
 Think well of the time of his year,
 For as Summer has gladdened the earth
 So Autumn in turn must appear.
 But still I bid him sing the song,
 The story must be told,
 With laughter loud—but not so strong
 —The man is growing old.

When Winter has silvered his head
 And frozen the blood in his veins,
 His year is then very near sped,
 Not even his laughter remains.
 Then list ye to the song I sing,
 And laugh with might and main:
 Ere Winter's chill doth mock at Spring
 —And you're a babe again.

The old gentleman's voice trembled through the last line, and softened into silence. No noisy applause followed, but a subdued murmur of appreciation ran round the table. Sir Henry said slowly, "I congratulate you," and Merrithort muttered to himself, "A thundering good song, thundering well sung." Silence followed, which no one seemed inclined to break. I glanced round

at the faces of Mr. Drone's audience. Nearly all eyes were turned on the old gentleman, who was gazing at the plate before him. Young Drone was blushing with pride and pleasure; Sir Henry was evidently wondering how to start conversation again, and even Merrithort was quite quiet. And then my eye fell on Dorman, seated at the other end of the table. His elbow was resting on the edge of it, and his head on his hand; he was looking down at his table-napkin, with which the fingers of his other hand were fidgetting nervously. That was the man of all others whose thoughts I should have liked to read—so little was known of Dorman's thoughts. I had once suggested to Merrithort that the bottom of the unpopular man's character might lie, like Joe Drone's, in being an only son. But Merrithort had said that that was a false bottom, for he believed that Dorman had a brother in the church.

There was no more singing that night, and presently we all adjourned to the ante-room. Here I noticed that Dorman went up to old Drone and held out his hand, saying something to him with a very pleasant smile. Shortly after that he left the room, and I followed him.

"Dorman," I said, "if you are not going to bed just yet, I will come and smoke a pipe with you before going home."

After chatting amiably, as I am wont to do, while Dorman listened and said little, I remarked that Mr. Drone's song was a novel and a good one.

"Very," said Dorman; "I should like to have written it."

"They tell me," I said, "that you do write. Is that true?"

"Every educated person," he replied, "fancies that he could write a novel, and is certain that he could a magazine article, if he only tried. I have *tried*."

"And succeeded?"

"That question is not so easily answered. If by 'succeeded' you mean accomplished what I have begun—yes; if successful according to my expectations—no; and if you measure success either by the appreciation of judges, or by the conversion of manuscript into means—yes and no."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"When I only wrote for pleasure and had no thought of print, I was monstrously proud of my productions and happy in the belief that I was no ordinary mortal. When I hankered after type, I fancied that I had only to pour out on paper the contents of a teeming brain in a flood of ink to achieve success. I then found

out that the world was full of brains far cleverer than my own; that thoughts were one thing, their perfect delineation between commas and full-stops quite another, and that when spread out in that way they looked thin and meagre. My illusions were gone, and I was disgusted at my own vanity. Millions of people read, my dear Rambler, thousands are writing every day, there are very few hundreds in the world who buy."

"Well?"

"Well, there came a time when money was my only object. I cast my fine thoughts, spread out on rejected manuscript, to the devil, and wrote a sickly love-story. That found favour at once, and I earned three guineas. I cannot tell you which disgusted me most—this success or my previous failures; but the starch was taken out of my stiff dissertations."

"Did you ever write a complete book?"

"Yes, once."

"Did it answer?"

"Splendidly!"

"That must have been a great gratification after your disappointments. Will you let me read it?"

"I cannot; it was never printed."

"Never printed?"

"No, or I should not have made a penny. I sent the MSS. through the post, and insured them at my own, not at a publisher's, value. They were lost."

"Dorman!" I exclaimed; "I never can get anything out of you."

"There is nothing to get," he replied, laughing.

"Will you not show me anything you have written, not even your sickly love-story, as you call it?"

"Yes," he said, "I will; I will give you something to read which has never seen the light."

He took from a drawer a bundle of manuscripts and handed it to me.

"Thinking," he said, "of characters, I tried to work out some ideas in these. Read them, and, if you like, keep them."

I took the bundle home with me, and was too anxious to possess myself of its contents to go to bed without reading it.

This is what I read.

(To be continued.)

Wanderings of a War Artist.

By IRVING MONTAGU.

Tum to tum tum—tum tum!



HE strains came from a posada in Fuenterrabia, down the quaint, old, gabled, narrow, dirty, but marvellously picturesque main street of which I was strolling, now barricaded at every outlet against Carlist assault. "Tum te tum tum—tum tum!"

There, leaning lazily against a sunny wall, with a glass of aguardiente on a small table by his side, stood a handsome, devil-may-care Spaniard, with an eye full of that bright intelligence which told of the good stock of which he had originally come, and of which he was now one of the representative black sheep; not that it must be supposed from this that he was altogether bad by any means, indeed, he was rather a saint than a sinner, as far as Fuenterrabian society was at that time concerned; in short, he was the perfection of an idle, harmless, happy-go-lucky, philosophic rolling stone; a greater enemy to himself than to anyone else, the aims and ends of whose life seemed summed up in that "Tum te tum tum—tum tum!" which from time to time came, now softly, now loudly, but always trippingly, from his well-worn guitar.

I was glad, as my knowledge of Spanish was very limited, to discover that he spoke French, for there was a peculiar vibration about those strains which fascinated me not a little; and thus it was that we were very soon chatting pleasantly together.

"Yes; war," said this philosophic soul, touching on the topic of the moment, "is a terrible necessity; a game at which kings play as at ninepins, winning or losing regardless of cost, drowning their defeats and toasting their victories alike in the brimming bowl: murder reduced to a system; a prevailing epidemic, which,

since time was, had spread terror far and wide; a Circe, whose kiss was venom."

"One at whose shrine you have never worshipped."

"And never shall," he replied. "Pending my departure to the land of sunbeams, I find life all too short for strife; since I do nothing, I expect nothing, accepting all conditions with equal philosophy, and when interest in my surroundings flags, why, I light my cigarette, and take a sedative in the shape of 'Tum te tum tum—tum tum!' "—thus rounding off what he said with those few expressive bars.

Amongst other places, he had lived much in China. I found, and I traced a tendency to Chinese proverbial philosophy, which mingled fittingly with the poetic nature of my swarthy Spanish companion. I elicited from him that his friends were disgusted with him; they didn't seem to see how well he fitted the gap which nature had made for him. The turn our conversation had taken induced him to moralise in such a way as to lead to the discovery on my part that the light and airy refrain of his guitar was a veil, which only partially disguised a far from frivolous nature.

"Some climb the ladder of fame, Señor, but then there must be always one at the bottom: he never climbs, but then, he never falls. The apparently insignificant sometimes play an important part; for instance, the goose, plucked of its fine feathers, is brought in at the kitchen door, yet, does it not grace the head of the table; and is it not beloved as much, aye, even more, than the founder of the feast himself? Again, the strawberries on the top of the basket are the first to disappear."

I suggested that humility was only good to a certain extent; that a certain amount of personal pride was a sort of piquant sauce to existence.

"Pride! Oh dear no, nothing of the sort. Pride and vaunting ambition may in the end wear regal robes and kingly crowns, but surely they must suffer terribly from their weight, compared with the night-cap and gown of unambitious contentment; there are advantages, too, about insignificance which many fail to appreciate. Those who leave the ball early, though they may lose the pleasures of the dance, secure, nevertheless, the best hat and umbrella."

And so he went rambling on, the very embodiment of *dolce far niente*; enjoying perfect freedom from all care, so long as a glass of *aguardiente* was forthcoming, or he could sooth his nervous system with "Tum te tum tum—tum tum!"

This man's coolness was remarkable; he had no more fear than he had political bias, and would have been brave to a fault had fighting been his profession—but it wasn't. They were alike, yet not alike, were my friend Tum-te-tum-tum and a broad-shouldered Britisher, whom I met one day on the outer walls of the old town. He had two ladies with him, one of whom carried a scarlet shawl, and so, waiving that insular necessity which is supposed to exist for introductions, I explained, since they had thus already attracted Carlist fire, their danger. Most people would have hastily sought the nearest cover. Not so, however, with that burly Britisher; he thanked me courteously, relieved his companion of her scarlet shawl, pointing out the necessity for both keeping out of range by walking on a lower ridge, lit a fresh cigar, and strolled on with as much unconcern as if nothing were happening. It was Colonel Fred. Burnaby, I afterwards heard, who had thus treated Carlist bullets with so much nonchalance.

I think, however, that just as my old friend O'Donovan (of the *Daily News*) was one of the most brilliant, so was a certain Scotchman, a Mr. Aytoun, the coolest man whom I've met in my wanderings.

I remember hearing a good story of how, having gone one morning from Fuenterrabia to see an old Monastery (St. Guadeloupe) in the neighbourhood, he returned with the following description of his experiences:—

"Eh! but it was one o' the loveliest bits o' Gothic I've seen for mony a long day—though the Carlists had evidently peppered it considerably, as their bullet marks showed—and as I looked I coonted, and I coonted; an' then I heard a sort o' spattering noise, and those marks i' the wall began rapidly to increase, an' ute from the distant underwood came the popping o' mony rifles, so I looked round to find the Carlists were popping at me. Then I took one more look at that lovely bit o' Gothic, and then—well, then—I went awa', you know—I went awa'."

Talking of architecture brings to my remembrance the picturesque aspect of the old Cathedral Church of Fuenterrabia, when I visited it during the Carlist War.

There was a gloomy grandeur about it which in peace times would have been impressive, the black and gold decorations of that sombre interior lit up by the many-coloured glints of sunlight which came through its stained glass windows; but now it had a unique aspect, it was prepared for resistance to its

very doors. Several massive tombs occupied the side aisles, on which reclined the stone effigies of Spanish hidalgos, who, in times past, had won their spurs in the service of their country; around their ashes were now piled up sand-bags, and they seemed to rally as it were, even from the land of shadows, the Government troops. The entrance, too, was equally well defended, while all the available slip windows in the tower and belfry were held in readiness for attack.

It was an interesting place, was Fuenterrabia, though the dirty common-place fountain from which it took its name was its least attractive feature; its waters, which some old myth declared came direct from Arabia Felix, were so impure as to suggest our giving that part of the world a wide berth; indeed, the ordinary traveller who doesn't, as I did, make a pilgrimage to Sta. Madelena seldom sees it. This fishing village is well worth a visit at any time, and was infested now chiefly by Carlists and smugglers; the latter, in large, flat-bottomed, barge-like boats, doing good business in their moorings mid-stream on that frontier river, not only with the Carlists, but alike with French and Spanish Republicans. You see, situated as they were, neither in France or Spain, they were beyond Custom House control, being absolutely in no country, on a sort of international "Tom Tiddler's Ground," where they did very much as they liked.

These same contrabandistas, while they did a thriving trade in rancia, aguardiente, tobacco, and cigars, were particularly jealous of what they were pleased to consider their rights, and suspected those who didn't stop and discuss their supplies as being Custom House officers, intent on some scheme by which to lure them to one side or the other, showing their hostility by levelling their flint-lock muskets and pistols at passing strangers, till assured they were not revenue officers, when, with an air of condescension, they would let them pass.

The village of Sta. Madelena was their head-quarters, where, under cover of the night, they landed their stores and transferred them at convenient times to those floating grog-shops.

Lane, he who shared with me that bad quarter of an hour outside Behobie, the day after the engagement at that place, seemed to be permanently affected by it, in the sense that at first he indulged in madcap excitement, which took the form of a mock quarrel between a correspondent and himself as to which had prior claim to the hand and heart of the prettiest of old Lagaralde's (the hotel-keeper's) fair daughters.

This brown-eyed beauty was herself much flattered by the compliments of each. Though the whole household were terribly disturbed when it was announced that a duel would be the result of Dan Cupid's vagaries; indeed, when early one morning, two carriages were ordered, and seconds and principals set out for a neighbouring wood, you may easily imagine the intervening suspense.



TIM TO TIM TIM—TUM TUM!

At length they *both* returned, wounded, but unsatiated. Nor was this all. Later in the day several shots were heard in one of the upper rooms of the hotel, where, the door being burst open, the prostrate forms of *both* were discovered weltering in their—; well—no, not exactly that, though there was every appearance of it. The fact was, neither having been able to ascertain by this ruse that the brown-eyed brunette cared one fig more for one than the other; feeling indeed, that she was, save as passing flatterers,

indifferent to both, they proceeded to undo their blood-stained, or, I should say, *paint-stained* bandages, and having washed the smudges of vermillion from their faces, they went down to *table d'hôte*, with the utmost *sang froid* imaginable.

This effervescence of youthful hilarity, however, gave place in turn to a curious form of depression, and in later years Lane has himself told me that when in his serious moments he reflected how close he had been to the long valley on that memorable occasion of our providential escape, he felt that that experience would change, as it did, the whole tenor of his life. No less light-hearted than before, he seemed to feel he was preserved for a better end than that of devoting his spare cash to the tables of Mons. Dupressoir, and his spare time to frivolity. He has now, for many years, devoted himself to missionary work in Africa, where, if he hasn't discovered great rivers, he has at least found many virtues in barbarians, which he has cultivated, and many vices which he has suppressed; his experiences in the Carlist campaign not having been purposeless after all, since against slavers and hostile tribes he has, more than once, been under fire in defence of his flock. He is now, I believe, in New South Wales, where he has recently taken holy orders.

* * * *

Can you imagine a Thames tug which time has toned down to a doubtful black, and which, having exchanged its late office for the fishing interests, is redolent of rancid oil and tarpaulin? If so, you can form some idea of the *British Queen*, a queer little craft, which took what merchandise it could, and what few passengers required to go (and they were few and far between) to and from St. Jean de Luz and San Sebastian. It was in this that I put out one fine autumn afternoon for the last-named place, in company with one other passenger, a Spanish student, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch as we approached, and saw Carlist time-shells bursting over that devoted sea-port.

On landing I was fortunate in securing admirable quarters on quite nominal terms. I had a handsome suite of three well-furnished rooms (indeed the whole house for the matter of that, for it was otherwise empty, and had I cared to use it I could have had it) with attendance, for what was about an equivalent to 80s. a week.

This, be it understood, included living, which, considering the place was in a state of siege, was excellent. Now the fact was, my landlady, a nervous old party of some seventy summers, had really nothing whatever to do with the establishment; the row of

handsome houses, of which this was one, since they were exactly *vis-à-vis* the Carlist forts, had been deserted at the commencement of hostilities, and Madam had taken up her quarters there "promiscuous-like," as Sam Weller would have said, and was only too glad, on any terms, to run the establishment so long as she brought supplies for her customers no further than the top of the kitchen stairs, in which subterranean retreat the dear old soul considered herself safe from Carlist fire.

O'Donovan was very much to the fore in San Sebastian, and with him I was naturally not long in foregathering.

By day we went to the front, at night returning to the besieged town, where, having got our sketches and articles safely on board one of the steamers plying between that place and France, we identified ourselves with the lives of the people, entering into their simple pleasures, which even a dread of Carlist occupation and atrocities failed to interfere with. Indeed, under the very muzzles of the guns in the Carlist batteries did the good folk make merry in the Alameda, or great public promenade; every evening enjoying themselves with an abandon which was marvellous to contemplate, old and young alike entering into the spirit of the thing, either from national light-heartedness or from a desire to veil their natural dread by a sort of *delicious delirium*.

It was a picturesque sight to see white-haired duennas, and black-haired brunettes, tripping it equally on the light fantastic toe, to the accompaniment of the Miguelites' band; alternately waltzing with a grace peculiarly Spanish, and dancing the "Bolero," or wilder fandango, with a go equally their own.

That brightly-illuminated thoroughfare, seen from a distance, with its throng of busy dancers, and the far away faint strains of its band, must have had an aggravating effect on the Carlist sentry in the redoubts which commanded that town, as he filled up the picture in his mind's eye; and he must have felt inclined to curse those political inequalities which he failed to understand, save as the motive power of civil war, which obliged him to remain where he was; for, take him all round, your ordinary Spaniard is a kindly fellow enough, with no more of that jealous resentment with which one is inclined to associate him than is to be found elsewhere.

Then Spanish hospitality is unbounded, though sometimes a little complex; for instance, you visit a grandee, you admire his horse, the flowers in his garden, that exquisite ormolu clock in his drawing-room, he assures you they are *not* his, they are yours; he begs you will accept them. The ring he wears, a family heir-





CARLISTS AND CONTRABANDISTAS

loom of great value, he will show you with pride. Beware of saying too much about it, he will press you to take it; indeed, a friend of mine did, after much persuading, reluctantly do this on one occasion, and, as he failed to return it next day as he should, he received a gentle reminder that his late host had begun to miss it, and that the sooner it was returned the better.

I remember being splendidly entertained during my stay as a besieged resident in San Sebastian by a most kindly old Don, who seemed to have a peculiar admiration for the representatives of the British press. He was one of those portly old Spanish gentlemen whose pointed moustaches and bushy imperial only required the addition of a ruff and doublet to make one feel he had just walked out of a canvas by Velasquez. He could tell a good tale, too, in excellent French in his own peculiar way; and thus many evenings which might have been dull and profitless, have now become to me memorable. His style of delivery was, like himself, eccentric; he spoke in spasms as it were, telling his tales as if they had been so many parts of puzzles, requiring to be fitted together before the whole could be realised; his local historical knowledge, too, was immense, and his sense of humour inimitable, hence the following legend, concerning a neighbouring ruin, with which he entertained several of us one night; and which I, retaining as best I can his peculiar style, will endeavour to convey to you:—

THE LEGEND.

"The Don was in convulsions: the joke presented itself to him in a light no other joke had ever done before. What! my Inez, the fairest flower in all Spain, daughter of one of the—ahem—poorest, though bluest of the blue bloods of the Peninsula—she, Inez, recognize the attentions of a penniless student from Alicante? No; a thousand times no! It can only be looked upon as the quintessence of fun, the very perfection of absurdity; besides, haven't I given her hand in marriage to Don Miguel de Merara, a caballero of the highest rank and immense wealth; and if he be, by chance, some forty years her senior, can he take his titles and riches with him to the land of shadows? It's an additional reason why matters should come to a climax with all possible expedition, and with this he poured himself out a bumper of the rosy and quaffed confusion to poverty in general and that beggarly student of Alicante in particular.

"Doña Inez loved Pedro Mondego to distraction; as to how,

when, or where they met, the less said the better : it concerns in no sense the stream of history.

"In her dreaming, as in her waking moments, he was always metaphorically by her side. Alas! however, that the fates should have so willed it, she slept in a chamber next to her irate parent's, and the partition between the filial and paternal couches being thin, she was heard one fateful night talking in her sleep, talking, great Jupiter, of poor Pedro the student; she addressed him in her slumbers in tones of the deepest—but no—let us draw a veil; suffice it to say her father, the Don, mentioned the matter over the matutinal muffin, and Inez confessed the all absorbing concentration of undying love which was consuming her young heart.

"Poppies, peonies, and carnations would have paled before the lurid light which lit up the paternal eyes, reflecting its radiance on the pimply proboscis, on which they converged, as he took an oath (a loud one) in the name of the family saint (a most iniquitous proceeding) that the offending damsel should be placed in the uppermost chamber of the haunted tower, far removed from kith and kin, till, having reconsidered her romantic attachment and given ear to the pleading of her somewhat *passé* admirer, she should redeem her father's, the Don's, shattered fortunes by giving her hand (her *heart* had not entered into the paternal calculations), to Don Mignel de Merara.

"Days, weeks, months rolled on, and the fair Inez lost the erst peach-like bloom on her maiden cheek, while the rotundity of that youthful, graceful form gave way to a shallowness terrible to look upon : her dresses failed to fit her, her hair fell out in handfuls, her lack-lustre eye, spoke all too eloquently of the sufferings of the languishing soul within : in short, the mental and physical strain had been too much for her : she pined away and——

* * * *

"Whenever Pedro Mondego was not occupied burning the midnight oil and propounding obscure metaphysical problems, he was careering around the base of that haunted tower, suffering alike from the utterly indescribable pangs of love and hunger; indeed, the divine afflatus of the Don's supper as it issued from those passages near the kitchens, created an internal yearning corresponding to that which devoured his soul, as, gazing upwards, he watched the dim light which gleamed from the window of his *innamorata*. Never was swain doomed to such hopeless vigils, twice was he cudgelled as a tramp by the Don's retainers,

once was he ducked in the horse-pond as a poacher; indeed, all round, the course of true love just then was more rough than pleasant; in fact, for the last ten days, while his nostrils had been regaled with exceptionally choice aromas, his eyes had looked in vain for the one gleam of comfort which that ray from the top window had hitherto afforded. All was utter darkness now, and, for the tenth time, he retired, wearied of watching and wondering, to his lonely quarters to await disconsolately for developments. They came: they always do if you wait long enough; that night he 'dreamt a dream.'

* * * *

"The storm clouds gathered and the nightjar shrieked. The wind was scudding across a marshy moor. It was one degree darker than pitch, and rained, figuratively speaking, cats and dogs. Defying the angry elements, a lonely horseman might have been seen wending his way in the direction of the Convent of San Barbarossa. Before him was the bog fiend, or swamp demon, which ever decoyed him onward. The night wore on: that lonely traveller rode on far away into its inky obscurity. He'd lost his way, and it was not till day began to dawn that he arrived at a long-since disused portal of the Convent. Up to this time he had not had the remotest idea *why* he had thus braved the elements, or for what earthly reason he had thus directed his jaded steed towards San Barbarossa; for no preconceived purpose, indeed, did he, on dismounting, knock thrice for admittance—admittance to a *convent* forsooth, and at a long since disused entry.—He awoke—The landlady of the period had, seeing her prospect of payment daily diminish, cut off supplies. It was twelve by the dial; he dressed and went out, still buoyant, but breakfastless.

* * * *

"'Oh, cruel fate! oh, unforgiving Sire! Why have I been thus removed from the world, because I love—as you would have it—"not wisely but too well." Why was I born? why have I lived till now? why have I——'

"There was a good deal more of this sort of thing, but I will spare my readers—it might be wearisome; indeed, Inez herself found it so, for she went off into a gentle slumber, when she, too, dreamt a dream.

* * * *

"An angelic youth stood at her bedside; he was somewhat scantily attired in Lazenby and Libertyesque materials; on his brow he wore a chaplet of white roses; in his hand he carried a

silver shaft: across his shoulders he had girt a bow of the same glittering metal. 'Do you know me?' said the youth. 'Well,' Inez replied, 'I've a sort of impression.' 'Ah, just so,' said he of the silver shaft; 'I know you have; it's an impression which I have myself been making any time since the world began. Pleasant, isn't it? Follow me.' And with this he fluttered out of her apartment (I forgot to mention he had wings) into the corridor. She was constrained to follow. He led the way through cloister after cloister. 'You are not the only one who has been smitten by me in this convent, I can assure you,' said he, by way of relieving the tedium of their progress; 'there's Sister Teresa, and Sister Luisa, and Sister Mary Agata, all of whom have been badly hit, to say nothing of Sister Sta. Geneviève, the story of whose early love—but here we are,' and she found herself in the convent garden, at an old disused entry.

"'Do tell me the story of Sister Sta. Geneviève,' for, being a woman, she was not, naturally, quite proof, as we lords of creation are, against curiosity. 'Do tell me the story of Sister Sta. Geneviève.'

"'With pleasure,' said the arch god, for you have probably discovered that Eros was at that moment her guide, philosopher, and friend; 'certainly. Well, hers is a long story, so full of thrilling romance—but what's that?' And, at that moment, three loud knocks were heard on the other side of that convent gate.

"'Two are company, three none,' said that mischievous boy, as he took a side glance, looked down, and vanished; and the very next moment—no, oh no, not that—the very next moment she was sitting bolt upright in bed, the bright morning sun was streaming in at her window, and the convent bell was clanging its loudest that those holy sisters might hasten off to matins.

* * * *

"At the particular moment that Pedro Mondego decided to put his remarkably vivid dream into execution, Donna Inez came to the same conclusion. Was it affinity, or what? No matter. Suffice it to say that, though separated by several leagues, they were of one mind in this respect. Hunger too, is said to be a remarkable sharpener of the wits, and perhaps it was its pangs which suggested, that if one of the well-filled stalls of the Don's stables were minus a horse it would make no difference to the Don, and be of great personal service to himself; and so the day wore on its weary length, a habit days have when we are in a

hurry, till night fell, and he was able to put his purpose into execution. He was soon plunging ungracefully—painfully, I might almost say, astraddle that purloined steed—on that swampy moor. At daybreak he found himself outside the disused portal of his dream, the scheme of which he was now step by step working out. He dismounted and knocked—thrice!

“Donna Inez never dreamt of going to bed. She purloined candle ends from the altar of the blessed Barbarossa, and beguiled the long hours of night by wondering what mysterious force it was which obliged her to follow the course declared by her dream. Dawn eventually appeared, covered with blushes in the eastern sky; but I forget—this is reality, not romance.

“It was daylight. She crept along the cloisters of the convent wrapped in a huge cloak, till, crossing the garden walk, she found herself, as in her dream, at the disused entry. All was silent; the birds were not yet astir; but no! What was that sound, as of a blacksmith’s hammer on a distant anvil? It was the palpitation of her own poor heart, as she nervously examined every chink and crevice in that quaint old doorway. Hark! *could* it be? She could scarcely breathe for excitement. Yes, it *was* the distant sound of a horse’s hoofs. Was she dreaming *now*? No; nearer and nearer still they came. Her heart stood still. A horseman had reined in without that portal. She was paralyzed with amazement. Bang! bang!! bang!!! The traveller demanded admittance. Should she open the gate? Suppose at this point her dream should fail her, and it should not be he? She *must* open it. Gently she raised its clumsy latch; it groaned on its rusty hinges.

“‘Inez!’ ‘Pedro!’ My pen utterly fails me. As quick as thought she was by his side; and they were galloping off to secure the services of some kind Padre, who would tie the nuptial knot. They had already placed some considerable distance between themselves and the convent, when they heard groans hard by. They hastened to ascertain the cause, and, in doing so, noted that several bloodthirsty-looking scoundrels took to their heels, scared by the sound of a coming horseman, who might have been a sereno of the period. On arriving at the spot, a groom was found to be ministering to the wants of a wounded man.

‘They would have killed me outright had it not been for this youth,’ said the bleeding traveller. ‘Remove me to the nearest venta.’ Inez uttered one prolonged scream and fainted. They were

both carried to the venta. It transpired that the wounded traveller was none other than Don Miguel de Marara, who, not knowing the story of the student lover, was going to place his hand, heart, and estates at her feet, when he was thus attacked. The best advice that could be obtained was secured. He bled for three consecutive hours, so they put on leeches, on the principle of 'like cures like.' He might not have died of his wounds, but the leeches were too much for him. He was sinking fast. Calling the doctors as witnesses, he bequeathed all his vast wealth to Inez (who, I forgot to say, had got over her fainting fit, and was now quite equal to the trying occasion). With his hand in hers he breathed his last. Pedro and herself did their utmost to weep—they did really—but it was hardly an unequivocal success. Oddly enough, too, the Don, when he heard how matters stood, looked at things in a totally different light. He thought the purloining of that horse a harmless practical joke; and when he ascertained that, after the death of several decrepit relations, Pedro would inherit one of the highest titles which (without money) it was possible for a Spanish grandee to enjoy, he put this and that together—by which I mean money and title paid his own liabilities out of his daughter's bulky wedding portion, said 'Bless you, my children!' in the most approved manner possible, and, as story-books relate, lived happy ever after."

Not far from the ruins (a portion of the tower was alone standing) round about which the story of the fair Inez centres was a small village, the name of which I forget, but where I was unexpectedly reminded one day of the old country by seeing, newly painted on a dilapidated wall, the familiar names of Palace Yard and Westminster Square.

It appears that when during the Peninsula War the Iron Duke was at one time quartered here, his troopers in their spare moments wrote in chalk on the walls of their quarters the above-mentioned names, which have been carefully preserved and repainted from time to time ever since, as mementoes of British occupation.

In our calmer moments it is sometimes curious to reflect on the way in which, day after day, one went to the front exposed now and again during many hours to the enemies' fire, and yet at the end of the campaign came off without injury. The interests of one's paper, and a certain rivalry with one's fellows to obtain incident, was sufficient incentive to keep one well to the fore, and must with all of us have been the motive power. The most hasty





IN THE ATAMEDA.

sketch taken on the spot, conveys, I believe, infinitely more than the most elaborate one done from memory. It has always been my custom, if circumstances would not admit of my finishing my work at the time, to make the actual sketch, the basis on which finished the drawing I sent to England.

Of course it will often happen to the war artist that the most picturesque incidents are only of momentary duration, so it not unfrequently happens that the first impression is a sort of artistic short hand, which, worked up while the event is fresh in the mind, should present a vivid idea of the subject to the public.

Several Miguelites are returning from the front, carrying on their bayonets love letters from their comrades to the girls they've left behind them in San Sebastian. Following these are others carrying tokens more terrible in the shape of dead men's muskets, each having three or four with which he is returning to the armoury.

Again, an ox-waggon laden with supplies is on its way to the 1st post; you hide behind its wheels for protection, accommodating yourself to its slow pace to avoid the occasional bullets from the enemies lines, which bury themselves in its wooden sides, and which might otherwise have found their billet in you; each in itself is an incident, which finds its way at one time or another to the Strand.

I remember, on more than one occasion, when in the fort of Oriamendez, some four miles from San Sebastian, having witnessed with much thrilling interest, from that elevated position, the events (Carlist and Republican) going on all round me. Let us take an instance.

See, there in the valley below, the old church of Hernani rises up through the gathering mists of evening, its great bell tolling sanctuary to its scared inhabitants; see too at a bend in the road, how the dust rises, as that great lumbering diligence (the mail) comes rolling along over the spur of the hill, running the gauntlet of the Carlist skirmishers who occupy those heights above. From within and without that unwieldy vehicle the Republican troops blaze away at the enemy as they urge on their—to all appearance particularly—"mad career"; but communication must be kept up, and gaps in the highway must necessarily exist here and there, which are occupied, till dislodged by our side, by the troops of Don Carlos.

It is astonishing how much powder may, in some cases, be expended with little or no result.

On one occasion I remember two of those defenders of the post-mail were killed, and once too a horse, (a leader) received his quietus; this was an exciting episode, since the Republicans in charge of those mail bags had to keep up a rattling fire on their assailants during the few seconds it took to cut the traces of the dead horse, and then dash off as best they could with three, followed as they went by a perfect hail of bullets, one Republican only being wounded during their hasty retreat. Oddly enough the driver, who received two francs a day for the double journey from San Sebastian to Hernani, was able to stick to his perilous perch throughout the whole campaign without a scratch, though the dangers he daily ran in the service of the State for this small pittance were terrible indeed.

I am not inclined to enter into a long dissertation on dinners; indeed, not being a gourmand, I feel I should be unequal to the task. However, I find a reference in my diary to a little dinner given by myself when at San Sebastian to three friends, which was in its way unique.

O'Donovan of the *Daily News*, with Aytoun and Bayley, roving Englishmen, were the guests for whom I arranged a little entertainment in the grand saloon of the otherwise deserted mansion, where I had taken up abode.

If I remember rightly there were little difficulties with his unpaid landlady, on the occasion of Mr. Bob Allen's bachelors party, to which the inimitable pen of Charles Dickens does that justice which it alone could do. Modestly, I might say reverently, following in the wake of that great writer I would say that I, too, was to some extent in the toils of my landlady on the occasion referred to, though not happily for the same reason. I was not in pawn, as one (afterwards most celebrated) war correspondent told me he had been in that city for several months, till an appointment on a great "Daily" relieved him from his entanglements: no, my landlady and myself were on smiling terms. I owed her absolutely nothing, it was her dread of the upper sphere which played havoc with her peace of mind. While the dear old soul confined herself to subterranean regions all went well; her visits to the floors above being like those of angels, few and far between. Indeed, when alone I so arranged matters that the poor creature should seldom come far beyond the top of the kitchen stairs, where she felt herself perfectly safe from the intrusion of Carlist shells; but now, on the occasion of this bachelors' gathering of mine, I very naturally required some little attendance, which

my scared domestic, from motives of fear only, was most reluctant to give. The end of it was that we each assisted to convey the dishes from the top of those kitchen stairs to the state room in which I elected to entertain my friends, and it was a queer sight to see us each gingerly conveying our viands, one after the other, to our respective places. The very prospect of having to come to the fore, especially after dark, had so upset her, that our menu was as unexpected in its order as the courses were curious in their composition. Into the soup, which came on towards the end, the pepper-box, in a paroxysm of fear (probably the shutting of a neighbouring door), had been evidently dropped: while the cuttle-fish, exceedingly nasty at the best of times, was so deluged with Sepia sauce that it was quite uneatable. A flagon or two of good wine, however, helped considerably to adjust matters, and when we discovered that by a happy accident we represented, O'Donovan, Ireland; Aytoun, Scotland; Bayley, Wales; (a little vaguely) and myself, England; we made a memorable night of it, by singing our national songs till our repertoire, a small one, was exhausted, when we sallied forth to discuss black coffee at the Cafe Menier, and watch our fair favourites (for who could be without one) dance the Bolero in the Alameda, as each did with the art of a Terpsichore, and grace of a Psyche.

I remember at a tenant farmers' dinner in Gloucestershire how, the conversation turning on cows, one old fellow turned to the other, between the joints and pudding, and said—

"By-the-bye, Jarge, talking o' coos, how's yer missus?" With more point, though it may not appear on the surface, I might say talking of Psyche brings me to the tobacconist's round the corner.

You see, the tobacconist round the corner was not only in this case a woman, but the particular Psyche who nightly won over, with her meaning glances, raven tresses, and olive complexion my then all too susceptible heart, as she pirouetted with her friends after business hours in the Alameda; besides, she "could a tale unfold," which was well calculated to make each particular hair stand on end. A tale of a chignon, with which she could curdle the blood of the most callous.

At the first shock of civil war she had endeavoured to escape in a small boat, aided by two boatmen, to France. The Bay of Biscay is treacherous at the best of times, but it at least smiled pleasantly enough on the particular evening on which she took her departure. Prudence always being the better part of valour, they hugged the shore, that they might, in the event of any emergencies,

land at a moment's notice. Night closed in ; they had been probably three hours out when they—as fate would have it—were discovered by Carlist scouts, who opened such a rattling fire upon them, that the boatmen, being panic-struck, leaped into the water and swam to shore, preferring the off chance of thus being saved to the certain death which they thought awaited them, had they stuck to their oars. Utterly unable to manage the boat, this poor girl described how she crouched down in the bows, while, in a sort of wanton devilry, the Carlists still kept up their fusillade ; several bullets lodged in the boat itself, while two actually embedded themselves in the chignon which she wore, and which she declared had saved her life. Be this as it may, the boat and its one helpless occupant drifted further and further still out to sea, escaping dangers by fire only to see before her every prospect of a watery grave ; for the terrible bay was already beginning to show signs of unrest ; a ground swell, increasing every moment, swept the frail craft from side to side, carrying its poor terror-stricken occupant further and further still out into the inky blackness of what promised, ere long, to be a Biscay gale.

What that night was to that poor half-demented creature none can describe, few can imagine. Day dawned to find sea-horses rampant as far as the eye could reach ; the fag-end of a squall in which no boatman would have dreamt of venturing out ; however, a tough little steam-tug fortunately was doing intermediate business in the shape of supplies, and was seen making for the harbour ; it was presently alongside, and there, insensible, but still alive, was she discovered, picked up in the dead of night. When once again she found herself in San Sebastian, she was prepared rather to undergo fifty sieges than again brave the dangers of that capricious bay in an open boat. Surely, as Dibden puts it, "A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft," who does not confine his protection to sailors alone, having even extended it to that pretty piquant tobacconist, of whom one might equally say appropriately—

There she lay, till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay O.

Ah ! just so ; it is, of course, only the natural sequence of events that one thing should suggest another, especially if that other be, as Mark Twain puts it, "a female woman," too.

When I was in San Sebastian, during the early days of the siege, an English lady and her two very fascinating daughters, were, through circumstance over which they had no control, reduced to

the unpleasant necessity of remaining behind when all other visitors had fled.

Lest I should offend the susceptibilities of this most estimable dame and her two daughters, I will give her the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Temple. She was a woman of no ordinary mould, and her daughters took after her. I was introduced to these ladies by O'Donovan, who was, I afterwards ascertained, desperately smitten with the youngest; probably this was the reason why, in a sort of blind thoughtlessness (for is not the gentle god sightless?) he had promised, if it was within the bounds of possibility, to take these ladies *to the front*; while they, having unbounded confidence in their chivalrous and kindly cavalier, and only a vague notion of the picturesqueness of *the front*, without discounting its many dangers, were determined to exercise all their most winsome wiles to make him do so.

This was the state of affairs when O'Donovan confided to me one morning the startling news that he was bound by a promise as unbreakable as toughened glass, to take Mrs. Temple and her daughters as far as possible in the direction of Oriamendez.

In vain I protested, and assured him that it would be better even to break his word than to break that good lady's heart or his own for ever, should the fair one for whom he had the strongest predilection fall at the front. Again, I put it to him, in a light equally terrible, that in the event of Madam going over to the majority, in her mad desire to get a glimpse of the fighting outside San Sebastian, he, like a big brother, with two motherless sisters, would, in future, have to represent the interests of the *Daily News* with a couple of girls ever sailing in his wake; but O'Donovan would have it that his word was his bond, and much as he regretted the promise he had made he must keep to it.

It was on a hot autumn morning that we started for the first post, situated about a mile and a half beyond the town; which, under the friendly cover of an ammunition waggon, also going to the front, we reached with comparatively little danger; true it is that our fair friends would have given worlds to return before they had got half way; but this, owing to the road being now completely open to Carlist fire, it was impossible for them to do.

Our route was a continual ascent along a sometimes narrow, sometimes broad, always winding mountain path, which faced corresponding hills (with deep valleys intervening) which were occupied by a strong force of Carlist troops; hence it was that, save where barricades in the shape of sand-bags, brushwood, &c.,

were thrown up, our journey to the front was a terribly exposed one, fraught with perpetual danger.

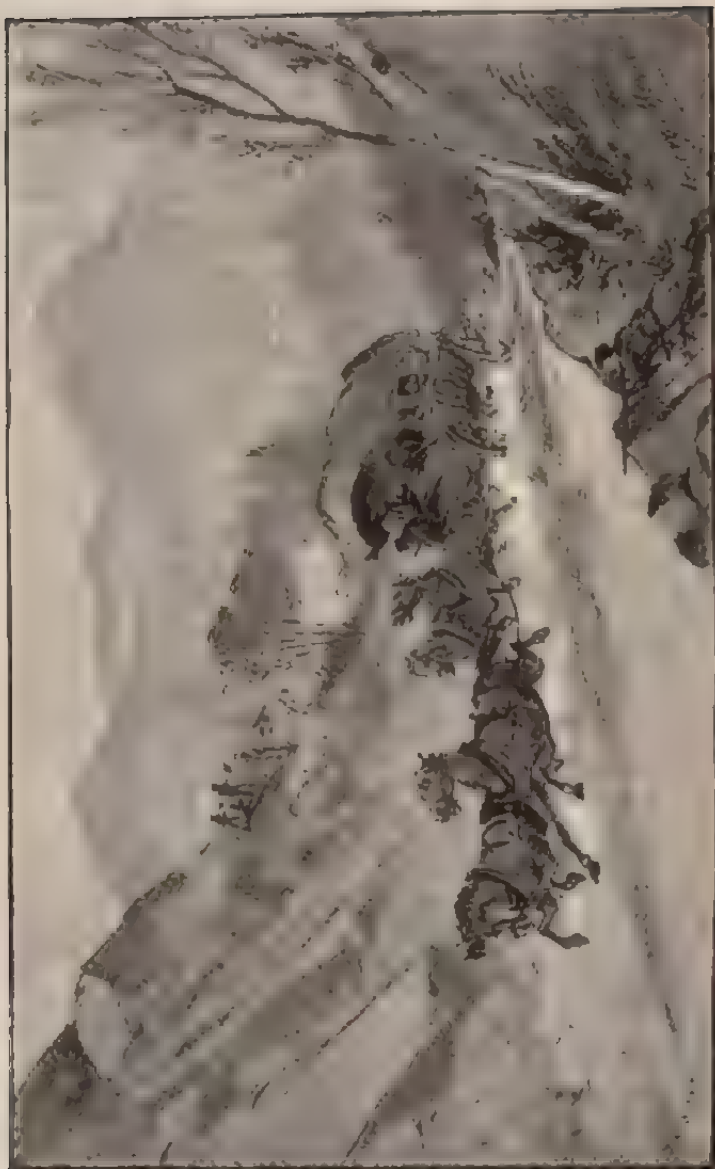
I shall never forget our arrival at the first post.

"What! three English ladies at the front," said the officer in command, as he gazed wonder-struck at our little party. Having accepted his hospitalities, in the shape of sand-bags to sit on, after a short rest we continued our adventurous journey, till a gap in the defences, which so far had hidden us from view, a gap I should say of about 100 yards in extent, presented itself.

We were too old hands not to know what this meant. A rapid rush on our part, an irregular fusillade on the part of the enemy, and another narrow escape scored on the tablets of our memory. But what about those fair ones? The girls, having experienced nothing, were equal to anything; but not so Mrs. Temple, who, to her anxiety for them as a mother, added a wee bit of concern perhaps for her own portly person, for she had already begun to turn that peculiarly doubtful opalesque hue, which a sudden realisation of appalling danger will sometimes produce with the bravest. We duly posted them all up in the necessity, if the enemy opened fire, of instantly falling flat on their faces, in which case, the road being on a higher elevation than the enemy's position, they would be completely out of sight; with these and a few parting reassurances we two started off, for the double purpose of setting them an example, and being ready to receive them when, the gap passed, they reached us farther on.

Against *our* contingency, however, we did not calculate; it was that, starting first, we put the enemy, by drawing their fire, on the *qui vive* for the others; besides, this rehearsal of what they themselves had to go through was naturally almost too much for them, and went no way as we had hoped towards reassuring them; indeed, had it not been for the youngest, who (nothing daunted, with her bright particular star, O'Donovan, to the fore), made a mad rush forward, it is more than likely they would have come no further; as it was, however, she was immediately followed by Mrs. Temple, whose motherly instincts now prevailed, and who in turn was succeeded by the eldest girl. Thus all three found themselves flying towards the shelter which O'Donovan and myself had just reached, when a rattling fire bespattered the rocks above their heads with lead and brought them to a horror-stricken sense of the predicament they were in. Happily the youngest and foremost tripped and fell flat on the uneven ground; happily, I say, since it brought back the advice given them by us to the other two, for





HINING THE GAINST

the next instant the trio were full length on the ground; the two Miss Temples gazing heavenwards, while their mother, well, if she didn't literally "bite the dust," she lay prone on her—well—her face, in a state of terror, not, under the circumstances, at all to be wondered at, declaring that nothing in the world would persuade her to move one way or the other. Nor was the process of extricating them from this predicament without its comic element, since it was necessary for them, as well as ourselves (for we went thus to their rescue) to go on *all fours* till cover was reached.

It was, I can assure you, a ludicrous sight in the extreme to see my kindly, *about* acquaintance, Mrs. Temple, and her daughters, struggling—proceeding on their extended palms and the tips of their toes to the front on all fours—a novel experience in connection with glorious war; but the adventures of our friends at the front had not by any means come to an end.

Our little party had now to traverse a rather broad plateau, where, out of reach of the enemies fire, we all breathed again.

The peculiarity of this expanse was that it was covered with a tangled undergrowth, a sort of Spanish jungle, which in some places came nearly to our shoulders. Here again we were brought to an unexpected stand-still by a sudden, most unlooked for, and startling explosion, close to us. Mrs. Temple, like an india-rubber ball, seemed to bound, through the shock, several feet from the ground, coming down this time—the other side uppermost with a thud, which gave emphasis to the very natural exclamation of horror which escaped her lips.

The fact was a Krupp gun had just been placed in such a position as to completely hide it from ordinary observation; and thus it was that we unwittingly found ourselves in such close proximity to it at the moment it was discharged. I need not dilate on the many other similar experiences we had that day before we got back to San Sebastian. I can only say that several solemn vows were registered by us, that nothing in this created world should again tempt us to satisfy feminine curiosity at the front; and many more by that most estimable lady and her daughters, that they too, would never, under any circumstances, again brave the dangers of the advanced posts.

“He 's as dead as a hammer.”

“Nonsense.”

“Oh, but he is though; they brought in his body a week ago, when I was in Fuenterrabia.”

"What! my nineteenth century troubadour?"

"Yes, he 's in that Land of Sunbeams he was always eulogizing, not, however, without winning his spurs after all, in spite of the negative life he led, for he was latterly indefatigable in the good cause of humanity, tending the sick and wounded with untiring care, while on two or three occasions he heroically risked his own life in rescuing peasants, who in coming from Irun had found themselves paralyzed by fear under Carlist fire; on one of these occasions, carrying a child of tender years, wounded in the foot by a Carlist ball, to a place of shelter a considerable distance off, where she eventually obtained the necessary medical aid.

Poor Tum-to-tum-tum (I never knew his actual name)! No more would that philosophic soul touch the light guitar, or drive dull care away with small potations of aguardiente. He was found not far from the old town he had made his head-quarters; found there shot through the head, the victim, doubtless, of a Carlist scout. He had evidently been wandering listlessly round the neighbourhood, quite regardless of the risks he ran, when he had been thus picked off. He was discovered some hours later by the Republicans, as my informant, a "Special," put it, "As dead as a hammer," in a maize field, his old, well-worn guitar still firmly clutched in his left hand.

As I think of it, it somehow reminds me of an old *In Memoriam* couplet to a certain flageolet-playing "Waut"—

What monument more fitting than
A flageolet, to such a man.

And I feel one might not inappropriately say—

Surely no floral tributes are
So fitting as that light guitar.
Placed on his bier 'twill serve to show
How lightly *etc* with *some* may go!
Philosophizing as they strum,
Tum to tum tum, tum, tum, tum

(To be continued.)

Drill and Customs in the British Army under George the First.

By COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.



AMONG my old military books is one which is little known to the present generation of soldiers, though its contents are familiar to military archaeologists. The book in question is *Bland's Military Discipline*, published only a few weeks before the death of George I. The author is described in the title-page as "Humphrey Bland, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel of His Majesty's Own Regiment of Horse," now the King's Dragoon Guards, and contains so much that is interesting concerning the art of war and the routine of the army during the early part of the eighteenth century that I have thought that an article on this work might prove acceptable. As up to the date of the Crimean War the standard and authority of the British army were respectively the Peninsular War and Wellington; so till the advent of Frederick the Great they were respectively the campaigns in Flanders and Marlborough.

When this book was written, the parade formation of a battalion of infantry was in six ranks. When the battalion was very weak, the number of ranks was reduced to four. The fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks were called the "rear half-files." Each man was allowed a front of 8 feet, and the distance between the ranks was 4 feet. Between the companies there was an interval of 3 feet, except as regards the "Grenadiers," who were separated from the battalion companies by an interval equal to their own front. The odd men are directed to fall to the rear, "where the adjutant or the sergeant-major should immediately join them together, form them into files, and draw them up in the intervals between the companies." The companies, according to a plate

in the book, seem to have been ordinarily composed of twelve battalion companies, and one company of Grenadiers. The latter took the right of the line, the other companies being placed according to the seniority of their captains. Thus the colonel's company, commanded on parade by the captain-lieutenant, was on the right, the lieutenant-colonel's company on the left of the line, the major's company on the left of the colonel's company, the senior captain's company on the right of the major's company, and so on, the companies of the two junior captains being in the centre. It would appear that after the odd men had been formed into files and placed in the intervals between the companies, the latter were closed on to each other. The ordinary formation of the battalion was, as I have said, six deep, but Colonel Bland says: "When the battalion is drawn up four deep for the punishing of the soldiers by making them run the gauntlet, the Grenadiers are to do so too." The music was supplied by drums and "hautboys." The latter were probably the instruments which are now known as flageolets. The pioneers were styled "hatchet-men."

The battalion being drawn up as above described, the major ordered the officers to take post in a line two paces in front of the front rank, the senior captain on the right of the battalion, the second senior captain on the left, the third senior captain on the left of the senior captain, the fourth senior captain on the right of the second senior captain, and so on, the officers of the Grenadiers remaining in front of the grenadier company. The colours were then sent for with all honour, and received with "rested arms," the term then used for "presented arms." Colonel Bland speaks of the colonel's colours, the lieutenant-colonel's colours, and the major's, "if there are three colours." The three colours were probably, in some regiments, survivals of the one colour to each of the divisions of pikemen, and one to the division of musketeers. The next proceeding was to tell off the battalions into divisions, and to assign the officers to them. The number of divisions is not mentioned, but I find that when a regiment was to be reviewed, it was divided into three equal parts, each of which was called "a grand division." Then each grand division was divided into three, four, or five subdivisions, according to the number of files on parade. It would appear that when the companies were first drawn up on parade, the files were at half a pace distant from each other, for we are told that after the assigning of officers to divisions, and

the telling off of the latter, "the major is to proceed to the opening of files," and the author then proceeds to give the intervals and distances of ranks and files under different circumstances. Distances of ranks, for exercise or review, four paces; for firing, two paces; for wheelings, one pace. Intervals of files, for exercise or a review, one pace; for firing, half a pace. For marching or wheeling the files are "almost to touch each other with their shoulders."

In opening files the men stepped off with the foot next the front. The files being opened, the officers took post in rear of the battalion. Then followed the "manual exercise," the major giving the word of command. The directions for "the position of a soldier under arms" imply that the firelock was carried at the slope, the lock being turned a little outward, and the toe of the butt being opposite to the middle of the body. The feet were to be at one pace distance, the heels on a line, and the toes slightly turned out. The manual exercise opens with the caution, "Take care." I shall not give details, but only mention that the words "tricker" and "rammer" are used for the modern triggers and ramrods respectively, and that the words of command and the performance of a command are often very long. As an example of long words of command I give "Join your right hands to your firelocks"; as an instance of lengthy performance may be cited the acts of drawing, using, and returning ramrods. These operations required seven words of command and twenty-seven motions!

"The evolutions of the foot" comprise sixty-eight movements, concerning which I need only remark that there are no column formations, save such as are formed by wheeling divisions to the right or left.

A chapter is devoted to "Passing in Review." When the general reaches the flank of the battalion, the major is to "order the soldiers to rest their arms by the following words of command: To the front—present your arms." As the general passes along the front the "officers are, as he passes, each to salute with his half pike, and to take off his hat; the major and adjutant, being the only officers on horseback, were to salute with their swords." The following performances then took place:—The manual exercises and evolutions, the firings and the marching past in grand divisions, sub-divisions, or companies. All the words of command seem to have been given by the major. In marching past by grand divisions, the following was the order:—1. The grenadiers,

with their officers, in front, the major in front of all; 2. The hatchet-men in several ranks; 3. The staff officers of the battalion; 4. The hautboys in single rank; 5. The colonel, on foot, and carrying a half-pike; 6. All the captains of the right wing; 7. The first grand division; 8. All the lieutenants of the right wing in rear of the first grand division; 9. The ensigns of the battalion; 10. The second grand division; 11. The lieutenants of the left wing; 12. The third grand division; 13. The captains of the left wing in rear of the third grand division; 14. The lieutenant-colonel. No place is assigned to the adjutant. The sergeants are to be divided between the different grand divisions, and are to march on the flanks of these. The drummers are to march between the third and fourth ranks of each grand division. The officers are to pass the general with their half-pikes lowered, and are to pull off their hats, but "they are not to bow their heads." The sergeants are only to salute by taking off their hats. When the battalion marched past in column of companies, the field officers were to go by at the head of their respective companies. When the firing exercise was performed, the men of the fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks were to double their files to the left, *i.e.*, come up on the right of the right half-ranks, the battalion thus standing three deep. The left platoon, or half-company, of grenadiers was then to place itself on the left of the battalion at one pace interval, the right half-company at the same time closing in to one pace interval from the right of the battalion. The battalion was then told off into platoons, seldom consisting of less than thirty or more than forty-eight men each, the officers being divided amongst them. The platoons having been formed, "the firings" of four or five platoons each are told off, the platoons of each firing being dispersed throughout the battalion. The object of "firings" and of dispersing the platoons throughout the battalion was, for the first, to prevent the whole of the battalion being unloaded at once, and, for the second, to prevent any large part of the battalion from being defenceless at one time. In firing, at the word "Make ready," the men are to cock their pieces, and the men of the front rank to kneel on the right knee, the second and third ranks to recover their arms, and the men of the centre rank to place their left feet on the inside of the right feet of their file leaders, their right feet at a little distance from the left feet, and pointing to the right, and the rear rank doing the same with respect to the second rank. "The placing of the feet in this manner is called, in military terms,

locking." This sentence gives an explanation of the present term "locking up," in which, however, the extending of the feet is now omitted.

A strange evolution called "firing advancing" is described by Colonel Bland, and seems to have been commonly practised in his time. "Upon the major's ordering the drummer to beat a march, the whole battalion is to march straight forward, beginning with their left feet, and to move as slow as foot can fall." The battalion being halted the first firing delivered a volley, after which the battalion made another advance, again halting to fire, the men loading on the march, this process being continued as long as it was thought proper.

Colonel Bland does not confine himself to mere drill, but also deals in an elementary way with tactics. In a chapter devoted to the conduct of a battalion when attacked by cavalry, we find that, notwithstanding the traditions of the power of charging horsemen, the comparative inefficiency and the short range of muskets, there were, nevertheless, some officers who were in this respect in advance of their age. That Colonel Bland should have been of this number, though he was a cavalry officer, speaks much for his breadth of view.

He implies in one paragraph that when only attacked in front they should receive cavalry in line, and in another expresses himself still more precisely, saying: "If foot could be brought to know their own strength, the danger which they apprehend from horse would soon vanish, since the fire of one platoon given in due time is sufficient to break any squadron; therefore, if a battalion of foot would manage their fire to the best advantage, and not throw it away at too great a distance, which they are apt to do, from their appearing nearer than they really are, by their being so much above the foot, they might battle a considerable body of horse and make them desist in a very short time from any further attempts upon them."

When a square was considered necessary it was formed in rear of the line, a platoon of grenadiers being placed obliquely at each angle, so as to prevent there being any dead angles. Colonel Bland claims that it could be formed in less than a minute in this manner. There seems to have been no idea of forming square from column.

In Chapter 8, which deals with the marching of a detachment or battalion, when there is a possibility of being attacked, occur not only many judicious suggestions, but also some excellent

remarks as to the necessity of studying the details of the profession.

After impressing upon his readers that, provided an officer has done his duty, his honour is not stained by being defeated, but that if surprised by neglect "his character is hardly retrievable," he extols the dignity of the profession of arms and the motives which induce a man to become a soldier.

"The same spirit that brings us into the army should make us apply ourselves to the study of the military art, the common forms of which may be easily attained by a moderate application as well as capacity. Neither is it below any military man, let his birth be ever so noble, to be knowing in the minute parts of the service. It will not cramp his genius (as some have been pleased to say, in order, as I suppose, to excuse their own ignorance), but rather aid and assist it in great and daring enterprises."

It is interesting to learn that even in those days the Germans attached the highest importance to the training of their officers.

"Our great and warlike neighbours, the Germans, are so entirely prepossessed in favour of this opinion, that they oblige even their youth of quality to perform the function of a private soldier, corporal, and sergeant, that they may learn the duty of each before they have a commission, and surely no nation has produced greater generals."

The following testimony in honour of William III.'s military qualifications will be read with interest, coming as it does from one who, from the conversation of old officers, must have been well acquainted with them.

"Our late monarch, the glorious King William, whose military capacity was second to none, was perfectly knowing in the small, as well as the grand detail of an army. In visiting the outposts, he would frequently condescend to place the sentinels himself, and instruct the officers how to do it. He was a strict observer of all the parts of discipline, and knew the duty of every one in the army, from the highest to the lowest; and if so great a prince thought it a necessary qualification, I believe there will be hardly anyone found of another opinion.

"I do not pretend to infer from the above observations that it is absolutely necessary for our young nobility and gentry to pass through those little and servile offices before they arrive at a commission; but I think it absolutely necessary that they should apply themselves to the service as soon as they have one; for

without they know the duty of those under their command, how can they pretend to direct?"

After some very sound instructions regarding van-guards, advanced guards, and rear guards, the author gives his views regarding the main body of the regiment when on the march. I may here note that it appears to have been the practice to march by subdivisions with the captains divided between the front and rear of the regiment. Colonel Bland objects to this practice, and recommends that the marching should be by platoons and that officers should march at the head of each. It is urged that the men should not, when on the march, carry their tent poles fastened to their fire-locks. The necessity of having flankers out when passing through an enclosed or wooded country is impressed upon the reader.

In "the general rules for battalions of foot when they are to engage in the line" we find a passage which gives the key to the infantry tactics of the day.

"In marching up to attack the enemy, the line should move very slow, that the battalions may be in order, and the men not out of range when they come to engage.

"The commanding officer of every battalion should march up close to the enemy before he suffers his men to give their fire; and if the enemy have not given theirs he should prevent their doing it by falling upon them, with the bayonets on the muzzles, the instant he has fired, which may be done under the cover of the smoke, before they can perceive it; so that by the shock they will receive from your fire, by being close, and attacking them immediately with your bayonets, they may, in all probability, be met with a very inconsiderable loss; but give them time to recover from the disorder yours may have put them into, the scene may change to your disadvantage."

As to the importance of a cheerful bearing by the officers, Colonel Bland anticipated Lord Wolsley's well-known remarks in the *Soldier's Pocket Book*.

"It being a general remark that the private soldiers, when they are to go upon action, form their notions of the danger from the outward appearance of their officers, and according to their looks apprehend the undertaking to be more or less difficult (for when they perceive their officers dejected or thoughtful, they are apt to conclude the affair desperate); in order therefore to dissipate their fears, and fortify their courage, the officers should assume a serene and cheerful air; and in delivering their orders to, and

their common discourse with the men, they should address themselves to them in an affable and affectionate manner."

In the part relating to duties in garrison are several interesting passages. Barracks are spoken of as "Caserns," showing how largely our military nomenclature is derived from the French. It is stated that at the general guard mounting the foot guards are marched off before the horse guards. This practice had its origin in the custom—abolished when the author wrote—that in garrison, the foot had the precedence in garrison and the horse in the field, which custom was carried so far that the youngest captain of foot commanded in garrison the oldest captain of horse, and in the field the youngest captain of horse commanded the oldest captain of foot.

Another most extraordinary custom of war existed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which was, that if a detachment of less than nineteen men, sent out from garrison unprovided with a passport or order, were captured, "they will be condemned by a court-martial either to the galleys for life, or a punishment equally as bad."

The following is the explanation of the custom given by Colonel Bland:—

"This custom, I presume, is only to prevent a smaller number from being detached, who can only be sent to pilfer and steal, which is looked upon, by all sides, as an ungenerous way of making war, since it can only make a few people unhappy, without contributing anything to the service, or the bringing the war to a conclusion. It is likewise to prevent *Party-Blevs*, which are parties of robbers, who sometimes dress themselves like soldiers, and plunder everyone they meet without distinction; for which reason, they are always hanged by both sides when taken; therefore, to distinguish real parties from those, it is absolutely necessary that they should have passports signed and sealed by the governor or commandant of the garrison."

More attention was paid to the sick in those days than is generally believed. In each regiment in garrison there was an officer told off to visit the sick daily. Their duties were of a more inquisitorial nature than would suit the doctors of the present day. The visiting officer is directed not only to inquire generally how the men were treated, but to ascertain whether they were "kept clean," what medicines and diet they received, and to taste their bread and broth. In addition to this regimental inspector the Governor deputed one or more officers to visit the

hospitals. Colonel Bland, however, not content with these official visits, urges the propriety of captains to from time to time visiting their own men and sending his subalterns and sergeants to do the same, adding: "There are a great many little things which may save the life of a poor sick soldier, and which they can't have but from their own officers; so that unless they go to see them, they may perish for the want of them."

The part of the book which deals with duties in camp does not call for much remark. In the English army, when our author wrote, each regiment of infantry and cavalry furnished a quarter-guard for the former and a standard-guard for the latter, besides a picquet-guard for each infantry regiment, a grand-guard for each wing of horse and infantry outposts. The picquet-guards corresponded with the inlying picquets of our own day. The grand-guards of the cavalry consisted of from 50 to 100 men, taking post by day about a mile, and by night about half a mile in advance of the camp, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. When that precaution was deemed insufficient, infantry outposts were thrown out.

The organization of the army in those days did not go higher than the brigade, which generally consisted in the infantry of four battalions of 500 rank and file each, and in the cavalry of six squadrons of 150 men each. Each squadron consisted of sometimes two, sometimes three troops. An army was generally drawn up in two lines, the cavalry being on the wings of each line. There was a commander-in-chief, a general of the foot, a general of the horse, and a certain number of lieut.-generals and major-generals of horse and foot. A lieut.-general generally commanded each line of the foot, while to each wing of horse one or two lieut.-generals were assigned. The brigades were commanded by brigadier-generals. If the army was large, a lieut.-general commanded a wing of each line either of horse or foot. For battle purposes, however, special arrangements were often made on the spot. In short, all the generals above the rank of brigadier-general were practically general officers at the disposal of the commander-in-chief, without any regularly fixed duty, except that of taking by turn the duty of lieut.-general and major-general of the day.

Sieges were much more frequent in the eighteenth century than they have been in the nineteenth century, and a chapter is devoted by Colonel Bland to the "Duty of the troops at a siege." In this chapter several curious facts are to be found. I find that

fascines were six feet long, and that a saucisson—instead of being, as at present, a powder hose—was a fascine sixteen feet long. The gabions, we are told, were of various sizes, but those ordinarily used were of a height of five or six feet, and a diameter of four feet. A table of the special siege pay gives the following details: For making a fascine and probet, 3d.; for a gabion, 1s. 4d.; for a saucisson, 6½d.; for a hurdle, 8d. Each workman in the tranches had, per night, 8d. Each workman employed on the batteries had each, in the twenty-four hours, 1s. 4d. The volunteers who were retained during the siege, for such dangerous work as filling in a ditch, or laying a bridge over it, 2s. 6d. a day whether employed or not. Wool-pack volunteers—men to carry wool-packs, gabions, or fascines for making a lodgment—when employed received 5s. each. For placing and filling a gabion in "the demi-sapp," 3d. The working parties, though dangerous, were only reckoned duties of fatigue, not of honour. The youngest officer, therefore, was first on the roster for this duty, whereas in a duty of honour the case was reversed. For an assault, Colonel Bland lays down the following rule:—1. Forlorn hope of a sergeant and twelve or sixteen grenadiers. 2. Storming party of a lieutenant and thirty or forty grenadiers. 3. A captain with two or three lieutenants and 80 to 100 grenadiers. The above to be taken proportionately from different regiments, and the forlorn hope at least, if not all, being what was then called "half-crown men." 4. A detachment of 200 grenadiers, under a major. 5. All the grenadiers of the army by companies. 6. The hatchet-men, or pioneers. 7. The guard of the trenches, followed by 8. Some additional battalions as a reserve. It will be noted that the grenadiers were, as a matter of course, given the post of honour and danger.

Possibly out of politeness, Colonel Bland, being a cavalry officer himself, leaves to the last "The Manual Exercise and Evolution of the Cavalry." As I have mentioned above, a squadron was composed of sometimes two, sometimes three troops. Each squadron was formed up with an interval from the next squadron equal to its front, and in three ranks at "open order," which is equal to half the front of the squadron. "At order" means a distance equal to a third of the front, "close order"—used when moving up to an enemy—a distance such "that four men may just wheel round." "Close to the croup"—for charging—is as close as possible. The squadrons were told off by right and left files, by fours, by quarters, thirds, and halves of squadrons.

The manual exercise on horse-back consisted of forty movements; the evolutions mounted 125, and dismounted drill 117, so that it is evident that a cavalry man of the reign of George I. had enough to learn.

I will conclude with a few words about the author. Humphrey Bland entered the army as an ensign of foot in 1704, but appears to have soon been transferred to the cavalry, for we learn that he served under the Duke of Marlborough as lieutenant and captain of horse. As a lieutenant-colonel he served in the War of Succession in Spain, and was wounded at Almenara. In 1715 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 11th Dragoons, and in the same year served with that regiment—the Jacobites. Transferred from the 11th Dragoons, in the rank of lieutenant-colonel to the King's Regiment of Horse—now the King's Dragoon Guards—he was subsequently promoted to the colonelcy of the 36th Regiment of Foot. From this, transferred to the 13th Dragoons, he was, in 1743, appointed brigadier, and made colonel of the 3rd Dragoons. With this regiment he served with distinction at Dettingen, where a horse was shot under him, and at Fontenoy. At Culloden he commanded a brigade of cavalry, as major-general, which rank he had attained the previous year. In 1747 he became lieutenant-general, and in 1752 he was given the colonelcy of the King's Regiment of Horse, of which he had been, some years previously, lieutenant-colonel. He died in 1768.

The Double Compartment.

By J. PERCY GROVES, LATE 27TH INNSKILLION.



MY life has been marred by a series of strange misadventures, such as, I should imagine, have rarely befallen a well-connected, well-disposed young man on the sunny side of thirty.

My relations—especially my father, who, I regret to say, is wont to express his opinion of me in exceedingly reprehensible language—insist that

I alone am to blame for the unpleasant and embarrassing situations in which from time to time I have been placed, owing, to what they are pleased to term, my ridiculous efforts to please everybody with whom I come in contact, and the credulity with which I listen to any piteous, but too often trumped-up tale of woe, that a designing impostor may pour into my ears.

Well, perchance they are right; I almost begin to think that excessive amiability and a philanthropic spirit untempered by discretion are qualities detrimental to success in this life.

My name is Adolphus Wellington Fitz-Stubbs, and I am the only son of General Sir Wellington Fitz-Stubbs, by Adelina, daughter of the Rev. Septimus Meek, M.A. The General is tall, stout, loud-voiced, and irascible; Lady Fitz-Stubbs is spare, gentle, and amiable. I resemble my mother, both in person and disposition. Young ladies call me "interesting looking"; my father says that I am a "very lady-like young man," and as during my short stay at Harrow my school-fellows dubbed me "Miss Dolly" perhaps his description of me is not amiss. I am rather below middle height, slenderly built, with small hands and feet; my face is as smooth and free from tan or freckle as that of a girl of "sweet seventeen."

The Fitz-Stubbses have been warriors from time immemorial, and the General had intended that I should follow in the footsteps

of our ancestors; but seeing that there was not the slightest inclination on my part to fight my country's battles, he altered his mind, and decreed that I should remain at home, and—as he coarsely put it—he tied to my mother's apron-strings, until he could find a suitable wife for me.

From my earliest boyhood I showed signs of that ultra-charitable disposition which has led me into so many awkward predicaments; I read with avidity the lives of celebrated philanthropists, and secretly resolved to emulate their deeds of beneficence. Nor did I wait until I reached the years of discretion. At the age of eleven I made a poor, half-clad woman happy, by presenting her with a handsome fur-lined cloak, which my father very seldom wore. On another occasion a pair of the General's top boots furnished an excellent meal for a starving musician, and saved his battered trombone—a relic of happier days—from the pawn shop.

I admit that it was foolish of me to give away my father's property without asking his permission, and I suffered justly (and severely) from my want of thought.

Before I was twenty, there was not a beggar in the metropolis who did not know me; and the scrapes and dilemmas into which my soft-heartedness led me, would, if narrated at length, fill a quarto volume. I have been lectured by magistrates, denounced as a public nuisance in the daily papers, reviled by my friends, and laughed at by everybody; but, in spite of all, I have stuck to my self-imposed mission.

Passing over the sorrows of my youth, I will now proceed to relate what may well be called the crowning misadventure of my luckless existence.

* * * *

In the autumn of 187—, shortly after my twenty-sixth birthday, a certain Devonshire squire, John Chesterton by name, came on a visit to my parents, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Matilda Chesterton.

The advent of visitors to my home—if I can designate by that sacred name the house in which everyone, my mother excepted, treated me as an imbecile—gave me no pleasure; for I was so badgered, laughed at, and brow-beaten by the General and my five sisters, that it was absolutely painful for me to meet people, and, as a rule, I retired to my maternal uncle's vicarage when anybody was expected; but now I received peremptory orders from my father to remain at home.

Before the Chestertons had been with us a week, I was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Matilda was quite disposed to treat me like a rational being, and so far from shunning me, as most girls had hitherto done, she appeared to court my society. Matilda was neither particularly good-looking, nor in her *première jeunesse* : but she was a quiet, sensible, straight-forward girl, and very good tempered.

At the end of a fortnight Mr. Chesterton returned to Devonshire, but his daughter stayed on, and soon I felt a sincere affection for this gentle girl springing up in my heart.

The time flew rapidly. Christmas had come and gone ; and yet I had not declared myself, for I could not summon up courage enough to propose.

"Dolly," said my father, as we sat over our wine on the eve of Miss Chesterton's departure : "Dolly, are you aware that Matilda leaves us to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir," I murmured, blushing crimson.

"Confound the boy ! Don't colour up like a school-girl," roared the General. "What I want to know is—are you going to let that charming young woman slip through your fingers?"

"Hush, my dear father ; pray do not speak so loud," I remonstrated. "It is such a *delicate* question, Sir."

"Well, well," continued he in milder tones, looking a little ashamed of his outburst, "I will try to keep cool. But 'pon my honour, Dolly, you're a terrible trial to me!"

"I am very sorry, Sir ; but really——"

"I never enter the Club but I hear of some fresh scrape that your confounded folly has led you into. The very porter grins when he opens the door. You're known in every police-court in London ; and there's not a swindler in the country who has not made a fool of you ! You're making an old man of me, Adolphus, 'pon my word, you are!"

I felt quite touched by this unexpected display of feeling. Never before had I seen the author of my existence in so fatherly a mood.

"And yet, Dolly," the General continued, in a sorrowful voice, "in spite of the disgrace and ridicule you have brought upon us, I am fond of you. Yes, I am doosid fond of you ! You're a fool, Adolphus, but you're a gentleman ; and though I wish you were more of a Fitz-Stubbs and less of a Meek, I repeat I am really doosid fond of you !"

"I am sure, my dear father, that——"

"Don't interrupt me, Dolly, but listen! If I could only see you married to a nice, sensible girl like Matilda Chesterton, I would bury the past in oblivion, and be content. In fact," he went on, speaking very slowly and impressively, "I would allow you a thousand a year, yes, a thousand a year, and—and—and die happy."

"But, Sir," I broke in for the third time, "if you will only let me explain——"

"I won't, Adolphus! not a word, Sir! I'll not permit it," interrupted my father, in his usual peremptory manner, which at once silenced me. "You must pay attention to my orders; and, mark me, Dolly, I insist on your obeying them. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir," I faltered.

"Very well; then I order you to propose to Miss Matilda Chesterton this very evening. You will find her alone in the drawing-room. Up you go, Sir."

"Father!" I gasped, aghast at being thus suddenly brought to the point.

"Silence, Sir! how dare you question my authority?" thundered the General. "Drink this, and then off you go."

And he poured out a claret-glass of port, which he forced me to swallow.

For the first time in my life I hesitated to obey my father; but it was for a moment only. Fear of rousing his anger, the bumper of port, and my own inclinations, gave me temporary valour; I left the room with a firm step, and went upstairs, determined to do or die.

Miss Chesterton was alone in the drawing-room, and, after a few commonplace remarks, I screwed up my courage to "proposing pitch," put the tender question, and was accepted.

Matilda returned to Devonshire next day, and in the course of the week I received a most friendly letter from Mr. Chesterton, giving his cordial consent to the engagement, and inviting me down to Calverly Grange.

* * * *

One bright spring morning, some four or five weeks after I became an "engaged man," I found myself seated in a double-compartment of a first-class, broad-gauge coach of the Plymouth express, *en route* for Calverly Grange. I believe these double-compartment coaches are now seldom used on the Great Western: but no doubt many of my readers remember them. They were

ordinary first-class compartments divided into two portions by a partition fitted with a sliding door.

I took my place in the left division—that nearest the platform—but, as the sliding-door was closed, and its window-blind lowered, I could not see whether the other half of the compartment was occupied or not. I hoped not, for I preferred to travel alone.

Just before we started, a shabbily-dressed man peered in at my window, and I feared he was about to enter the carriage; but at that moment the whistle blew, and he hurried away towards the rear of the train.

We ran as far as Reading without stopping, and when the train moved out of that station, I was still alone.

Away we rushed, past Tilehurst and the "Roebuck," through Pangbourne, and over that excessively hideous bridge which spans the Thames just below Goring. As we swept through Goring station I was startled by hearing somebody moving in the other half of my compartment (which, up to this time, I had believed was unoccupied), and the next moment the sound of convulsive sobbing, such as I knew could only proceed from a female in a highly hysterical condition, greeted my ears.

Mindful of my father's repeated and emphasized injunctions to steer clear of all mischief, and on no account whatever to trouble about other people's affairs, I resolved to steel myself against any appeals to my sympathies; but the heart-rending sounds were so painfully audible that I was obliged to turn the collar of my overcoat above my ears, so as to partially shut them out, and at the same time I plunged into the pages of a Society paper, determined to stifle any charitable or chivalrous feelings that might force themselves upon me. For upwards of twenty minutes I remained perfectly quiet, listening with feigned indifference to the hysterical sobbing of my invisible fellow-traveller.

It was hard work to keep still, for my heart yearned to offer sympathy and assistance; but I let it yearn, and stuck to my policy of non-interference with a firmness that astonished me.

How long I might have held out if left to myself I cannot say, for just as the self-imposed restraint was becoming less painful, the door dividing the compartment slid back, and a female form staggered into my division.

The unwelcome intruder was a young woman of medium height and graceful figure, clad in a dark stuff dress and jacket. A thick veil concealed her features, but she appeared to be about four or five-and-twenty. A small black hat covered her well-shaped head,

and her hair was cut short. Leaning against the partition, she inquired in a low, plaintive voice, how long it would be before we reached the next station.

"This train does not stop until we get to S——, rather more than an hour's run from Goring," I replied, in my gruffest tones.

"Thank, you, Sir," she said, sinking into the opposite seat. "I—I—" and here she broke down, and burst into a fresh paroxysm of weeping.

Though shaken, I was not yet discomfited, and retiring behind my paper I strove hard to maintain my position. But the enemy advanced to the attack.

"Pardon my emotion," the young woman presently said, smiling through her tears. "It is very foolish to give way, but I cannot help it."

"Pray, do not apologize," I rejoined, in less frigid tones, for that sweet, though sad and tremulous, voice went to my heart.

"Alas! it is difficult to stifle sorrow," she murmured, half to herself.

"I fear you are ill?" I observed, gradually falling back from my line of defence.

"Sick at heart, indeed," was her mournful reply; "and what are bodily ailments compared with the agonies of a troubled mind."

"What, indeed?" I echoed.

"Nothing! absolutely nothing!"

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" I asked, throwing prudence to the winds, and rushing headlong to my fate; "if so, pray command my services."

"I am in sore need of counsel, but hardly like to obtrude my troubles upon a stranger. And yet," she added, pensively, "my need of advice is so urgent that I am tempted to confide in you." And as she spoke she raised her veil, disclosing to my view a pale face, the beauty of which was somewhat marred by an expression of intense sadness and anxiety.

That this was a genuine case of distress, and therefore deserving of my deepest compassion I no longer doubted, so, taking a card from my pocket-book, I handed it to the girl, saying, "If my advice can in any way benefit you, I will gladly give it; but permit me first to offer you my card, that you may know in whom you are confiding."

A sudden gleam of satisfaction lighted up her countenance when she read my name.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Wellington Fitz-Stubbs! Is it,

indeed, my good fortune to have fallen in with the gentleman whose philanthropy is the talk of London?"

"I am that unfortunate individual," was my reply.

"Unfortunate!" she ejaculated, her dark eyes flashing angrily through her tears; "unfortunate! Pray, Sir, do you call yourself unfortunate because selfish cynics jeer at your noble efforts to relieve the distressed? Because the cold-hearted, world-worn magistrates who preside at our police-courts laugh at you, and call you the foolish victim of designing impostors?"

"My philanthropy, as you so very kindly designate my attempts to assist my fellow-creatures, has got me into many unpleasant difficulties," I ventured to remark, rather taken aback at this outburst. "I fear my efforts have not always been well-directed."

"And what of that?" she warmly retorted. "Is any good work ever carried through without opposition? Do we never make mistakes? Worldly people may heap calumny and reproach upon you, and call you mad; but rest assured there are many noble-minded persons who watch your useful career with interest, and laud you to the skies for your kindness of heart."

"Unfortunately, I have never met them," I replied.

"No! Well, I can tell you, Mr. Fitz-Stubbs, that I have often heard my poor father's friend, Lord Polegrave, speak most warmly of you. And Lady Lombardy always calls you that 'persevering martyr.'"

It did not surprise me that my companion should have recognized my name, for I had been so very often before the public; moreover, I was slightly acquainted with the charitable nobleman she had mentioned, though hitherto I had been under the impression that he looked coldly on my endeavours to assist the impecunious and distressed: and had even denounced my zeal as "misplaced," and calculated to bring the work of charity into contempt. So it was really gratifying to learn that I was not altogether unappreciated.

"I no longer hesitate to make you my confidant," continued the young woman, in whom I now felt the deepest interest: "and, so that you may the more clearly understand the terrible situation in which I am placed, I will give you a brief sketch of my life."

"To which I shall listen with the utmost attention," was my courteous rejoinder.

"I am the only child," my fellow-traveller began, drying her tearful eyes: "I am the only child of the late Sir Edward de Vere, member for St. Tibb's, who, as you no doubt are aware, was one of the leading philanthropists of his day, and the intimate friend of Lord Polegrave and other well-known benevolent personages.

"My mother died when I was very young, and my father confided me to the care of his sister, Mrs. Bountiful, a lady justly renowned for her charitable disposition. I was thus brought up in an atmosphere of benevolence, and have very naturally imbibed the tastes and ideas of those large-hearted people amongst whom my happiest days were spent. Ah, me! what a sad change has come over my life of late years." And here Miss de Vere broke down, and it was some little time before she was able to resume her narrative.

"Three years ago," she continued, after a somewhat lengthened pause, "my beloved father was taken from me. On his will being read I was informed that he had left me the bulk of his large fortune, but that until I attained my twenty-third year I was to be placed under the sole guardianship of a certain gentleman of position, whose name I dare not divulge—even to you. With tears of bitter sorrow I bade farewell to my aunt, and accompanied my guardian to town.

"And now my troubles began!

"When my term of mourning had expired, I was plunged into the very vortex of society, and separated entirely from my former friends and associates, who never mixed with the giddy, worldly people amongst whom my lot was now cast. I wonder that I did not die, so utterly repugnant to my feelings was this butterfly existence; but the knowledge that in a few years' time I should be my own mistress supported me, and through the glare and hateful excitement of the wretched present I looked forward to the happy future, when, with a large fortune at my command, I should be able to resume the peaceful life I so dearly loved, and to devote my substance to the poor and afflicted. Such was, and such will ever be, my idea of true happiness. But precious moments are flying fast, and I must not linger over my tale of sorrow.

"The day before yesterday my guardian called me into his study and informed me that it was his wish that I should marry his eldest son. 'I intend,' said he, coldly, 'that the wedding shall take place immediately. You are now within a few months of your twenty-third birthday, when, according to Sir Edward's will, you become your own mistress; but knowing the foolish and absurd notions that have been instilled in your mind, I considered that I should be wanting in my duty if I did not take every precaution to prevent you from wasting your fortune in so-called charity. It is chiefly with this object that I have decided on this marriage.'

"I need hardly tell you, that this audacious and unprincipled

proposal took me completely by surprise; for, though I had never liked him, I always respected my guardian as a man of unblemished honour. Of course, I indignantly refused to marry his son, and declared that if he attempted to coerce me, I should write to Lord Polegrave, and beg him to bring my case before the Court of Chancery.

"'You defy me, then?' asked my unworthy guardian.

"'I do not defy you, Sir, but I distinctly refuse to marry your son,' was my firm reply.

"'Very good! we shall see,' he sneered; and he ordered me to quit the room.

"Next evening I was reading in the library when two elderly gentlemen were ushered in. They seated themselves on either side of my chair, and commenced asking me a number of curious questions, which I declined to answer; and as they persisted in their inquiries, I left the room in indignation, and retired to my own apartments. In a few minutes I was joined by my maid, who in agitated tones told me that she had chanced to overhear a conversation between my guardian and his son, and that it was their intention to consign me to a private lunatic asylum, unless I consented to the proposed marriage."

"My dear Miss De Vere!" I cried, interrupting her, for I was staggered, almost beyond belief, by her extraordinary story; "surely this cannot be true? Your maid must have misled you."

My companion groaned, and shook her head mournfully.

"But," I continued, "such villany could never be perpetrated these days in so bare-faced a manner."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, the tears welling up in her eyes; "I see that you do not credit my story. But consider, Sir, one moment. If I wished to deceive you; if I were an—an—an impostor, should I not have told you a more plausible tale? Remember, truth is often stranger than fiction."

"You wrong me, Miss De Vere," I replied, earnestly, struck by the specious character of her argument. "I don't doubt the truth of your statement, but——"

"Hear me out, dear Mr. Fitz-Stubbs," she interposed, laying her shapely white hand on my arm; "hear me out, I beseech you." And without awaiting my reply she resumed her narrative, every intonation of her voice carrying conviction to my heart.

"My maid," she went on, "urged me to escape from my guardian's house before it was too late, and, after a little reflection, I made up my mind to follow her advice. I had no friends in

London to whom I could go, for Lord Polegrave is abroad, so I resolved to return to my aunt, who resides at B——, feeling assured that she would protect me, and assist in exposing my treacherous guardian.

"Accordingly, I dressed myself in my plainest garments, slipped unobserved out of the house, and walked across the Park to Paddington, where I arrived ten minutes after the last train had started. Fortunately, I had plenty of money in my purse. Last night I slept at a small hotel near the station, and rose in time to catch this train."

"And now you are safe, my dear Miss De Vere," I cheerfully rejoined.

"I fear not," she mournfully replied, shaking her head. "On the contrary, I believe that my capture is only too certain; for when taking my ticket I noticed a man, whom I have often seen at my guardian's, watching me, and I am afraid he is in the train at this moment."

"But surely, if this man had been watching for you, he would have prevented your entering the train?"

"He had no time to stop me, for I slipped away amongst the crowd, and seeing the door of this carriage open, I got in and hid myself under the seat in the next compartment."

"Is this man, whom you recognize, a tall, shabby-looking fellow?" I asked, recollecting the individual who looked into our carriage before we left Paddington.

"Yes, yes," she cried; "a tall, thin man, with reddish hair and beard. He is a private detective. Have you seen him. Is he following me?"

"There certainly was a person of that description on the platform, and he——"

"Oh, 'tis he; 'tis he!" she cried, wringing her hands in despair; "I am lost! What *shall* I do?"

"Really, Miss De Vere, I think you alarm yourself most unnecessarily," I rejoined. "Remember, we are in a free country, where no person would dare to deprive another of liberty in so arbitrary a manner. I do not for a moment believe that this man will attempt to molest you; but if he does, I shall give him into custody."

"No, no!" she energetically exclaimed, "that would never do. An appeal to the police would ruin my chance of escape."

"On the contrary, your guardian's villany would be exposed."

"You would not say so if you knew his power and influence,

and the length to which he is capable of going in order to gain his ends," was her reply.

"But, my dear young lady, who is this tyrannical gentleman who assumes a despotic power in defiance of the laws of the land?"

"Oh, do not ask me, I dare not mention his name."

"I think you ought to tell me, Miss De Vere. I insisted—she hesitated a moment, and seemed very reluctant to comply with my



"Oh, this must not do!" she cried.

request; then, leaning forward she half-whispered, in a voice fraught with agitation—

"My grandfather—the tyrant—who would force me to contract a—a—fatal marriage; and—thwarted in his purpose, would compel me to a living tomb—the man, in short, who would blight

my young life, and—and deprive me of sweet liberty, is—is—is—"

"Who! who!" I cried impatiently, for my curiosity was now as great as my compassion. "Who is this scoundrel?"

"The Home Secretary!" she burst out with an hysterical sob. "And now, Sir, you see why I dare not appeal to the police for protection."

"Impossible! It cannot be!" I ejaculated, in blank amazement. "It is simply incredible; you must be labouring under a delusion."

"Mr. Fitz-Stubbs, your suspicions are most unjust and insulting," exclaimed my companion, haughtily, with a dangerous light in her eyes. "I have been deceived in you, Sir. You are not the generous-hearted man I believed you to be. I regret that I have placed any confidence in you."

"My dear Miss De Vere, I assure you that —"

"Enough, Sir, I require no explanation. The time will come when you will bitterly repent your cruel doubts. As for me, I will no longer struggle against my destiny; I bow to the decree of Fate, and will surrender myself to my persecutors."

"Will you not listen to me, madam?" I broke in. "Pray accept my——"

"But no," she went on, as though heedless of my presence; "I cannot—I will not be dragged back to that hateful place. A thousand times sooner will I sacrifice the life I am not permitted to enjoy in peace." And rushing to the window, she made a frantic attempt to open the door.

"Madam! Miss De Vere! My dear girl!" I shouted, throwing my arms round her waist. "For mercy's sake control yourself. I will do anything you wish if you will only sit down."

"Unhand me, Sir! How dare you? Unhand me directly!"

"I won't; you are not responsible for your actions, and I cannot let you go."

"Oh! why do you doubt me?" wailed the unhappy creature, sinking on a seat. "How cruel, how incredulous, men are."

"But I don't doubt you, my poor girl; upon my honour, I do not," I replied, soothingly. "It is a most unaccountable and unheard of business, but still I do believe you; and, if you will only be calm, will try and help you. Indeed I will!"

"I will be calm; I will trust you, generous man. But, oh! what can we do?"

"We must manage to evade this sharp-scented detective, and

put him on the wrong track," said I, airily : though how it was to be done I could not for the life of me see.

"But *how*?" she anxiously inquired. "Suppose he searches the train when we arrive at S——, how shall I escape him?"

I felt fairly nonplussed. It was altogether such a remarkable affair that I was unable to make head or tail of it. I could not bring myself to believe that the girl was an imposter, and yet to think that one of Her Majesty's Ministers—the right honourable gentleman at the head of the Home Office, a man whose reputation was spotless—should be guilty of such atrocious tyranny. It really was terrible : what a horrible scandal it would occasion ; could it possibly be true?

All this time Miss De Vere watched me intently, as though she would read my passing thoughts. Her anxiety was painful to witness ; never can I forget her appearance as she sat looking in my face—her lips parted, her breath coming thick and hot. I felt quite unnerved, and rendered incapable of sober reflection. Whether my companion divined this, I cannot say ; but she it was who broke the silence.

"If I could disguise myself," said she, "I might baffle my pursuer. Is your portmanteau in the carriage?"

"No, it was put in the guard's van," I replied, a little surprised at the question. "But why do you ask?"

Miss De Vere looked down, and was silent for a few moments : then, with considerable hesitation and confusion, she said :—

"Mr. Fitz-Stubbs, if you will only consent to the plan I am about to propose, my escape may be ensured ; it is, I confess, a proposal that I hardly dare make, and one which will probably overwhelm you with astonishment ; but, kind friend, believe me, nothing but the desperate situation in which I am placed could possibly induce me to suggest such a thing."

"Good gracious!" I muttered to myself ; "I hope she won't insist on my marrying her!"

"The favour, then, that I implore you to grant me," she went on, her confusion increasing at every word, "is—that—is that you will——"

"Will what?" I blurted out impatiently ; "for mercy's sake let me hear the worst."

"That you will—*will change clothes with me*," the wretched girl whispered ; and, sobbing hysterically, she buried her blushing face in her hands.

I was struck all of a heap by this terrible request, and literally gasped for breath.

Had I heard aright, or was this a fearful dream ; an awful nightmare ?

" Won't you consent ? " she murmured ; " it is my only hope ! "

" Oh ! really, Miss De Vere, this is too dreadful," I stammered, my face crimson with confusion ; " you surely cannot mean it ? "

" What else can I do ? " she sobbed ; " it is the only feasible plan I can think of."

" But pray consider, madam, the awkward position in which I shall be placed if I yield to your wishes. Just picture my presenting myself at my friend's house, dressed as a woman. Oh ! really it is out of the question ; I cannot consent."

" If you will only listen to me for two minutes I will explain my plan," pleaded my companion ; " I am not selfish, and before making this proposal I considered how we might manage, so as to cause you the least possible inconvenience."

" You are very considerate," I retorted ; " but nevertheless it is impossible that——"

" In the first place," she went on, heedless of my interruption ; " in a double compartment, such as this, the exchange of garments can be easily and conveniently effected. But, stay ! I quite forgot to ask you whether you get out at S—— ? "

" No, I do not," I answered, sulkily ; for the girl's coolness exasperated me, whilst the sudden change in her manner once more aroused my suspicions.

" Nothing could be better ; we shall manage capitally," was her triumphant rejoinder ; " what a providential thing I met you. Now listen," she continued, speaking very rapidly, " and please don't interrupt me. The exchange of clothes effected, you must retire into that compartment, whilst I take your place by the window.

Directly we arrive at S —— I will jump out, go to the guard's van and get your portmanteau, which I will bring back to you. I, of course, shall remain at S——, and go on to B—— by a later train. As soon as this train moves out of the station you can put on another suit of clothes, and either conceal my discarded garments under the seat, or drop them out of the window. Now, Mr. Fitz-Stubbs, can you possibly offer any objection to such a simple arrangement ? "

" Suppose this wretched detective searches the compartment at S—— ? " I said, determined to throw cold water on her extraordinary scheme.

" A single glance would satisfy him that you are not the person he is in search of."

"Suppose other passengers enter the carriage at S — ?" I still objected.

"You can fasten the door between the two compartments, and no one would attempt to enter your half of the carriage."

"Really, I don't think I can consent," said I, wavering.

"Oh! you must, you *shall*," she cried; "think of the misery you will save me: remember, you *promised* to help me."

And so—weak fool that I was—I at last, reluctantly, gave in; and when, some ten minutes later, our train ran into S —, I was shut up in the off compartment, in a frame of mind easier to be imagined than described: whilst Miss De Vere was seated in *my* place, dressed in *my* clothes, with *my* overcoat on, and *my* hat covering her short, glossy hair.

The train drew up at the platform, and Miss De Vere jumped out with the expressed intention of returning immediately with my portmanteau, of which I had given her an accurate description. I awaited her return with impatience, dreading every moment lest the detective should pay me a visit, or some Plymouth-bound passengers enter the carriage.

Two—three—five—seven—ten minutes passed, and still there was no sign of my fellow traveller. I could not go in search of her: I dared not call the guard.

A bell began to ring; people hurried up and down the crowded platform; the hoarse cries of the porters resounded in my ears; carriage doors were slammed to; a shrill whistle was blown; the engine gave a start, a groan, a tug—and we were off!

How I cursed my insane folly!

I rose from my seat and pushed back the door between the compartments: and then saw how shamefully I had been duped.

My dressing-bag, hat-box, umbrella: all were gone.

Miss De Vere had made a clean sweep of everything, and was now, no doubt, exulting over the success of her scheme; whilst I, her victim, was left with nothing but her discarded clothes, and a couple of rugs. But it was no good sitting still and anathematizing the wretched girl who had so cruelly deceived me; nor would my self-reproaches help me out of the scrape.

The problem to be solved was, how to make the best of a bad job, and escape the unpleasant consequence of my credulity. In less than half-an-hour we should be at D—— Junction, where I must change for Calverley, so there was no time to be lost; and, collecting my scattered thoughts, I proceeded to devise some plan of action. In the first place, I had to consider how much of the

girl's story was true, and whether the individual I noticed at Paddington was really a detective on her track. Supposing such to be the case, was he now in the train, and would he be watching for Miss De Vere when we reached the junction? If so, I should probably be arrested on leaving the train; and then the best course to pursue would be to conceal my true character and submit quietly, until a favourable opportunity occurred to explain matters. Of course the officer would be rather annoyed at being made a fool of, but a five-pound note would purchase his silence; and as I could give him an exact description of my stolen clothes, &c., he could have but little trouble in following up his quarry.

On the other hand, if on alighting at D — I found myself unmolested, all that I should have to do would be to procure suitable garments at some ready-made clothes-shop, so as to arrive at Calverley in proper trim.

In either case I might yet manage to escape public ridicule, and prevent this last act of folly reaching my friends' ears; and the bare hope of this inspired me with confidence, and cheered my drooping spirits.

Our slackening speed now warned me that we were approaching the junction, so drawing Miss De Vere's thick veil over my face I prepared to leave the carriage. In another minute the train stopped, and, opening the door, I stepped out. Hardly had my feet touched the platform when I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and a strange voice whispered in my ear:

"How d'ye do, my dear? Hope you've had a pleasant journey."

And turning round, I recognized the man I had seen at Paddington, and I knew that I was in the hands of the police.

"I don't think you've any luggage, Miss Mayfield?" continued my captor, in a bantering voice: "so we'll be off at once. Come along, my dear!"

And taking me by the arm, he guided me through a throng of gaping passengers and porters to the station-master's private office.

My arrest did not surprise me—I was quite prepared for it; neither did it cause me much anxiety. On the contrary, I was rather pleased than otherwise, for I felt positive that when matters were explained I should not only be released, but I might even persuade the detective to procure me a suit of clothes and other necessary articles; and be relieved from the trying ordeal of

purchasing them myself. So I suffered the officer to march me off without uttering a word or making the slightest objection.

We entered the station-master's office, where we were presently joined by that functionary himself. He was a good-natured, jovial looking man, and apparently did not regard my captor with any great favour.

"Now, my dear," said the detective, taking a paper from his pocket, "we're old friends, you and I, aren't we? and so we'll not have any words over this little business; but I'll just read the warrant for your arrest, on a charge of passing flash notes and spurious——"

"This is a case of mistaken identity, detective," I interposed, raising my veil. "I am not the person you suppose me to be."

"Holloa! what's the meaning of this?" cried the officer, when he caught sight of my face. "You're not Alice Mayfield, alias 'Cunning Alice,' alias 'Lady Mayfield'! Come, I say, young woman! what have you been up to? Who are you? I never saw *you* before."

"You've never gone and arrested the wrong person, officer?" exclaimed the station-master.

"I'm blessed if I know what I've done!" the perplexed detective answered. "There's *Abracadabra* in this, and no mistake. I'll swear to having seen Alice Mayfield at Paddington, dressed in these very clothes, for I particularly noticed that patch in her skirt and the two holes in the veil. She slipped away from me, but I know she got into the Plymouth express, and didn't leave it either at Reading or S——."

"If you will listen to me, I can explain the whole affair to you," I interposed. "I am afraid that I have, unwittingly, enabled a criminal to escape, and must endeavour to put you on her track."

And in as few words as possible I related my unfortunate adventure.

The detective stared at me in open-mouthed astonishment; he appeared to look upon me as some curious animal, such as he had never met with before.

"Well," he kept on muttering, "I've had thirty-two years' experience in the force, but I'm blessed if ever I heard tell of such a thing!"

As for the station-master, he laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks, and I only wonder he did not break a blood-vessel.

"And now, detective," I said, having finished my narrative; "what is to be done?"

"He asks what's to be done!" gasped the officer. "Hark to him! he wants to know what's to be done! I'll tell you what ought to be done, young gentleman, and that is, your friends



The train drew up at the platform, and Miss De Vere jumped out.

should send you to Hanwell, for I'm bless'd if you aren't the biggest lunatic as ever was out of an asylum!"

"The first thing to be done," I continued, ignoring these insulting remarks, "is for somebody to get me a suit of clothes."

"Not so fast, my lad," the angry officer responded; "don't you think you're going to get off so easy! You'll have to prove the

truth of your story before I let you go. My opinion is you're a pal of Alice Mayfield's, and more knave than fool!"

"You dare not detain me!" I indignantly exclaimed.

"Daren't I? We shall see about that, young chap. Either you come back to town with me by the next up train, or I lodge you in the county police-station, until you can prove your identity and respectability. Now, which is it to be?"

"Oh, come, I say, Mr. Officer," interposed the station-master: "I think you're too hard upon this young gentleman; 'pon my word you are."

"You mind your business, Sir, and leave me to mind mine," retorted the detective. "I know what I'm about, I do! So we'll cut the matter short, and I'll take the young fellow to the station-house."

Here was a pretty state of affairs. All hope of keeping the affair dark was fading away. But my courage rose with the urgency of the occasion, and, seizing the detective by the arm, I said:

"Do listen to reason, my good man. If you persist in this course you will ruin me, and not benefit yourself. I will pay any sum rather than have this business made public, or let my friends hear of it. After all, you will have no difficulty in tracing the girl —"

"That's all you know about it!" retorted he, with a disdainful snort. "Why, man alive; you don't suppose that 'Cunning Alice' will be such a spooney as to go about in the toggery she wheedled you out of?"

"But she must wear *something*," I rejoined; "and I can give you an accurate description of every article in my portmanteau."

"Come, don't be hard on the young gentleman," the station-master said, coaxingly; "he's acted very foolishly, no doubt; but I'm sure he never intended to do wrong. You'll gain nothing by showing him up."

"Where did you say you were going?" asked the detective, rather more civilly.

"To Calverly Grange, Mr. Chesterton's place," I replied: "but —"

"Why, Squire Chesterton's at the Town Hall now," the station-master broke in. "He came into D — by the 9.57, to attend a magistrate's meeting, and I heard him say he should return to Calverly by the 4.25."

"That is my train," I cried; "but Mr. Chesterton must not see

me in these horrible petticoats; neither must he hear of this wretched affair, on any account."

"Certainly not," rejoined the good-natured station-master; "we'll manage better than that! I have a son about your build, and you shall have a suit of his clothes. You can then meet the Squire as though nothing had happened."

At this moment a porter put his head in at the door and said that a portmanteau had been put out of the Plymouth express which nobody had yet claimed.

"I'll lay a guinea it's yours!" exclaimed the detective. "Alice Mayfield would scarcely have run the risk of claiming your luggage. You see, she'd got your clothes, a valuable dressing bag, and a great coat; and, depend upon it, she'd not have waited to secure anything else. What's the name on the portmanteau, my man?" he added, addressing the porter.

"Are the initials A. W. F. S., with a Maltese cross painted below," I asked, eagerly.

"Here you are, miss; you can see for yourself," replied the porter; and to my great delight he handed in my own portmanteau.

"There, my friend," cried the station-master, slapping the detective on the back; "you're satisfied now, aint you?"

"I don't know about *satisfied*," growled the other. "I've been made a precious fool of, that I do know, and Alice Mayfield has escaped."

"You must allow me to compensate you for the loss of time and the trouble I have unwittingly put you to," I said, slipping a liberal douceur into his hand, for I had taken care to secure my purse when I changed my garments.

"Thank ye, Sir," he replied, touching his hat; "you may be sure I'll keep your secret. And now, if you'll give me a description of the things that Miss Alice has made off with, I'll take the first train back to S—, and see if I can't lay hands on the cunning wench."

This I readily did; and before we parted the detective informed me that the *sai-disant* Miss De Vere was one of the cleverest adventuresses in the kingdom. She was the daughter of a highly respectable tradesman, and had received an excellent education. When only eighteen years of age she eloped with a man who called himself "Captain De Vere," but whose real name was Mayfield. She married Mayfield, and went on the stage, and might have done very well: but she got into bad company, went to the

bad, and became the companion of swell-mobsmen and other swindlers. Hitherto she had escaped detection; but a warrant had been issued for her apprehension, on a charge of passing flash notes.

Forced to quit London, Alice Mayfield determined to make for the West of England, where she was as yet unknown. Unfortunately for me, I came across her in her flight, and fell an easy victim to her wiles.

The friendly station-master took me to a room and I quickly got rid of my female attire. I met Mr. Chesterton just before the train started, and accompanied him to Calverly Grange, where I received a cordial welcome from his wife and daughter; and in their society soon forgot the troubles of the day. But, alas! the fickle goddess was not prepared to let me off so easily.

We were about to retire for the night when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravelled front announced the arrival of some late visitor.

"Who could it be?" was the question.

We were not long in doubt, for the next minute the door opened, and the butler announced:

"Sir Wellington Fitz-Stubbs!"

Horror! I fell back in my chair, and covered my burning face with my hands; for one glance at my father's inflamed and furious countenance told me I was in for a storm of more than ordinary violence.

What horrible mischance had brought him there? what fresh scrape of mine had been brought to light? Alas! I knew too soon.

It appeared that the wretched Alice Mayfield while crossing from one platform to another at S—— had fallen and broken her leg. In order to identify her the railway officials opened my bag and found some of my cards, with our town address. They at once telegraphed to my father to say that "a young gentleman, supposed to be Mr. Adolphus Fitz-Stubbs, was lying at S—— Hospital, having met with a serious accident."

Horror-stricken, the General started for S—— by the next train, and on arriving at the hospital was informed that "Mr. Fitz-Stubbs had proved to be a young woman," and had been identified by a Scotland-Yard detective, who was now in the waiting-room. Of course the whole story came out; though, to do him justice, the detective tried to conceal my share of the business; and,

Fierce as ten thousand furies, terrible as hell!

the General followed me to Calverly.

I will draw a veil over the painful scene that ensued. Thanks to the Chestertons, I am alive to tell the tale.

Whilst the Squire and his servants covered my retreat, and held my infuriated parent at bay, Mrs. Chesterton and Matilda hustled me upstairs, and locked me in the drawing-room, where I remained for two hours in abject terror. With great difficulty Mr. Chesterton succeeded in pacifying the General, who left next morning without seeing me.

Severe was the lecture that my kind host read me, but he did not insist on my engagement with Matilda being broken off, as I feared he would do.

So, after all, I came off pretty well.

* * * * *

I am back again in Eaton Square, and next month my marriage with Matilda Chesterton is to be celebrated. In the meantime, I am under strict surveillance, for the General has given orders that I am on no account to leave the house, except under escort; and one of my sisters is "told off" daily to accompany me abroad.

It is humiliating; but I submit without a murmur, and—as "Miss De Vere" so prettily put it—"through the cloudy present look forward to the happy future," when I shall be the proud husband of the "dearest girl in the world."



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The Tales of Ensign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RENNBERG.)



SWEYN TURTLE:

OR,

The Awkward Recruit.

A SERGEANT was Sweyn Turtle's sire, discharged, grey headed, poor,
Already eighty-eight was he: 'twas old that, to be sure.
Now on his little croft he dwelt, and thus his bread did gain,
And had around him children nine, the youngest of them Sweyn.

Whether the old man ever had sufficient wherewithal
To feed a swarm of brats like this doth not appear at all;
But more unto the elder ones he must have given than just,
Since for the son that last was born he had not left a crust.

Sweyn Turtle ne'ertheless grew up broad-shouldered, tall, and strong,
He hewed the forest, ploughed the field, and laboured all day long;
Was gentle, blithe, and willing, more than many a knowing clown,
Did all that he was asked to do, but always up side down.

"In God's name, O my wretched son, what will become of thee?"
Thus cried the sergeant many a time in his perplexity;
But when this song of his ne'er ceased, Sweyn Turtle patience lost,
And so began to meditate—which mighty labour cost.

When, therefore, Sergeant Turtle one fine day began to prate
And grumble to the same old tune: "Sweyn, what *will* be thy fate?"

The old man, to replies unused, was startled when the lad
Raised up his honest face and said: "A soldier, surely, dad."

The ancient sergeant finally laughed out with scornful air:
"Thou, booby, shoulder musket and a soldier be, beware!"
"Yea," quoth the son, "here all goes wrong, whatever comes to hand,
More easy 'tis perchance to die for King and Fatherland."

The ancient Turtle stood aghast, and moved, let fall a tear,
But Sweyn, his bundle shouldering, sought a regiment quartered near:
Full measurement he was and sound, the rest was overlooked,
And soon in Duncker's company the raw recruit was booked.

Now Sweyn must learn extension drill and join the awkward squad;
It was a sight to look upon, his movements were so odd.
The corporals yelled and laughed at him, then yelled and laughed again,
But reprimand or laughter, it was all the same to Sweyn.

If ever a man was earnest, it was he I must avow,
When marking time he shook the earth, sweat stood upon his brow;
But when he heard an order given he lost his senses quite,
Went right-about for left-about, and left-about for right.

To shoulder and to order arms he was instructed, and
To fix and charge his bayonet he did seem to understand ;
But if the word was "shoulder," he would charge his bayonet
 smart,
And chanced it to be "order," he would shoulder like a dart.

And thus it was Sweyn Turtle's drill was widely known to fame,
Laughed officers and men at this extraordinary game ;
Sweyn recked of this but little, and was patient as before ;
He waited on for better times, and soon there came the war.

The marching orders they arrived. The question did arise,
Was Sweyn fit man to take the field against our enemies ?
He let them chatter on a bit, and in conclusion said :
" If I can't go with all the rest, I'll go alone instead."

So him they gave a musket and a knapsack as he sought ;
He was waiter in the bivouac but a soldier where they fought.
He waited as he combated, with serious air and cool,
Was never called a coward, though sometimes a silly fool.

In full retreat was Sandels, with the Russians on his track,
As step by step his soldiery beside a stream drew back.
A little way ahead the stream was by a foot-bridge crossed,
There lay a party of our men, but twenty at the most.

They, being sent with orders to repair the road in front,
Were taking it quite easy, far away from battle's brunt ;
And in a farm hard by they seized whate'er was to be got,
And made Sweyn Turtle wait on them ; for he was of the lot.

But all at once the scene was changed, for down the neighbouring
 steep,
In full career an aide-de-camp on foaming horse did sweep :
" For God's sake stand to arms, my men, and to the bridge
 repair !"
He cried, "'tis found the enemy will force a passage there !"

" The bridge," he said, " sir officer, destroy if that you can ;
If not, then fight in its defence till lost be every man.
The army is surrounded should the foe but gain our rear.
Assistance is at hand. The General comes. Be of good cheer !"

He gallopped off. But scarce our men had reached the waterside,
When high upon the other bank the Russians were descried ;
They first deployed, then closing in, presented, aimed, and fired,
And at the very first discharge eight gallant Finns expired.

The men began to waver. It was useless thus to strive.
Another volley, and behold our Finns reduced to five,
Who all obeyed the order given to shoulder and depart,
Except that Sweyn, mistaking it, his bayonet levelled smart.

Yet more, the right-about he made was incorrect, askew,
Since far from marching to the rear, against the bridge he flew.
Broad-shouldered there he stood and stiff, as ever calm and still,
Prepared to teach the Muscovites his very best of drill.

Brief interval there was, I ween, before they came to blows,
And in the twinkling of an eye the bridge was thronged with
foes ;
They rushed, man after man, at him, but whosoever came,
Or right-about or left-about, must tumble all the same.

To hew this giant down was more than human arm could do,
The nearest man was oft his shield against a bullet true ;
But fiercer grew the foe the more his efforts came to nought,
Then Sandels with his men appeared and saw how Turtle fought.

" Bravo," he cried, " bravo, hold on, my gallant lad and stout !
Let not one devil o'er the bridge—one instant more hold out !
That's something like a soldier, boys, 'tis thus a Finn should
fight ;
On, on, brave fellows, to his aid ; he's saved us all this night ! "

And soon repulsed at all points was the enemy's attack ;
The Russian warriors wheeled about and moved unwilling back.
When all was over Sandels he dismounted from his steed,
And went down to the bridge and asked for him who did the
deed.

They pointed then Sweyn Turtle out. His fight was done at last.
He had maintained it like a man, the battle which was past,
And laid him down to rest a bit, as if the sport were o'er,
With face as grave as ever, but much paler than before.

Then Sandels, bending o'er the fallen, upon him fixed his gaze :
The countenance no stranger's was, familiar were its traits ;
But underneath his heart the grass was coloured crimson red.
A shot had hit him in the breast : already he was dead.

"The bullet knew its business well ; that must acknowledged be,"
Was all the General cared to say, "thus wiser far than we.
It let his head remain in peace, for 'twas the meaner part :
And took to what far better was, his brave and noble heart."

These words were soon repeated thro' the army far and wide,
And all that Sandels spoke aright did there and then decide :
"For 'Turtle's understanding was," they said, "but scant and
small ;
A wretched head he had, but then, his heart was good withal !"

H. S.



The Book of Famous Duels.*



THE duel has been stigmatized as a relic of barbarism which still obtrudes itself into modern civilized life; but, laugh at the practice or denounce it as we will, it has unquestionably played a part in our social organization, or else it would not have retained the hold on the European nations in the nineteenth century which this book proves it still to possess. A more optimist view is, that the duel is a survival of chivalry, an institution which in the main enforced justice when law was unequal to the task, and which began to decay in proportion as legality became more firmly established. Nevertheless, till the millennium comes, there must ever remain a class of offences which are neither amenable to the Courts nor incur public reprobation sufficient to prevent their repetition—the maxim that there is a legal remedy for every wrong being a gross fiction which few experienced in the world will endorse. This truth has been practically recognized by satirists and censors of morals who, when their turn has come to feel the sting of insult and humiliation, have flown to arms for reparation and “satisfaction” with as much alacrity as the most brazen roysterer. In point of fact, the satisfaction afforded to wounded honour by undergoing the “baptism of fire” is real and substantial; the proof thereof being that men, in spite of the severest prohibitions, have ever since the Middle Ages practised the duel. The sufferer emerges from the ordeal purified and cleansed both in his own estimation and the eyes of his equals. Two instances will suffice to demonstrate the universality of the sway wielded by the duel over mankind. The poet Heine, though he ridiculed the habit with such bitter sarcasm, had nevertheless to “go out” with an adversary whom his scurrilous pen had provoked; and

* *Das Buch Herabunter Duellen.* Von Dr. Adolph Kohnt. Berlin: Alfred W. Fried. 1888.

Thiers, the pacific *bourgeois* Thiers, had also to pay homage to fashion's tyranny in this respect.

Two countries at least in Europe have already emancipated themselves from this yoke: they no more pay the tribute of blood to the modern Moloch. These are England and Belgium; and the general good tone of society in these countries, in spite of the abolition of the duel (though the snobs do sometimes have a good time in consequence), is perhaps the best argument which its opponents can advance against its continuance. Dr. Kohut, therefore, dismisses this country with brief but honourable notice from consideration, premising that in the last century were the halcyon days of the duel in England, when grave statesmen handled the sword and pistol with the dexterity which results from habit. In England, he writes, the duel, except the national variety, boxing, has gone out of fashion even in the army and navy; and this salutary reformation he is inclined to attribute to the benign influence of the late Prince Consort, though we suspect that the punishment incident to the crime of murder, which would inevitably be inflicted on a too successful duellist, has had more to do in the matter. "Therefore," he proceeds, "since the middle of the forties the duel has almost disappeared in England. No gentleman would venture to fight a duel in that country, although there is no people on earth which excels the English in personal courage." As regards Belgium, the writer instances a single duel, that of General de Chazal, the Minister of War, with the Deputy de Lact; but merely to accentuate the fact that the former was constrained by public opinion to quit office in consequence.

It may be that, since the duel has become obsolete in this country, we have lost sight of the fact that it still flourishes over the greater part of Europe. Let us, therefore, briefly recount some of the more famous of modern duels, first premising that Goliath of Gath is the somewhat remote historical figure whose disastrous conflict with David forms a prologue to the interesting series of tableaux unfolded in these pages; but it is pointed out that the motives of these champions were patriotic, having nothing in common with the pangs of "wounded honour." Indeed, the ancients do not appear to have comprehended what "honour" meant; a blow was a blow and nothing more; it might be resented or avenged on the spot, as pain or anger dictated, but it involved no dishonour were vengeance pretermitted; while the acceptance of a challenge to single combat was a matter decidedly personal a refusal being no sign of cowardice. When the Teuton chief,

Teutobosh, challenged Marius to single fight—this tale has been repeated in disguise, the locality being St. Jean d'Acre—the Roman general refused, but offered to send a worn-out gladiator as his proxy. Besides, these personal contests were inseparably connected in the Roman mind with the cruel exhibitions of the arena, which were left to the dregs of the populace, hired for the occasion, and which suggested anything rather than "affairs of honour."

The origin of the duel may be traced to the ancient Germans; the idea being to submit a contested or doubtful suit to the arbitrament of God—the *judicium Dei* of the Latins; the ordeal, or *Urtheil*, of the Teutonic races—an institution which has only recently been blotted from our Statute Book. A practice peculiar to the Germans was this: if a woman, being party to a suit, could obtain no male champion she was bound to fight in person. To equalize the chances, her opponent stood in a pit up to his middle, she being armed with a sling, he with a club; while if he missed thrice with his missile he was considered beaten, even supposing he never had been hit at all. The last combat of this sort took place at Berne, as late as the year 1228. Besides these legal conflicts, the privilege of private warfare, which was peculiar to freemen, subsisted till the Perpetual Truce of Maximilian I. prohibited it in 1495 at the Diet of Worms. The last legal duel is said to have been fought in the year 1547, before Henry II. of France, by two of his courtiers; but no sooner had the authorized practice disappeared than the private and illegal abuse of it began to assume unheard of proportions. Even kings disdained not to exchange challenges: the Emperor Charles V. sent his defiance to Francis I., the French king; Charles IX. of Sweden, provoked Christian IV. in a like manner; while Maximilian I., an emperor, was not ashamed to fight in single combat Claude de la Barre, a French swash-buckler. Rulers soon found it necessary to restrain this abuse by the severest edicts instead of fostering its growth by their example. The French Kings, Henry III., Henry IV., and Richelieu in the time of Lewis XIII. punished duellists with an inexorable rigour, which was perhaps justifiable owing to their excesses. From the accession of Charles IX. there perished in France no less than 9,000 duellists in the space of nineteen years; while, later on, during the minority of Lewis XIV., no less than 500 noblemen are said to have been killed every year in these affairs. One of the most notorious duellists of the

sixteenth century was the Chevalier de Maureval. It was his custom, kneeling on the breast of his wounded adversary dagger in hand, to offer him quarter if he would deny his God: but, after his victim had complied, he would stab him to the heart, in order, as he said, to destroy body and soul together.

In the reign of Louis XIV. a league was formed among the nobles, the members of which undertook never to accept a challenge. It checked duelling for a time, but its effect was transitory. In 1755 Maria Theresa threatened to punish duellists capitally, and her son Joseph II. visited the offence with great severity, stigmatizing its votaries as no better than Roman gladiators, and their conduct as worthy of the times of Tamerlane and Bajazet. Frederick the Great dismissed the Count de Chasot, who had slain a man in a duel with sabres, from his Court with the words: "I like brave officers, but cannot employ executioners in my army." Nevertheless, he permitted officers who had been insulted or threatened with a stick on parade to call out the offender after it was over, though harsh words alone would not be considered as justifying the course. Like him, Napoleon objected to the duel as robbing the army of its best officers. But in spite of his condemnations it flourished never so vigorously as during his reign. A Colonel Dufay fought with a young officer in a closed cab, the weapons being daggers, and slew him. The Marquis Legrand was a notorious duellist of the time. Stopping a newly married couple, who were complete strangers to him, in a public thoroughfare, he thus addressed the bridegroom: "I've just made a bet that I'll kiss your wife and give you a cuff on the ear." No sooner said than done; and on the next morning the husband was killed in a duel. On another occasion, meeting a young officer on the road, he held his stick horizontally before him, saying: "Jump over it, or I'll thrash you." The youth struck him with the flat of his sword, but next day met the same fate as the unfortunate bridegroom.

The history of Zieten, the celebrated cavalry leader of Frederick's time, was illustrated by at least one curious duelling episode. In 1726 he was a lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, and quartered at Tilsit. The captain of the squadron to which he belonged was a confirmed bully, and worried him past endurance. Zieten sent a challenge, which, though accepted, was communicated to the authorities, who sentenced the offender to a year's confinement in the fortress of Königsberg. Upon this becoming known, the officers of the regiment insisted on the captain's send-

ing a return challenge to the prisoner, who was to fight him after release, but Zieten now declined on the ground that his opponent was "incapable of giving satisfaction" * after rejecting the first cartel. The latter, beside himself with fury, on meeting Zieten in the public street after release, attacked him suddenly with his sabre. The lieutenant of course whipped out his blade and defended himself, but it snapped, when, the adversary continuing his attack, he flung the hilt in his face, and, seizing a stake, prolonged the struggle with that primitive weapon. At length certain officers passing interfered and put an end to it; but the aggressor escaped with three months' confinement, while Zieten was expelled from the service—happily for Prussia not for ever.

France and Hungary head the list in the statistics of duelling; but in the former country, though not in the latter, the practice has "degenerated into mere child's play." The "fathomless conceit" of French journalists constitutes in almost every case the determining motive; so much so, that even Rochefort has declared that were he Dictator he would promulgate an edict to the following effect: "The duel is prohibited under pain of death. The duel *without seconds* only is permitted." Abolish the gallery, he thinks, and "in two months the fencing masters would be bankrupt." This author avers that the journalists of France are better versed in the use of the foil than in the history of their native land; and thus they are able to conclude their contests with the sword both safely and honourably, while, in cases where the pistol is employed, the conditions of the fight are harmless. In 1878 Gambetta exchanged a single shot with his opponent at a distance of thirty-five paces!

At this point we cannot forbear quoting the excellent definition of fear in a physiological sense by a physician, which is here afforded us. "That our ideas may be clear and firm the brain must be in a healthy condition, and the blood which supplies the nerves must be rich and saturated with the oxygen which is indispensable to the maintenance of life and the renewal of the tissues. If a congestion supervene, *i.e.*, an excessive flow of blood to the brain, a sudden stoppage of the machine comes to pass, confusion of ideas, suppression of consciousness, in one word—Fear." This "sudden stoppage of the machine," thinks the author, not unfrequently occurs in the case of French journalists, who have not seldom enacted the drama of Hector fleeing

* *Satis in tantum/schy*

before the swift-footed Achilles; while one editor he names was twice convicted in a single affair of seizing his opponent's blade with his left hand! Emile de Girardin, "an adventurer (*Streber*) and speculator of the worst sort," is here pronounced to be the father of modern French journalism. As editor of the ministerial paper, *La Presse*, he marked out Armand Carrel of the *National*, a Republican print, as a butt for his insults and invective. Carrel sent him a challenge, and a duel with pistols came off at Vincennes on the 22nd July, 1836. Arrived at the rendezvous, Carrel stepped up to his adversary and said: "Sir, you have threatened me with a biography. The fortune of war may go against me, in which case you will have to write my obituary notice. But is it not true, neither in my private life nor in my political conduct, will you find anything dishonourable." "No, Sir," replied Girardin. The combatants being placed forty paces apart, with permission to advance ten paces, fired almost simultaneously. Girardin was hit in the thigh but his opponent was mortally wounded in the body and died next day. "The standard-bearer is ever the most exposed to danger," he murmured. "I have done my duty." It is worthy of remark that Emile de Girardin, since that fatal day, fought no more duels, but to the end of his career assailed the usage as a barbarous anachronism.

The duel of the elder Dumas with Frederick Gaillardet was regarding the authorship of *La Tour de Nesle*, a drama originally written by the latter, but which, being unadapted for the stage, had been handed over to the great novelist for revision. The injured party sent Dumas a cartel, which added to the usual formalities the superfluous epithets of "wretch and coward." Dumas wished to fight with swords, saying he hated pistols, as more suited for highwaymen than for men of honour; declaring that, with fire-arms, what he most dreaded was the awkwardness, not the skill of his adversary. But Gaillardet insisted on pistols, with what right does not appear, he being the challenger, and with pistols the duel had to be fought. The first exchange of shots failing to take effect, the two principals wished to continue the combat, but their seconds declining to reload the pistols, it necessarily came to an end. An incident which seems barely credible is reported in connection with this affair. Dr. Bixio, medical attendant on Dumas, asked him just before the duel:—

"Where are you going to aim?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Look, he has wool in his ears; aim at that."

"But for that," replied Dumas, "he must turn his head sideways."

"Ah, I did not think you would be so cool when the time came."

"'Tis exactly then that I always feel the coolest. The night after the challenge I slept rather badly, but it is my character, or temperament, to become calmer as the decisive moment approaches."

Continued the doctor: "I should like to feel your pulse when you face each other, to find how many times it beats a minute."

"You can do so," returned his principal.

"Have you read Mérimée's *Etruscan Vase*?" was the next query.

"Yes, and why?"

"Well, Mérimée says that a man mortally wounded by a bullet spins round several times before he falls. From a purely scientific point of view, I should like to ascertain if that is the fact."

"I think I have seen it in the days of July, but, to oblige you, I will try to make observations on my own person, in case you might not find another opportunity."

To crown all, the author relates that this same scientific observer, being shot through the lungs and spine on a Paris barricade in 1848, spun round three times and then fell in a heap. "It is true," he screamed, "we *do* spin round."

The murder of Victor Noir, when bearing a challenge to Peter Napoleon, by that prince, is still fresh in the memory of most of us, but we are here supplied with some details concerning the early life and training of this scion of the Napoleon family, which proves how directly their blood was inherited from the Corsican bandit, or, as M. Taine more pleasantly puts it, the Italian *condottiere*. The Prince always carried at least one revolver in his pocket. He had spent his youth on his father Lucien's property in the Papal States, among Italian murderers, highwaymen, smugglers, and "rowdies," with whom he lived on most familiar terms. At length he became suspected of murder, stabbed the officer of Carabineers sent to arrest him, was confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, and ultimately banished by the Pope. A good tale is told about his victim, the journalist Victor Noir, who was not apt at spelling. On challenging Gramier de Cassagnac, he received this contemptuous reply: "You have called me out, so I have choice of weapons. I select *orthography*. You are dead." The affair ended there.

After the French come the Hungarians, we said, in duelling pugnacity ; but their duels are usually of a more serious and deadly character. By extraction, indeed, they are Turks, though civilized, and their Asiatic blood seems at times to boil over the restraints imposed by a Christian education. Unquestionably with all their excellent qualities (among which we place a liking for England in the first rank), there is a strain of Tartar ferocity in their temperament. One of their most amusing duels went off as follows. Alexis Forró, a lieutenant of cavalry, on being promoted to a regiment quartered in his native Transylvania, received a visit from two young officers who had by this means been passed over. He was in bed at the time reading, but invited them to take seats and share the breakfast which he was expecting. They declined, saying that his transfer had injured their prospects, and that they had come to make arrangements with him for obtaining "satisfaction." Forró, jumping out of his bed in his night-shirt, took down a sabre from the wall. "Good!" he cried, "draw and defend yourselves!" The officers thus rudely apostrophized, raised plenty of objections to this informal challenge, but they were wasted ; one of them drew, and, after a brief struggle, got a slash across the face which "satisfied" him. It was now his comrade's turn ; but he had no better luck. The victor then threw aside his weapon, and, ringing for his servant, sent for lint and cold water. Wounds having been attended to, he continued : "Now, comrades, to breakfast ! exercise does one good before breakfast, one enjoys it so much better ! Pista, bring plates and knives and forks for the gentlemen." But the discomfited duellists declined, and motioned to depart.

"I am rejoiced to have made your acquaintance," said he, good naturedly, as they made their way to the door : "and please acquaint your comrades that, should they feel insulted by my presence, I am always ready to do gymnastics with them, especially before breakfast. It is *so* appetizing." The discontented bullies had caught a Tartar, who was, for the rest, a most charming fellow in private life. They were, of course, unaware that he was a practised athlete and swordsman.

More serious consequences attended Count Stephen Batthyányi's conflict with Dr. Rosenberg, which took place in 1883. The latter had espoused the lovely daughter of a Buda-Pest millionaire, but according to the Jewish ritual, wherefore the union was declared by competent legal authority invalid, and the inconstant damsel transferred her affections to the youthful Count, who espoused her in

proper Christian form. A challenge was the result, to which the Count replied that, before accepting, he must make inquiries as to the Doctor's "capability of satisfaction," but departed to spend his honeymoon in Italy without completing them. In the meantime the Court of Honour at Buda-Pest pronounced in favour of his rival's pretensions. The happy bridegroom had therefore to interrupt his Italian trip, and, returning to Hungary, meet an exasperated foe in mortal combat. His fate was tragic indeed when we consider the attendant circumstances. The encounter took place on the 22nd October, in a copse near Temesvár, the weapons being pistols with rifled barrels. After two shots had been exchanged the seconds tried in vain to arrange a reconciliation, and at the third discharge the Count fell dead, a bullet having pierced his temples. He was only twenty-eight years of age. His destroyer was condemned to no more than two years' imprisonment.

In Germany the duelling mania assumes a much more rational form, divested both of the ludicrous accompaniments which in France excite our mirth, and lacking the ferocity which disfigures it in Hungary. The encounter which Manteuffel, the late Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, provoked with Karl Twesten, a Berlin magistrate, affords an excellent sample of the duel as it should be conducted, with moderation, humanity, and *sans froid*. In 1861 Twesten severely criticized Manteuffel's administration at the Prussian War Office in a pamphlet which bore the title *What can effect our Salvation?* in which he compared the Minister to Count Grunne, an Austrian General in the campaign of 1859, and asked in plain terms whether Prussia required a second Solferino in order to get rid of this "pernicious individual." On Twesten's admitting the authorship, he got a challenge from the General, and on the 27th May, 1861, an encounter took place between them at Potsdam on the musketry range of the Guards. After a vain attempt on the part of the seconds at accommodation, the combatants took post twenty paces from each other, the understanding being that the duel was to continue till such time as the injured party declared his honour satisfied. Twesten fired first, the bullet whistling close past the General's eyes, when the latter, dropping the muzzle of his pistol, advanced to the barrier and thus addressed his opponent: "Mr. Twesten, you have behaved in the whole of this affair like a man of honour. I know it is unusual to address one's opponent at a moment like this; still, having no grudge against you, I deem it due to my honour and position to demand a recantation from you, and I

therefore now ask whether you are not prepared to make one? Twesten replied: "General, I have already said, and now repeat, that I never dreamt of impugning the rectitude of your conduct, or of offering you personal offence. What I have written I considered appropriate both in substance and form, and still do so, wherefore I cannot withdraw one word." Upon this Manteuffel retired from the barrier to his first position, took aim with his pistol, and fired. Twesten's right hand dropt, and was quickly bathed in blood, his adversary at the same moment exclaiming, "Good! I hope it's nothing serious! Now, Mr. Twesten, give me your hand." But this was impossible, for the bones of the forearm were broken, and the left hand had to supply the place of its fellow. Manteuffel at once betook himself to the King, asking for a strict investigation of his conduct, "because, as War Minister, he had been one of the most uncompromising opponents of duelling in the army." He was sentenced to three months' in a fortress, his adversary being suspended from office, but pardoned at the coronation of King William.

In Russia, where all the vices of civilization have struck deep root to the detriment of excellent racial qualities, we naturally expect to find the mania for duelling rampant among the higher classes; and it is a painful fact that her two greatest poets, Pushkin and Lermontoff, fell victims to it. Dr. Kohut, indeed, doubts whether the sensitive bard of *Eugene Onegin* did not "wilfully seek his own salvation," disgusted with the scandalous immorality and malicious gossip of St. Petersburg society, beyond that "bourne from which no traveller returns." Be that as it may, the remarkable feature in this case was the foreshadowing of the doom awaiting him which undoubtedly runs through his works: for instance, the duel-scene in the above-mentioned poem, and that startling tale *The Shot*, which is here translated into German, and not very correctly. We hope, however, that an encounter which took place at Kishineff in Bessarabia as recently as last February, is not an average specimen of "affairs of honour" in those parts. A duel between a Russian gentleman and a Caucasian prince having passed off without damage to anybody, the combatants came across each other in a club in the course of the ensuing day. The quarrel was revived, and from wordy warfare it soon degenerated into cuffs; the fist being a weapon almost as popular in Russia as here. The Caucasian, finding that he was getting the worst of it, suddenly closed, and in an access of fury bit his powerful adversary's nether lip quite off.

This brought the struggle to a conclusion, and, strange to say, the atrocious act involved the perpetrator in no unpleasant consequences.

As a specimen of an unfair duel, the encounter between Dujarier and Beauvallon, one of the best pistol-shots of the day, which took place in 1845, may aptly be cited. The quarrel originated in a gambling-hell; the crack shot, a Creole from Guadaloupe, being a bully and gamester by profession. The encounter took place in the Bois de Boulogne. It was a cold winter morning, with a strong wind blowing and snow on the ground. Dujarier arrived at 10 A.M., but had to wait one hour and a half for his adversary—under the circumstances a serious disadvantage. His seconds, indeed, wished him to retire, but he declined to do so. At length Beauvallon drove up in a cab, when his seconds produced the pistols destined for use; but the bore of the weapon handed to Dujarier's second was found on inspection to be quite foul, as if recently discharged. This suspicious circumstance was explained away by alleging that a percussion cap had been snapped on it, and by a solemn asseveration that Beauvallon had never used the weapon. Meantime the combatants took up their respective stations. Dujarier fired first and missed, then, instead of protecting his head with his pistol, as would have been permissible, he dropt it on the ground. His adversary then took so long and deliberate an aim that one of his own seconds called out: "Fire, Sir, fire at once!" Upon this he pressed the trigger, and the unfortunate Dujarier fell, shot through the head, and almost immediately expired. The affair came before the Courts, and ultimately it was proved that Beauvallon left his home on the morning of the duel at 7 A.M. and had practised for several hours with pistols belonging to his brother-in-law, Granier de Cassagnac, the very weapons used in the encounter and objected to by Dujarier's seconds on account of their foul condition. The culprit was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

In conclusion, Benjamin Constant fought with Forbin des Issarts, both combatants, owing to weakness, being seated in arm chairs at a distance of ten paces. Not so much as a mahogany leg or arm was damaged by their fire, but honour was completely satisfied. Von Pfuël, a German general, soothed his wounded honour by a much simpler process. As President of the National Assembly in 1848, it fell to his lot to assist at their deliberations on the abolition of nobility, and these being somewhat prolix he went to sleep over them. Waking up on one occasion to find them still in progress, he exclaimed:

"What, is the nobility not dead yet?"——

Some days later a cheeky ensign, meeting him in the street, said: "Are you General Von Pfuël?"

"At your service."

"Then I must tell you that you are a low fellow."

"Indeed?" replied the other, urbanely, "I was not aware of it I thank you kindly," and went his way.

But the author of these pages frankly admits that rational conduct like this would not be permissible in the present day for a soldier. Military honour he declares to be the supreme palladium of an army, which under all circumstances must be kept intact; and he quotes the "Golden Words" of the late Emperor William in support of this view. "I expect," he wrote, "all my officers to consider their honour as a priceless jewel; and to keep this pure and unspotted should be their highest duty, both collectively and individually." And again, "the Courts of Honour have a twofold purpose: first, by their sentence to clear the honour of the individual from unfounded imputations, *in so far as other and approved methods of doing so are not available*; and, secondly, to protect the honour of the profession from those members of it whose behaviour corresponds not to correct ideas of honour and what is due to the condition of an officer." This ordinance certainly appears to sanction the practise of the duel in the German army, and we fall again into the old dilemma: duelling is an odious custom, condemned alike by common sense, humanity, and religion, yet some of the most enlightened peoples in Europe cannot yet see their way to do without it altogether. The greatest intellects of modern times have denounced, ridiculed, yet paid homage to it in their persons. Perhaps, like the Purchase System, it is one of those "anomalies" which worked pretty well in practice; though here in England manners are no worse, if not better, than in lands where it is still in vogue.

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St. Vincent and Nelson, from a French Point of View.

BY CAPTAIN T. SHERLOCK GOOCH, R.N.

I.



MORE than forty years ago* there appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* a series of interesting papers treating of that great maritime struggle which ended in leaving England undisputed mistress of the seas. These papers were contributed by Captain (now Admiral) Jurien de la Gravière, a gallant and accomplished member of the French navy, and they are written with a charm and style worthy of a periodical second in literary rank to no other in the old or new world.

Son of a distinguished flag-officer, who was a maritime prefect, and who fought against us in the great Napoleonic wars, M. Jurien de la Gravière has not only proved himself a disciplinarian and a seaman, but he has made the history of his profession a study, and in an honourable and impartial spirit has written a vivid and graphic sketch of the chief naval campaigns from the outbreak of the revolutionary war in 1793, to the destruction of the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805.

This task must frequently have proved most painful to the patriotic and chivalrous seaman; but no Englishman can deny the candour and impartiality evident in every line issuing from the pen of M. de la Gravière. These remarkable articles were translated by Admiral Lord Dunsany (then Captain the Hon. E. Plunkett, R.N.), and published by Messrs. Longmans & Co. in 1848, under the title *Sketches of the last Naval War*. Lord Dunsany, in his

* 1846.

"introduction," apologizes for translating the original French perhaps too literally, but needlessly, so we think, for the "sketches" have been rendered into glowing and graphic English, and one cannot but feel whilst reading them that the work must have been a labour of love to the gallant English admiral.

It may be asked why in 1888 review a well-known book already frequently noticed; a book written forty-two years since, and describing a state of affairs existing fifty years before it was written? What can the naval tactics of "1800 and war time" teach us in these latter days of steam, matchless armour-clads, locomotive torpedoes, dynamite guns, and all the rest of it? True, naval warfare has been revolutionized, and the tactics of the Nile and Trafalgar were those of a different stage of civilization; but a study of the characters of two such leaders of men as Jervis and Nelson—one the great sailor statesman who made a navy, the other the heroic genius who changed the fate of Europe by the way he handled that navy—a study of the character of the two seamen who saved our country from all the nameless horrors of a French invasion cannot be otherwise than of deep interest to all time; and, apart from tactics (which will not be discussed in this paper), a study of the naval policy pursued by the Great Earl, and a study of the immortal Nelson's management of men cannot but bring to our minds some useful reflections even in these advanced days. The suggestive remarks, also, of M. de la Gravière on the causes that led to the decay of French seamanship and discipline, and finally to the destruction of the navy of the first Empire, afford food at the present time for serious thought. And, although Lord Dunsany's translation of M. de la Gravière's contributions to the *Revue des deux Mondes* was well-known to English naval men at the time it was published (1848), it is to be doubted whether there are many men at present on the active list who are acquainted with it, for the book is now scarce, and it treats of a state of things long out of date; but we venture to think that any officer who devotes a few hours to the study of the "sketches" will not regret the time thus spent.*

The first volume of M. de la Gravière's work opens with a description of Napoleon's bitter regret, when recalling at St. Helena his wonderful career, at the check he had received from Sidney Smith at Acre. If this daring and energetic seaman had not relieved the sorely pressed garrison at just the critical moment,

* *The Last Naval War* (Captain Plunkett), will probably be found in the library of any of the elder London service clubs.

and if the French siege artillery had not been captured by our cruisers, it was the intention of the ambitious young General "to have marched on Constantinople, at the heads of the tribes of Mount Lebanon, or to have followed the steps of Alexander to the shores of the Indus." Again, six years later, when at the height of his power, and with all Europe at his command, the great conqueror found his triumphant course arrested by another and a greater British seaman--the man who had baffled his purposes at Aboukir--and who now, at Trafalgar, destroyed his last hope of bringing the hated "shop-keepers" to his feet. The power which held the naval and military strength of the Continent at its beck and call was "paralyzed by the disorganization of its fleets, and destined to continue powerless to the last against the only enemy who still stood unconquered before it."

"What then," continues the writer, "had become of the navy which Suffren, D'Estaing, De Guichen . . . had made so remarkable? By what fatality was it, that of this marine, so recently the glory of France and the envy of Europe, there remained in 1803 but a tottering fabric, whose last crumbling ruins the Empire was to witness?"

The gallant admiral answers his question thus: he divides the events which, in his judgment, led to the decay and ruin of the navy of the Republic and of the Empire into three periods, and associates each period with the names of certain English seamen. The first period he connects with the battles fought against the English fleets under Howe, Hood, Hotham, and Bridport. "This was the period in which the French navy slowly decayed under the effects of an unceasing internal malady." The second period, M. de la Gravière assigns "incontestably to Sir John Jervis . . . He was the first (his true glory) to occupy himself in restoring the weakened discipline and deficient organization of the British navy." The third period, 1798 to 1805, belongs to Nelson, who "founded with his sword the supremacy prepared for him" by Jervis.

M. de la Gravière then gives the following graphic sketch of England's greatest Admiral. To fully appreciate this chivalrous and generous description of an enemy who had done more than any other to humiliate France, and who never attempted to conceal his hatred of Frenchmen, it must be borne in mind that this sketch was written by a French naval officer in a French periodical, and appeared at a time when the relations between France and England were by no means cordial. "Daring, but justifying his apparent rashness by his rare professional tact, counting as nothing

a partial success ; ready to incur great risks, because he only aimed at great results, Nelson was exactly fitted to hold the first rank in that unequal conflict wherein England opposed her long practised cruisers to hastily equipped armaments. Nature had marvellously fitted him for leading a fleet anxious to follow, and to plunge with him into the thick of the fray. A hesitating support on the part of his captains, indecision or timidity in their manœuvres would have been fatal to his glory, for he did not so much invent a new system of tactics as trample upon the prudent and cautious rules of the



ADMIRAL JULIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE.

old school. If, in fact, he *appeared* in his plans of attack to intend overwhelming the enemy's weak points by bringing a superior force to bear upon them, it generally turned out that he himself was in danger of being overwhelmed by a superior fire, so little pains had he previously taken to close up his columns. Nelson, nevertheless, before a battle, showed a foresight which descended even to minutiae, though he was accustomed to say that in naval warfare something must be left to chance. He was careful to decide on his plan a long time beforehand, and to familiarize

his officers with it; but the instant the enemy was in sight, he seemed to have no other object than to close with him as quickly as possible, and acted more like the daring wooer than the timid lover of fortune."

The writer then contrasts at some length the character of Nelson, "full of enthusiasm and devoured by the love of distinction," with that of Wellington, "so phlegmatic and immovable." Interesting, however, as this passage is, it does not fall within the scope of this paper.

Commenting next on Nelson's despatches, supplemented by his published private letters, M. de la Graviere says: "Written on the eve, or the morning after, a victory (they) . . . reveal to us those inward movements of the mind which formed the hero of the Nile. They permit us also . . . to trace, step by step, the growth of that idea which, gaining strength from the sad decay of the French Navy, discarded the traditions of Keppel and Rodney to devise a far more formidable and decisive operation" *.

The writer next draws a comparison between the French Navy in 1782, at that time commanded by such men as Suffren, D'Estaing, and De Grasse, well officered, and manned by seamen full of energy and confidence, with the navy of the Republic of 1793, the old officers guillotined or emigrated, the new officers ignorant and inexperienced, the crews brave, but undisciplined and demoralized by the principles of the Revolution.

Nelson quickly perceived the disorganized state of the French fleets, and accordingly "ventured on the most important occasions to tempt Providence in defiance of every established rule."

Then follows a brief account of Nelson's boyhood, his early experiences at sea, his examination for, and promotion to, the rank of Lieutenant when he was only eighteen and a half years old, his obtaining three years afterwards post rank and the command of a frigate, and his subsequent services in the West Indies. But Nelson's glorious career is known to all Englishmen, and the object of this paper is not to write a summary of his life, but to attempt to give the effect produced on the mind of an honourable and talented French naval officer by the study of the characters of Jervis and Nelson. An historical fact, however, mentioned in this part of the "sketches" may be recalled as of special interest at the present moment. A combined French and Spanish fleet of sixty-six ships of the line was master of the Channel for a month in the summer of 1779, and 40,000 men were waiting

* Rodney, however, broke De Grasse's line on April 12th, 1782.

on the French coast ready to invade England; but owing to the disagreement of the commanders, easterly winds, want of provisions, and scurvy, this second Armada returned to Brest without any results.

The French Convention declared war against England and Holland on February 1st, 1793, and England, as has always been the case, found great difficulty in manning her ships at the outset of the war. On this point Admiral de la Gravière prophetically remarks: "The difficulty in forming these first crews . . . will be experienced again, every time that England is called on to face an unforeseen emergency, thus giving to an active and enterprising enemy the benefit of the most favourable chances during the first months of war." In this instance, our commerce suffered severely until the Admiralty was able to man and send out frigates to protect it from the French cruisers. Even landsmen were impressed, and Captain Pellew (Lord Exmouth) partially manned the *Nymph* with Cornish miners, judging that men accustomed to go up and down mine-ladders would soon find themselves at home going aloft. At this juncture, Nelson, who had been fretting on half-pay for five years, was, at the age of thirty-six, appointed to the command of the *Agamemnon*, a small line-of-battle ship of sixty-four guns. His name was well known amongst blue-jackets, and he found no difficulty in collecting a crew, "the sight of which filled him with joy and hope." The *Agamemnon* was sent to the Mediterranean. "This station," writes M. de la Gravière, "was to become, at a later period, under Admiral Jervis, the best school of the English Navy, and Nelson, destined thenceforth to pass the greater part of his career there, was about to acquire . . . that peculiar experience which was one day to recommend him for the command of the Nile squadron." The writer then dwells on the extreme bitterness which marked the revolutionary war of 1793, as compared with the war which had terminated in 1788. "What a contrast between this fierce struggle and that which had previously been enacted before our eyes. In place of those two young nobles, who smiled as they fought, two peoples, mutually bent on slaughter—instead of that ardour warlike, but void of bitterness, we find a deep-seated and resolute feeling, the precursor of great wars." Lord Dunsany, in a foot-note, remarks, that if this bitter feeling existed on the English side it was probably owing to the horrors of the French Revolution, and to the fact that the Convention had issued a decree against granting quarter. When Nelson joined the Mediterranean fleet Lord Hood





LORD NELSON.

(From an Original Picture)

was Commander-in-Chief, and it was not long before that distinguished seaman discovered that in the captain of the *Agamemnon* he had an officer worthy of his esteem and friendship. "In the space of six months," writes M. de la Graviere, "his ship had not been twenty days at anchor, and while the English fleet occupied Toulon, and disputed possession of it with the Republican batteries, Nelson, one day at Naples, the next on the coast of Corsica, had not ceased to keep under weigh. Running from Corsica to Sardinia, or Tunis to Leghorn, negotiating, fighting, knowing neither fear nor rest, he already showed all the daring and *bravuerie* of his character." Lord Hood frequently offered to promote Nelson from his little 64-gun *Agamemnon* into a 74-gun ship. "But Nelson could not make up his mind to part from his officers. . . . It is a remarkable fact that this man, whom transactions of painful notoriety* would seem to depict as unrelenting and severe, had, on the contrary, a tender heart and a most affectionate disposition. The exercise, even of the despotic and uncontrolled authority with which he was long invested, had not been able to change that equable temper and affability which distinguished him in private life, and which he carried into every relation of public service. His private correspondence leaves no possible doubt on this subject. There will not be found, in the whole extent of that voluminous correspondence . . . one single complaint against his ships, his officers, or his crews. All were 'excellent,' 'devoted,' 'full of ardour,' and they all became so, in fact, under the influence of his happy optimism, and that affable and benevolent disposition. This was, indeed, the great art of Nelson, he so well knew how to elicit the particular talents of each individual, that there was no officer so bad that he did not succeed in obtaining zealous, and often even valuable, services from him." This must have been the happiest time of Nelson's life. Light-hearted as a schoolboy, free from domestic worries, delighted with his ship, and popular with everyone, he must frequently in after years, when weighed down with responsibility, ill-health, and mental anxiety, have looked back with a sigh to the time when he commanded the happy old *Agamemnon*."

Commenting on a letter from Nelson's father, humbly thanking an all-wise Providence for sparing his son's life at Calvi, the writer remarks: "Nelson . . . who was gifted with personal courage in the highest degree, and . . . who hazarded his life as resolutely as any man in the world, did not disdain nevertheless to fortify

* M. de la Graviere is probably alluding to the execution of Caraccioli.

his mind at the hour of danger with the pious sentiments of his father. On the eve of those great days, in which he seldom escaped a wound, he experienced the necessity of collecting his thoughts, and seriously, but firmly, calculating the chances he was about to run. In general he added a short prayer to his journal." Indeed, the gallant French officer intimates that if our soldiers and sailors had not been upheld by "the remains of the old Puritan fanaticism," they would "have been swept away like chaff by that whirlwind of men and ships forced on by the revolutionary hurricane."

Lord Hood returned to England in October, 1794, leaving Vice-Admiral Hotham in temporary command. He was to have re-



LORD HOOD.

turned to his station in the following April, but his remonstrances on the weakness of his fleet and on the neglect of the Admiralty in not sending out supplies, were urged with such warmth that he was directed, on May 2nd, to strike his flag.

On November 11th, 1795, Admiral Sir John Jervis was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet. Vice-Admiral Hotham, who had been only provisionally appointed, therefore held the command for about a year.

Nelson had a great admiration for Lord Hood, and was very indignant when he heard of his dismissal. Lord Hood's complaints may have been urged with too much vehemence, but they were

just, for "the squadron which he had left to Admiral Hotham was," writes M. de la Graviere, "destitute of everything." Most of the ships were in want of repair and refitting; there were no spare spars, and no means of replacing masts. There is not much doubt that there was bad management at home, but this gigantic war strained our resources to the utmost. Hard pressed, however, as our arsenals were, the state of affairs in the French dockyards was still more deplorable. "There was neither timber nor rope found to repair the ships disabled on the 1st June (1794); and . . . there were not even provisions to give them; flour and biscuits were entirely deficient." The writer then describes the fleet, under the command of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, putting to sea from Brest, on the 31st December, 1794, for a winter's cruise in the Bay of Biscay, "with masts fished, because it was impossible to change them, with the rigging in bad condition, and the hulls imperfectly repaired and caulked. . . . Such expeditions seem incredible in the present day: ships at sea without provisions, falling to pieces from old age in the first gale of wind*—ships sailing with masts half cut in two, and unserviceable rigging—these are the miseries which this generation has not known, and can scarce conceive." These lines were written by the gallant seaman in 1846; how much more difficult must it be for the young naval officer of to-day to realise such a state of things!

Every English sailor who reads of the difficulties with which our brave foes had to contend during the whole of the Revolutionary War, cannot but admire the heroic self-devotion of the noble men who took these ill-found, badly-officered, under-manned old hulks out to meet "an enemy better trained, better disciplined, and handling with more ease their sails and guns." They must, indeed, in their historian's words, have been "men profoundly devoted to the cause, and of the most exalted self-denial, to engage their honour and responsibility in these hopeless and deplorable enterprises." Most of the officers and gentlemen, the tried and proved seamen of the old Royalist Navy were gone, and the Committee of Public Safety gave commissions to men "who had no more claim than the fact of having been long at sea," many "gunners, sail-makers, caulkers, carpenters, and boatswains, of whom the greater part could not read or write . . . obtained the rank of officer, and even of captain." † Worse still, the Committee

* Three ships of M. Villaret Joyeuse's fleet foundered shortly after leaving Brest, and a fourth, *Le Neptune*, was lost on the coast of Brittany.

† *The Last Naval War*, vol. i., p. 138.

"gave naval rank to young men, without knowledge, without talent, without experience, and without an examination."

The crews of the ships thus officered were deeply imbued with the spirit of that revolutionary epoch. The men fought gallantly as all Frenchmen do fight, but they "never strove to secure success by previous care and training." Truly could M. de la Graviere say: "Neither the number of line-of-battle ships which we assembled, nor the gallantry of those who fought in them, could supply the place of that which was wanting in our fleet—a good organization, seamanship, and that confidence which early success in war engenders." "It was," continues the chivalrous and patriotic seaman, "an unhappy, but still an heroic war, which thus held on its way during twenty years. In our opinion, the evil stars under which our sailors fought throughout that period have never been sufficiently dwelt on: nor has it ever been sufficiently explained to what an extent our institutions were at fault. They have never been sufficiently honoured for their noble resignation, their hopeless combats, their self-sacrifices, without illusion and without fear. . . . 'Success,' Nelson would often say, 'covers many faults, but how many brilliant deeds are for ever concealed under a defeat!'"

It would be as well for us to bear in mind, before making "Rule Britannia" after-dinner speeches with patriotic allusions to the Nile and Trafalgar, that the discipline and organization of the French navy in those days were very different from what they are now.

On the 30th November, 1795, Admiral Sir John Jervis arrived in the Bay of St. Fiorenzo,* and, hoisting his flag on board the *Victory*, took over the command of the Mediterranean fleet from Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker, who, about a month previously, had succeeded to the *ad interim* command on Vice-Admiral Hotham returning to England. "The day," writes M. Jurien de la Graviere, "on which Admiral Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory* will ever be held memorable by the British navy as the starting point whence its fleets commenced their career of conquests. . . . Sir John Jervis had passed his sixtieth year when he found himself in the command of the Mediterranean squadron. Still young in mind and in constitution, he had conceived the great project of an entire naval reform, and was firmly bent upon carrying out, on a large scale, the new principles that he practised successfully towards the end of the American war, in the *Foudroyant*.† The

* On the N.W. coast of Corsica, and about 130 miles E.S.E. of Toulon.

† A fine two-decker captured from the French in 1758.

English navy has not forgotten with what feelings of deferential fear the young officers of that period, anxious to study a model so celebrated for order and discipline, were accustomed to present themselves on board this magnificent vessel, and encounter the severe and scrutinizing eye of the stern baronet."

Up to this period, Lord Hood had been Nelson's *beau idéal* of a commander-in-chief. Writing to his brother, he says: "They have forced the first officer of our service away from his command. . . . The absence of Lord Hood is a national calamity." But, M. de la Gravière writes, the flag of Sir John Jervis "was hardly seen on board the *Victory* before the presence of a new commander-in-chief was sensibly felt, and in a few months the spirit of the fleet had undergone a complete change. . . . The progress of the navy was working in the silent reformation of English discipline. . . . Nobody was more ready to do justice to the happy efforts of Admiral Jervis than Nelson. 'Never,' he wrote, addressing Lord St. Vincent, 'never will England again boast such a squadron as that with which you have entrusted me. It is to you first that the victory of Aboukir is due, and I hope the country will not forget it.'"

M. de la Gravière quotes other extracts from Nelson's letters, showing the very high esteem he had for Jervis. "It is to the great and excellent Earl St. Vincent," said he in a letter to Lord Keith in 1799, "that we owe all our zeal and ardour for the service." "I have never," repeated he, during the expedition of the Baltic, "seen any fleet that could compare with those twenty ships that served in the Mediterranean. In comparison with the officers brought up in that school, all others betray a want of resources that surprises me."

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, himself a thorough seaman and disciplinarian, and imbued with a deep love of his country and his profession, speaks in terms of the most sincere admiration of Earl St. Vincent as a naval administrator, and as this paper only purports to reproduce the gallant French officer's estimate of the characters of our two greatest admirals, I offer no apology for quoting him at considerable length. "The attention of Sir John Jervis," writes M. de la Gravière, "when he undertook the important reformation that he had in view, was turned to three principal points, viz., the order and cleanliness of the ships, the exercise of arms, and the discipline of the squadron. Two diseases frequently ravaged the navy at this period: the scurvy and typhus fever. The use of acids had already begun to preserve the

English vessels against the former scourge, but the typhus fever was often the consequence of crowding a large number of men within damp and narrow limits. . . . Admiral Jervis pointed out, with the experience and authority of forty-eight years' service, the precautions necessary to prevent the spread of contagious fever. By his orders a large 'Sick Bay' was arranged on board every ship, on the fore part of the main deck, divided by a moveable bulk-head and ventilated by two large ports. He also enjoined the weekly scrubbing of hammocks and bedding, and forbade the washing of the lower decks and orlops;* while, to enforce the execution of his orders, he required that the details of



LORD ST. VINCENT.

these periodical precautions, as well as those of cleanliness, should be minutely entered in the ship's logs."

The writer, in a note, gives an extract from a work by M. Charles Dupin, upon the British navy, showing how successful these sanitary precautions proved—according to M. Dupin, the percentage on the sick list in our squadrons from 1779 to 1782 was thirty; from 1793 to 1796 it was twenty-four; from 1797 to 1800, fourteen; and from 1801 to 1806 the number of sick on board the British fleet only averaged eight out of every hundred on board.

This stern disciplinarian's solicitude for the well-being of his

* Lord St. Vincent caused these decks to be dry holystoned.

men resembled an anxious mother's care for her children's health. He insisted on flannel being worn next to the skin, and gave orders that the pursers should provide flannel shirts or waistcoats, and that the moment a man complained of "a catarrh, cough, or even a common cold, he should be obliged to put on one." "Having thus," continues M. de la Gravière, "ensured to himself healthy crews, Sir John Jervis turned his thoughts towards rendering them formidable to the enemy. From the very beginning of the American war, he had observed that in all warfare where artillery is used the greatest successes were found on the side of the best gunners." Constant cruising would make the men sailors, but to make them gunners they must have frequent drills as well. Nothing strikes one more whilst reading the accounts of our great naval wars at the beginning of this century than the secondary part allotted to gunnery. The seamanship was perfection, but the guns seem seldom to have been used except in action. There was no generally recognised system of gunnery, and consequently every ship was her own *Excellent*. Sir John Jervis, M. de la Gravière writes, noticed "that of all exercises, those that seemed the most neglected, namely the military drills, appeared to him the most important." He, therefore, directed that every day, whether in harbour or at sea, a general or partial exercise should take place on board every ship in the squadron. The fleets, therefore, under the immediate command of Lord St. Vincent, were in good gunnery order, but gun-drill, as a rule, was at this time neglected in our other squadrons.

Under this great seaman, says our gallant author, "the Mediterranean fleet became a formidable squadron. Every man performed his duty. The captains stood in awe of their chief, and never suffered in their subordinates acts of negligence for which they themselves would have been held responsible." However, "the extreme severity of the Admiral extinguished neither the zeal nor the enterprise of the British fleet. Jervis was exacting and inflexible, but he sincerely loved those officers whose worth and devotion to the service he had cause to appreciate; and his friendship, always active and zealous, atoned for many of his more rigorous measures. . . . No admiral ever undertook with more warmth the defence of the true servants of the State against the *protégés* of the aristocracy. . . . The political friend of Fox, Grey, and Whitbread, Sir John Jervis . . . voted with the Whigs till the declaration of war in 1798. Like them he had remonstrated against this war, as useless, impolitic, and lamentable. When it

was declared, he resigned his seat to take an active part in it. Never did his opinions as a man interfere with his duty as an officer; and, in his character as a commander, he was true to the principles he had defended on the opposition benches, and extended his patronage only to those officers who had earned it by their services. . . . Nelson, Troubridge, and Hallowell, all officers whom he subsequently distinguished, were strangers to him when he took command of the Mediterranean. Sparing of praise and of recommendations, he waited long, notwithstanding the esteem in which he held them, before he brought them into the notice of the Admiralty." Discipline was the point which touched this great naval administrator the most nearly, for "discipline," as M. de la Gravière says, "was, in his sight, the surest road to success," and it was one of Nelson's chief recommendations to Jervis that he could rely upon his support towards the restoration of discipline. "It is not insubordination on the part of the men that I apprehend," he wrote to Nelson, "but the imprudent talk of the officers. . . . That is the real danger, and the true cause of insubordination." With reference to this passage Admiral de la Gravière remarks: "Jervis was right; the discipline of the fleet depends upon that of the wardroom. On the point of subordination the example should be set by the superiors, and Admiral Jervis did not overlook this fact. . . . And it was by striking at the offenders of highest rank that he maintained discipline. . . . Calm and serious in his official intercourse with others, he was sometimes caustic and bitter in his reproaches, though he ever abstained from uttering anything derogatory to the dignity of those who were the object of his censures. 'If you let them mix so much gall with your ink,' he wrote in 1800 to the Secretary of the Admiralty, 'you will drive every officer of feeling and worth out of the service.'"

"Such was the man," writes Admiral de la Gravière at the conclusion of his interesting sketch of Earl St. Vincent's character, "such was the man, who, dying in 1823, at the age of eighty-nine, after having commanded three great fleets, served in three great wars, survived three generations of naval men, fought under Keppel, and seen Nelson and Collingwood fight under him, carried into his retirement, in 1807, the immortal honour of having fortified the discipline of the British navy."

Sir John Jervis had a fleet of seventy-six sail of all sorts under his command. A part of these were detached to "observe" Cadiz. Nelson, in the *Agamemnon* (with a broad pendant), and five frigates

and corvettes, cruised in the Gulf of Genoa to assist the Austrians. Several ships were employed in escorting convoys, punishing Barbary pirates, showing the flag at neutral and allied ports, and other duties; whilst the Commander-in-Chief, with a squadron of thirteen vessels, sailed for Toulon on January 7th, 1796, and blockaded that port. In the view of a recent discussion at the R.U.S. Institution, the following passage from M. de la Gravière's work will be read with interest: "Jervis and Nelson differed as to the plan of the blockade (of Toulon). Jervis wished to watch the enemy so closely that he could not attempt to leave the port. Nelson, on the contrary, wished to leave the way open to him, watched by a few frigates, and to give him chase as soon as he should stand out to sea. The latter proposition was the boldest; but that of Jervis afforded the best protection to British commerce; and besides this, Jervis had promised the Austrian generals that the fleet should not leave the Toulon station."

There is much that is interesting, even in these latter days, in Admiral de la Gravière's account of Nelson's proceedings in the Gulf of Genoa, but we must of necessity pass it by. Nelson was much struck with the ease with which the French Republican army—a "ragged" army composed of youths, and "even numbering in its ranks children of fourteen"—constantly defeated picked Austrian troops, and he never spoke of France with so much respect as at this time; and, according to our author, Nelson whilst on this duty performed "the only act of courtesy of which he was ever guilty towards a Frenchman," by returning to the Minister of the Republic at Genoa a box captured off Oneglia, and belonging to a general officer in the French army.

In September, 1796, Spain declared war against England, and Holland had already joined the French alliance. The Spanish fleet left Cadiz, and, effecting a junction with the French fleet at Toulon, the strength of the allied naval forces in the Mediterranean amounted to thirty-eight line-of-battle ships and twenty frigates. Sir John Jervis was ordered to evacuate Corsica, and to withdraw his fleet from the Mediterranean. With fifteen line-of-battle ships, some frigates, and a convoy containing troops and stores from Bastia, Calvi, and Ajaccio, early in November Jervis left the anchorage in the Bay of St. Fiorenzo, and, after encountering heavy gales* and suffering much from want of provisions,† the Mediter-

* Two of the convoy sank, and the *Captain* and *Excellent* each lost a lower-mast.

† M. de la Gravière states: "The crews were reduced to one-third of their ordinary rations. It was necessary to give them the sweepings of the bread-rooms, to bear

anean fleet, on December 1st, anchored under the guns of Gibraltar, and thus in the great European inland sea not one British pendant was to be found. This masterly retreat was carried out almost under the eyes of an enemy's fleet consisting of thirty-eight sail of the line and twenty-four frigates. Well may Admiral de la Gravière exclaim: "This formidable force, nevertheless, permitted Sir John Jervis quietly to effect his retreat!"

But the Mediterranean was not long without the presence of a British war-ship. Porto-Ferrajo, in Elba, occupied by an English garrison since July, 1796, had not been evacuated when our troops



LORD COLLINGWOOD.

were withdrawn from Corsica. It was to Nelson that Jervis delegated the dangerous and honourable duty of returning to the Mediterranean, running the gauntlet of the allied hostile fleet, and rescuing the small force left in Elba. "He alone," our author writes, "was capable of fulfilling this mission, and of penetrating fearlessly to the farthest point of the Mediterranean, . . . abandoned by England to the united flags of France and Castile." The old *Agamemnon*, worn out by service, had been sent to England, and Nelson's broad pendant was now flying on board the *Captain*, 74. Changing his pendant from the *Captain* to the *Minerva*, a

their just complaints, and to witness their sufferings. Sir John Jervis was inexorable and did not deviate an inch from his course; but he promised the men that the provisions they had been deprived of should be faithfully returned to them in money."

frigate, Nelson, accompanied by the *Blanche*, also a frigate, left Gibraltar for a service of danger and excitement most thoroughly congenial to his daring and fiery temperament.

A few days from the Rock he sighted and chased two Spanish frigates, and captured one, the *Sabina*, who offered a most gallant resistance;* but Nelson was obliged to abandon her, after receiving her captain's sword on board the *Minerva*, to a Spanish squadron of two ships of the line and two frigates that appeared in sight at the close of the action. Nelson arrived at Porto-Ferrajo without further adventures, but found that General de Burgh, who commanded in Elba, did not consider himself justified in quitting the island without specific instructions from England. The commodore therefore withdrew the naval establishment and stores, and made all speed to rejoin Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, the appointed rendezvous. On the morning of February 18th, Nelson rejoined his great leader, bringing with him the welcome news that two days before he had seen the Spanish fleet off the entrance to the Straits. The Commodore was ordered to re-hoist his broad pendant on board the *Captain*, and our look-out frigates having sighted the enemy, the Commander-in-Chief at sunset made the signal to prepare for action, sail in two columns, and keep close order during the night. Jervis, as our gallant author writes, was now to reap the reward of the labour and anxiety that he had for so long bestowed in perfecting the discipline and gunnery of the ships under his command. The Spanish fleet consisted of one four-decker (*Santisima Trinidad*), six three-deckers, nineteen two-deckers, and eleven frigates; whilst the English Admiral was only at the head of six three-deckers, nine two-deckers, four frigates, and two corvettes. Notwithstanding this great disparity of force, Jervis, full of confidence, was determined that the enemy should not escape. The details of the battle of Cape St. Vincent, fought on the 14th February, 1797, are known to all students of naval history, but by no one have the exciting incidents of that memorable Valentine's Day been more impartially rendered than by Admiral Jurien de la Graviere. His clear and vivid account, admirably illustrated by three plans, of this great sea fight could be understood even by landsmen. The descriptions of Nelson quitting the line, and throwing himself across the bows of the huge *Santisima Trinidad*; of his critical position when exposed to

* The *Sabina* was splendidly commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of the Duke of Berwick. In this action the Spaniards lost 164 men including every officer except the Captain, to whom Nelson returned his sword.

the fire of this monster, as well as that of the *Salvador del Mundo*, the *San José*, the *San Nicolas*, and two other line-of-battle ships; and of his chivalrous rescue by the noble Collingwood, are written by the pen of a sympathetic and generous sailor, who thoroughly appreciates the genius and heroism of these two great men—men who for their whole lifetime nearly were his country's bitterest foes. Writes the gallant French Admiral: "It must, indeed, have been a glorious moment for Collingwood when he covered his rival's and friend's ship. . . . The precision of that manœuvre, the rapid *coup d'œil* that had shown its possibility, the generous feeling that had suggested the thought, were worthy of the intrepid officer designed to survive Nelson, and console England for his loss. It was a truly noble affection which united these two men. Founded on mutual esteem, it lasted through long years and trying events to that ill-omened day on which France was to learn at Trafalgar the value and the result of such a cordial union between her enemy's chiefs." Commenting on the results of Jervis's victory, M. de la Graviere continues: "Nelson had at last found an occasion worthy of himself, and public opinion unanimously decreed him the glory of having, by his daring manœuvre, ensured the capture of the Spanish ships taken. . . . When he presented himself on board the *Victory*, Sir John Jervis embraced him, and refused to accept the sword of the Spanish Vice-Admiral." Some captains, jealous of Nelson, tried to depreciate his conduct, and called the attention of Sir John Jervis to the Commodore's disobedience of orders. "I saw it," said Jervis; "and if ever you commit such a breach of orders, I will forgive you also."

M. de la Graviere is of opinion that, important as the victory off Cape St. Vincent undoubtedly was, it does not deserve to be placed in the same rank with the brilliant victories gained over the French fleets by Rodney, Hood, or Nelson. The Spaniards were no longer very formidable foes. "In the event of this treaty," wrote Nelson in 1796, "leading to a war between us and the Spaniards, I am sure that their fleet will be easily disposed of, if it is not in better condition than when they were our allies." Again he says: "The Spaniards build fine ships, but they cannot make fine crews. The men of their fleet are bad, and their officers are still worse." In a foot-note M. de la Graviere states that the Spanish fleet at St. Vincent had barely sixty or eighty seamen on board each ship—the rest of the crews had been collected from the fields and prisons, and, "according to English historians," when ordered to go aloft, "fell on their knees panic-struck, and declared that they would

rather be cut to pieces where they were than expose themselves to certain death in attempting to accomplish a service of such danger."*

England, indeed, was in a parlous state on the eve of the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Three great fleets were endeavouring to form a junction to invade her shores; symptoms of mutiny were developing in the Channel fleet; she was deserted by her allies; the French revolutionary armies were carrying all before them on the Rhine and in Italy; the Bank had stopped cash payments; Pitt was losing the command of the House of Commons, and there was a loud outcry for peace almost at any price. The victory of Sir John Jervis over the Spanish fleet was, therefore, most opportune, and the news was received in England with universal joy, the spirit of the nation revived, and Pitt's tottering ministry faced with renewed strength the great and serious dangers with which the country was threatened at home and abroad.

For the victory off Cape St. Vincent Sir John Jervis was advanced to an earldom, with a pension of £3,000. Nelson, who had attained the rank of Rear-Admiral by seniority (at the early age of thirty-eight) on February 20th, was made a K.B., a distinction equivalent to a G.C.B. of to-day. He was again sent to Porto-Ferraio to bring away the English garrison, and, after performing this duty satisfactorily, he returned to Lord St. Vincent's fleet, which was blockading Cadiz, and was ordered to hoist his flag on board the *Theseus*, 74.

* The Spanish navy of to-day is officered and manned by seamen worthy of the country that patronized Christopher Columbus.

(To be continued.)

Rollings from Bechuanaland.

BY LIEUT. FRANCIS B. FRASER, R.A., LATE OF METHUEN'S HORSE.



WHEN there was a talk about raising a regiment of gentlemen Volunteers, men who were to be fair shots and riders, who were to fight the Boers with their own weapons, and to avenge our defeat in the ill-fated Boer war, my imagination was fired, and I at once resolved to enrol myself as a trooper in Colonel Methuen's regiment of mounted infantry, and to do my best to earn a "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

One of three hundred men, I sailed from Southampton on board the Union Liner *Spartan*; another contingent having sailed a week previously on board the Currie Liner, the *Pembroke Castle*.

In due course we reached Madeira, and, having coaled there, steamed away for St. Helena. The weather was delightful; the men were real good fellows, and the time passed most agreeably. Our officers took great interest in us, and looked after us very carefully. We were well fed, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

From St. Helena there was a chance of catching the home mail, and the troopers might be seen in every conceivable attitude scattered about the deck writing for dear life to the "girls they'd left behind them." Christmas day was spent on board, and a jolly spree we had; the canteen was opened, and champagne flowed like water. On the 26th we steamed into Table Bay. Here we spied our chief coming off to us in a small boat. He was a fine, tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, with a heavy moustache, and his left breast covered with well-earned decorations.

We only remained two hours in Cape Town; and having got rifles, blankets, and eighty rounds per man, we at once entrained *en route* for the Orange river terminus. From there we marched to Langford, near Hoop Town, where our camp was pitched. It was very sandy, and the heat was great. Still, I never felt fitter in my life.

We arose with the sun and went to bed with it. I found it best to work all day, as sleeping during the heat of the day made me feel seedy and stupid.

We drilled regularly and with a will, and had a good deal of rifle shooting, being careful to practice at unknown distances.

We were singularly fortunate in our adjutant, Captain Gordon, of the 15th Hussars. He was tall, of splendid physique, a good rider, a good shot, sang a good song, very well up to his work, and commanded our admiration and respect; he was, in fact, the ideal of a dashing cavalry soldier.

Of course the inevitable Irishman was with us, and his "bulls" amused us not a little. One day, when he was Orderly Corporal, he sang out: "How many of yiz in the tint?"

"Five," was the reply.

"Then turn out the half of yiz," said Paddy.

One day, when instructing a couple of men in the use of the rifle, he was heard to speak as follows: "The rifle is a wipon composed of two metals, one's wood and the other's iron." He also used to affirm that the Irish Constabulary had the finest "physic" of anybody in the world.

Our uniform was composed of brown corduroy, *puttees*, and a brown hat, like a Spanish *sombrero*. The officers wore exactly the same uniform as the men, with the addition of a ring of braid round the cuffs of their tunics; a lieutenant one ring, a captain two, and so on. They also carried rifles, so that picking them off would be a matter of extreme difficulty.

This, a Transvaal newspaper subsequently stated, was not fair fighting.

The whole force comprised about 5,000 men, under the intrepid and dashing Sir Charles Warren. I cannot do better than quote from memory some verses by Sergeant Pat O'Hara of the 6th Dragoons, for whom I had a great regard.

It was a stout and gallant force,
Composed of the Dragoons,
Of Volunteers three regiments
And some pioneering coons.
Three batteries of artillery
Were also with the Chief,
Besides the men who fed the troops
On wretched "bully" beef.
Then there were the telegraphists,
Their poles all in a row,
Which, when they hadn't tumbled down,
Brought us news from down below:

Brought us news of other soldiers
 And the victories they won,
 While we sat still and grumbled,
 For our sport had not begun.
 And then we had a corps of guides,
 Some gents of sable hue—
 Though why on earth they called them guides
 I don't think anyone knew,
 Unless it was because they were
 Unacquainted with the way.
 So, *Damane dirige nos*, we howled
 When we were led astray.

After sweltering at Langford for about three weeks, A, B, C, and D troops got their horses and started for the front. Many of the horses were quite untrained, and rifle buckets had not turned up, so that riding, even for a good cross-country man, was a matter of extreme difficulty. A Martini-Henry, weighing 8 lbs., carried in one's right hand was very apt to make a man lose his balance; add to that badly fitting breeches, a badly stuffed saddle, a restive horse, and nobody need be surprised that at first there were a few saddles to let. A certain Irish chaplain, indeed, once thought fit to make merry at our expense in the columns of the *Graphic*. In the words of Bobbie Burns: "I would that God the gift wud gie us to see oursels as ithers see us." For had any one seen him mounted on his meek white horse he would have been tempted to advise him to dismount and get inside.

After leaving Langford, and while looking for some horses that had strayed, I had the good luck to meet a Mr. W., with his lovely wife, who had lately come from England to marry him. Mr. W. had a large farm, and he treated us with every kindness. He asked me if it were true that a number of gentlemen had come out from England to fight the Boers. I replied that it was, and that I was one of them. "Thank God for that," he said, "we thought all the spirit had left the old country after Majuba Hill." He also told me that the water level was sinking throughout the country, that wells which eighteen years previously had been on the surface were now considerably below it.

Having refreshed the inner man we mounted our horses and soon reached Nell's farm, where we spent the night. Mynheer Nell was a little, dark-eyed *Dopper*, a regular Anglophobist, and one who loudly demanded Africa for the Afrikanders. He did a roaring trade supplying the troops with food and the horses with forage, and must have made a lot of money by the expedition. A picture of General Joubert, *De Held van Laing's Nek*, *Ingogo en Majuba*

Berg, was hung over the kitchen table. He assured me that none of us would ever return; the Boers would kill us all. Here we saw a regular African "Devil"—viz., a pillar of sand whirled rapidly along as by a whirlwind at a great speed. This time Captain T.'s tent stood in its way; it was instantly blown over, and its contents scattered far and wide. At this place Captain T. had a beautiful horse "jumped" (stolen), for which he had given a long price.

Barkly West was reached without anything eventful taking place. The country had been gradually getting wilder, and the Boers more unkempt looking. One, from whom I had bought some eggs, asked me what had become of the red coats and white helmets, as they made fine targets. I told him that we had learnt a thing or two from the events in the last war, and that never again would he see them on active service. He said it was a pity, as his sons had gone to join the Freebooters. An old lady, who sold me a can of milk, said it was a shame of my mother to allow a bare-faced boy like me to leave my home, for of a surety I would never return. I thanked her for her good wishes and rode on.

Near Barkly West a large camp had been formed, and a remount depôt established, hospital, &c. Colonel Methuen, with E, F, G, and H troops, marched every foot of the way from Langford to Barkly West, a distance of eighty odd miles, as he was anxious to arrive at the front, and get all his men mounted. None of the officers rode, although they had horses, some, indeed, had two, and from the Colonel downwards all carried rifles and ammunition just like the men.

The soil was very sandy, which made the marching heavy, but the men came into camp as fresh as daisies.

Barkly West is a pretty little town situated on the banks of the Vaal river. It boasts of a very good hotel, where I once dined very badly, and got a bed in the stable for 8s. 6d.

While marching into Barkly we overheard some Boers talking about us. "How many are there?" said one. "About 300," said the other. "Fifty Boers would do for that lot," was the reply. Nothing could have been more picturesque than the scene on the banks of the Vaal on the night before we marched into Barkly camp. Wood fires were lighted along the bank; here a merry group talking round one; there a few recumbent forms lying round another. Back from the fires were a lot of waggons, oxen and horses, while behind them again were canteens and dancing-booths, where ebony creatures frolicked about to the dulcet and

simple strains of the concertina and penny whistle. On the other side of the fires flowed the mighty Vaal, reflecting the lights of the little town from its majestic bosom.

At Barkly West the left wing of the regiment got their horses. Riding school was gone in for under the superintendence of Lieut.-Colonel Hutchins. He told us we did not much require it. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Warren went to meet President Kruger at Fourteen Streams, and the troops began to make a move up country. Eight or ten men of a troop had been "despatch riding" at a "store" some miles from Barkly. Captain J——, the officer in command at the station, sent home a most gratifying and flattering account of their services. Many were the amusing things overheard among the men, many of whom represented the "masses," and even a greater number the "classes." Once I heard a regular Tommy Atkins saying to his gentlemen *camarades*, "I suppose you blokes will be too proud to take any notice of a chap like me when you gets back to Lunnnon." "Oh, no we won't," says one, "we'll look you up at your club."

The *esprit de corps* was excellent on the whole. H troop was composed mainly of old soldiers, the idea being that they would set a good example to the other men. This they did with a vengeance, grumbling and "growling" continually, and got publicly reprimanded by the Colonel in presence of the whole regiment for their unsoldierly behaviour.

Leaving camp at Barkly West, our objective was Taungs, the chief town of Mankoroano, chief of the Batlapins. The distance, speaking roughly, was about eighty miles. The line of march was well supplied with "stores." Gradually the country became more mountainous, and remains of what looked like forts might be seen on the summits of many of the peaks. We were told they had been erected by the ancient Dutch settlers as a means of defence against the aborigines. Several heavy thunder "plumps" gave us a taste of what African rain is like.

Great precautions were taken against that curse of South Africa, horse sickness. Indeed, Sir C. Warren had taken precautions against losing 50 per cent. of his horses. As a matter of fact we lost very few, and our precautions were simple in the extreme. The nose bags were kept on all night, and the horses were not allowed to graze until the dew had left the "veldt." The horses were well fed, well groomed, and blanketed at night.

What the origin or cause of this horse sickness is, nobody seems to know; everybody has a different theory to advance. It comes

on very suddenly. The horse foams at the nose, and is dead within the hour.

Taunga is situated at the base of a high range of hills, very steep and bold in outline. Good shooting at wild duck, quail and guinea-fowl was to be had within the neighbourhood by following up the course of the river.

The Royal Scots were busy making a fort, which was to be garrisoned by the police. This fort when finished would have required something like 2,000 men to hold it properly.

Sir Charles Warren was now at Vrijburg, the capital of Stellaland, and many and absurd were the rumours floating about. It seems that a defiance had been sent down to us by the freebooters, telling us that did we venture to advance, they would drive us back with "*jemboks*," as we were not worth the trouble of shooting. Accordingly, Carrington's Horse got hold of a Union Jack, and prepared to advance against the filibusters. The standard was carried by a very fine-looking man, tall, with fine figure, bronzed and weather-beaten countenance, and a long flowing white beard. It was a martial and imposing spectacle. When they got to Vrijburg, all that could be seen of the freebooters was the dust raised by their horses' feet.

Vrijburg is distant from Taunga about forty miles. The intervening country is rather pretty, and covered with good grass and *vaal* bush. Here I saw springbok for the first time, but we were not allowed to shoot. Paauw (wild turkey) and koran, a species of guinea-fowl, were also met with.

The line of march was occasionally enlivened by a song. In the words of the poetess,

With carol and glee, and with choice repartee,
We succeed in beguiling the way.

Methuen raised a Volunteer force,
Very well known as Methuen's Horse,
All to fight the Boers, of course,
For freebooting in Afrikay.

Vrijburg consisted of eleven houses—zinc, canvas and wooden—every other one being a drinking shop: in African parlance, a wet canteen. It was filled with loafers of all nationalities, who would stick at nothing for a "drop o' Scots." Drastic measures had to be taken with them, as they were a constant source of annoyance; so finally all those without visible means of support were escorted to the frontier, where they got their *congé* from the mounted police.

Suddenly one day we got orders to "saddle up" as quickly as

possible. There was evident rivalry between the different regiments as to which should be first in the field. Our Colonel stood among us encouraging us to hurry up, and in less than no time we were galloping across the "veldt" to form a cordon round Vrijburg, while the police routed out some gentry who were "wanted." We were first in the field. A good many of us bit the dust during the gallop, as at times a horse put a foot into a meer-cat hole, and down went horse and rider.

Sham fights were now the order of the day, and ripping good sport they were. Many a nasty spill took place, and one or two horses were impaled on sharp stakes. The men made rapid improvement in drill, and everything went smoothly.

About this time I came to the conclusion that there would be no fighting. The Hon. Cecil Rhodes had gone down country, as he and Sir C. Warren did not hit it off, and the Rev. John Mackenzie reigned in his stead. As after events have proved, his policy was the right, and that of the Cape Minister, the wrong one. It was clear that the Boers had no stomach for fighting. The farmers had come into camp to sell vegetables, &c., and seeing a fit lot of fellows, well armed and mounted, had advised their friends to let well alone. Again Sir C. Warren had a great reputation among the Boers. They knew him as a determined, resolute man, who would stand no nonsense. Many a Dutchman has said to me: "Colonel Warren is sly" (clever).

Our next objective was Mafeking, the chief town of Montrisa, chief of the Barolong. We marched through a pretty and interesting country. Never shall I forget our first view of Groot Choing, a big sheet of brackish water. It was towards the close of the afternoon when we drew rein on the high ground above the lake. Right down below us lay the fine sheet of water, reflecting from its placid bosom the shimmering rays of the African sun, and nestling snugly within an amphitheatre of hills. The grass all about was fresh and green, dotted here and there with beautiful wild flowers. A column of blue smoke rose slowly from a solitary wigwam, and melted into nothingness, and a black boy was slowly driving home a motley herd of cattle, sheep, and goats. It seemed indeed a land "flowing with milk and honey," the land of Goschen.

We stayed some time at Sitlagoli on the borders of Goschen and Stellaland. It was a beehive-shaped hill, and commanded a capital view of the country for many miles round about. Here the main body of our regiment remained some time. Two troops went

on to Maritzani, to keep watch on the frontier opposite to Kunana. While at this place, a rumour reached us that a party of Engineers surveying the frontier had been taken prisoners by the Boers. As it was deemed of importance to ascertain the truth of this report, a party of twenty-five men, under Colonel Hutchins, was sent off to investigate. Starting in the afternoon, we reached the frontier about dusk, and then pushing cautiously forward penetrated into the Transvaal about five miles. We then dismounted in a hollow, and sent out two men to Kunana to get what information they could. Returning in a short time they said the report was fictitious, so we had our ride and excitement all for nothing. It was a thousand pities that the Dutch patrol did not come upon us, as we should then have probably had a bit of a shindy.

The guides (Zulus) were a fit-looking lot, armed with Snider rifles and assegais, and dressed in red coats and brown trousers. They entertained a most wholesome aversion for the Boers. I was once asked by one of them when I was riding alone: "Whar de h — y Boer?" "I don't know," I replied, in Dutch; "they have run away to the Transvaal, I believe." "Ah, de skelums ik vill um skit," he said (Ah, the scoundrels, I want to shoot them). To hear their roll-call was most amusing. Sergeant Jim Bloody Fool, Champagne Charley, Claret Johnny, &c., &c.

While at Maritzani the sad news of the fall of Khartoum and the heroic Gordon's death reached us, and spread dismay and indignation among the men. The Colonel and 400 of us volunteered for Suakim, and were gladly accepted by Lord Wolseley. *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*

After this we returned again to Sitlagoli, where we got some capital shooting. A python, 13 feet 11 inches long, and as thick as a man's thigh, was killed by one of our officers. Springbok, stembok, dyuka (a big buck), hartebeest, wild turkey, guinea fowl, hares, and partridges were killed in abundance, and we lived in clover. Colonel Hutchins and Captain Gordon killed a great quantity of all sorts and sizes of antelopes; and, later on, up Souchony way, Colonel Cotton and Captain Gordon bagged three or four lions, besides other big game. Snakes of all sorts abounded, including puff-adders, mambas, scorpions, and other poisonous reptiles.

At night round the camp fire was a jolly time. A huge pile of wood having been collected, we used to gather round, officers and men, and have a "sing-song." Every kind of song, from the sublime to the ridiculous, was sung. "She wore a wreath of

roses," and "She lived with her ma and her dirty old da, on the banks of the silvery Thames," may be taken as specimens.

And now I must conclude these few "jottings." I have not touched upon the political situation, upon the land question, nor upon the constitution of the Mounted Rifles. Yet all these are full of interest. With regard to the latter, I consider that the Martini-Henry carbine would be a much better weapon for mounted men than the long rifle. It is quite as accurate as the rifle up to 600 yards, and, in fact, shoots very well up to 800 yards. It is considerably lighter and on that account better for the horse.

I should like to have taken my readers along with me by the banks of the Molopo, the Sitlogoli, and the Maritzani Rivers; to have introduced them to fertile Motito, where Major Harrill presided over the destinies of Western Bechuanaland; to have introduced them, in imagination, to the oasis of Kuruman, where Livingstone met his fate in the shape of Miss Moffatt; to have visited with them the "Eye of the Fountain," there to have shot both duck and snipe by the "sweet flowing" waters of the Kuruman river.

I may conclude with the earnest hope that Methuen's Horse may not be a thing of the past; that at some not far distant day, the opportunity may be given us of showing the stuff of which we are made. For, after all, it was hard luck to go 8,000 miles for a "shindy," and then not get it.

For not a warrior was injured
In that glorious campaign.
And nobody was wounded,
And nobody was slain.
And the doctors had an easy time.
As doctors always will,
Campaigning with a general
Who's fighting with the quill.

The Souriau Turret.



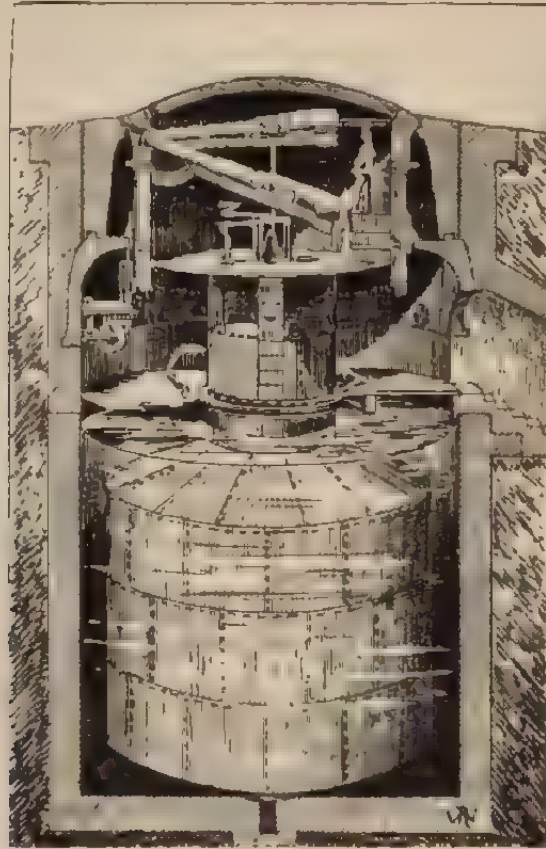
HIS turret, although primarily designed by Colonel Souriau, was worked out in its practical details by Messrs. Schneider & Co., of the Creusot Works, to whom belongs therefore, in great part, the credit of its invention.

The hydrostatic turret rests, through the inter-medium of a steel cylinder, upon a plunger—a hollow iron-plate cylinder immersed in a well filled with water. The cylinder which emerges is sufficiently heavy to balance the weight of the entire part out of water, and but a slight effort is therefore required to produce a vertical motion of the system. This effort may be exerted by a few men acting on the winches of a simple mechanism. As the result of a long series of modifications and improvements, Messrs. Schneider have reduced the number of men required for working the turret to four. With this staff, the turret may be put in battery in 15 seconds, and eclipsed in the same space of time. The turret can, therefore, ascend and descend in half a minute.

The whole emergent part is protected by Creusot steel plates. The top is divided into segments and protected in the same manner. The gun-chamber, or turret proper, carries armour plates, which serve as a lining to the masonry. The turret, the cylinder, and the plunger, form a rigid system, guided below by a pivot and above by a steel rim adjoining the armour-plating. The machinery by which the upward, downward, and rotary motion is effected is accessible from the stationary floor, shown in the diagram. The turret is revolved by means of a double-speed windlass, affixed to the lower part of the armour-plating and forming part of a vertical pinion. The windlass works through this a toothed wheel, the teeth of which remain engaged during the upward and downward motion. For the descent of the turret, two slides are employed, jointed to levers moving in a channel of the cylinder. Although this system is not fully shown in the diagram, the position of the levers indicates its working with tolerable distinctness. The levers are so arranged

that the ascensional and descensional velocities increase from the start to the centre of travel, and decrease from the centre to the end.

A severe frost need not necessarily interfere with the working of the turret. In the first place, the considerable depth at which the



well is placed is, in itself, a guarantee against freezing; but in cases of exceptional cold, a mixture may easily be prepared with a freezing point which will defy the extremest cold that is likely to occur in any European country.

The armament of the turret consists of two 15 cm. guns mounted on carriages provided with a hydraulic break, and which return automatically into battery. Each gun and its carriage is balanced, like the turret as a whole, on a plunger, and may be worked by one man.





THE IRON-CLAD GERMAN CORVETTE "IRENE."

The Iron-clad German Corvette "Irene."

(From the *Journal de la Marine.*)



HIS vessel belongs to a type which has not as yet figured in the German navy; it is styled an "iron-clad cruiser corvette," and is provided with an arched steel deck which descends far below the water-line. Her length is 103.50 metres; breadth 14 m.; depth of hold 7.63 m.; displacement about 4,800 tons. The *Irene* has two screws with a diameter of 4.85 metres, placed so as to be guarded by the hull which projects considerably aft. The engines are of 8,000 horsepower, and give a speed, it is said, of eighteen knots. Each of the engines has a separate water-tight compartment, and the coal-bunkers carry 900 tons. She is armed with fourteen pieces of 15 cm. calibre, four of which can direct their fire on lines parallel with the keel, or even concentrate it on the prolongation of the longitudinal axis of the ship. The others are on deck and fire through the side-ports, which very much confines their field of action. Torpedo-tubes are placed at points convenient for the purpose. The store-rooms are very extensive, and this obviates the necessity of too frequently putting into port. The vessel has no sails, but is provided with military masts, whose tops are fitted with quick-firing guns and electric lights. She was launched in 1887. The *Germania* and the *Prinzess Wilhelm* are in course of construction upon identical lines.

H. S.

Military Problems.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY.

XII.

An ordnance map, on a scale of 1 inch to 1 mile, is to be copied to twice its present size by the method of squares.

Those drawn on the original are of $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch side, what must be the size of the squares on the copy? Answer to be illustrated by a hand-sketch.

XIII.

Two officers are surveying two adjacent portions of a country with prismatic compasses as their only means of obtaining intersections. The variation of one compass is 4° E., and of the other $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ E. Explain how they must proceed to join their sketches together when they are finished? Illustrate answer.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM X.

II. & III.—The shape of the redoubt might be an irregular pentagon (Lunette shaped). Capital pointing N. Principal salient 120° . Principal faces, each 75 yds. long; side faces parallel to capital, each 39 yds. long, gorge parapet 132 yds. long; this gives the normal proportion of half the garrison in the firing line, a quarter in support, and a quarter in reserve.

The permitted deflection of the line of fire, of 30° easily allows of the fire from the principal faces being delivered in the required directions.

V.—Thicknesses of parapets 12 feet, artillery proof, 4 feet musketry proof.

VI.—Depth of trenches 3 feet.

VII.—Parados 35 yards (approximately) in rear of principal salient; height to give 7 feet of défilade to rear banquette 11 feet.

IX.—Field casemates, behind and under parados. The data implying that no artillery fire can be brought to bear on them in that position.

ESTIMATES.

1. Time required to complete parapets $27\frac{1}{2}$ hours, main parapets, 11 hours gorge parapet.
2. Strength of working parties for parapets.
 - 2 men per yard for parapets with trenches and ditches.
 - $2 \times 228 = 456$ men for one relief.
 - $= 1,368$ for three reliefs.
 - 1 man per yard for gorge parapet (no trench).
 - $= 132$ men for 1 relief.
 - $= 264$ for two reliefs.
 - Total for parapets 1,632 men, say 2 battalions.
3. Gabion revetment crowned with sods gives
 - 540 fascines, 60 gabions, 7,200 sods (5 rows).
4. 120 branches of trees for abattis in ditch.
- 137 branches of trees for abattis beyond ditch.
- 2,400 yards of wire for a wire entanglement beyond ditch of two principal faces.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM XI.

The most advanced position for the parapet is $(8-3) \times 4 = 20$ feet from the crest of the hill.

The most retired $8 \times 4 = 32$ feet from the crest in order to get the most effective fire on the 5° slope.

The 18° slope cannot be defended at all from the top of the plateau.

The dead ground from each of these positions is practically the same—namely, 145 yards of the 5° slope measured from the foot of the 18° slope.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS X. AND XI.

NAME.	SCORES.	
	Possible Score, 50 each	
	X.	XI.
F. Long	50	25

Notes.

"How was Napoleon's Military Genius formed?" Such is the title of an article in a recent issue of the *Journal des Sciences Militaires* from the pen of General Pierron, who appears to have spent a great portion of his life in endeavouring to solve this attractive riddle. He discredits the usual explanation which attributes everything to "inspiration" at the decisive moment. This is a dangerous creed, he thinks, one always welcome to sloth and ignorance, and which has damaged the French army more than the loss of a hundred battles. "Inspiration," according to Marshal Soult, is the faculty of rapid calculation; but to acquire this a close and accurate study of the past is essential. Nothing can be more fatal than to encourage a hope that at a given crisis the power to manœuvre hundreds of thousands of armed men will descend upon us miraculously from above. Napoleon had been in youth a great reader, and in after life was ever in a state of cogitation, as he himself tells us—at dinner, at the theatre, even in bed. Nothing great can be accomplished without proportionate effort, and the great strategist was no exception to the rule. General Pierron, in his endeavours to solve this enigma, came across the history of the campaigns of the Marshal de Maillebois in 1745-46 against the Imperialists and Piedmontese in Italy. The veil was at once rent asunder, and the student arrived at the conclusion that "the plan of the Italian campaign of 1796 was borrowed by Napoleon from the Marshal de Maillebois," and that to him, consequently, the emperor was indebted for the germs of his strategic system. It is certain that, when appointed to the command in Italy, he applied to the Director of the *Depôt Général de la Guerre*, for a number of books, among which were the *Mémoires du Maréchal Maillebois* at the head of the list. It is not so certain that he received them; but those who peruse this excellent paper will readily perceive that the leading ideas which governed the manœuvres of the earlier campaign closely resembled those which Bonaparte carried into execution fifty years later.

Another surprise in the same article is the statement that Bonaparte was quite unnerved by the news of Wurmser's double advance from the Tyrol, and that Lonato and Castiglione were victories due to the presence of mind and genius displayed by Augereau on the occasion; but this view, we are of opinion, lays too much stress on that officer's *ex parte* statement of his own performances, as contained in his despatches. M. Taine's *sorte des soldards grossier* was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, we are inclined to suspect.

The *Voyenni Sbornik* for November speaks in high terms of the success which attended the recent Italian manoeuvres in the Romagna. This, as proceeding from a quarter not biassed in favour of the Power whose army it criticises, must be regarded as welcome intelligence. The two army corps which executed separate evolutions from the 25th August till the 10th September, having called in their reservists, must each have exceeded 87,000 men in strength. On the latter date they began to manoeuvre against each other. The general idea was as follows: an army advancing from Bologna debouches from the Apennines into Tuscany; but leaves an army corps (the northern) to protect its communications at Bologna. The army defending Florence ascends the valley of the Arno, but detaches an army corps (the southern) to attack the enemy's communications. On the 11th these two corps came into collision between Savio and Fiumicino. Thus the invaders in a strategic sense were tactically thrown on the defensive. These manoeuvres, says the *Sbornik*, not only gave evidence of good discipline and staying power on the part of the troops, but also of striking efficiency in the supply departments. The railway service was likewise found to be excellent, though dismal prognostications have recently been heard on this score. Nearly 50,000 men, with more than 2,000 horses and 512 guns were transported by train to the rendezvous between the 27th and 31st August.

The 26th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers (Cyclists) gave on the 12th inst. a brilliant and successful Smoking Concert in the St. James's Restaurant. The music was of a high order of excellence, the greatest novelty in the programme being a trio of banjoes, executed with faultless precision and good taste. A number of distinguished officers were present; this corps of light cavalry on wheels being appropriately commanded by a retired Carbineer, and officered by several other regulars.

Reviews.

Anchor and Laurel: A Tale of the Royal Marines. By PERCY J. GROVES. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1888.)

A capital New Year's gift for boys who aspire to don the scarlet. The career of the hero, Philip Gaisford, a lieutenant of Marines, is full of varied incident, and is brought down to the point at which all interest in life is usually supposed to cease, namely, his wedding day. In several respects Mr. Groves's tale differs from the commonplace of fiction. In the first place, he gives us the history of his hero's father and grandsire. The latter, a French *émigré* noble, sees a good deal of fighting in the Netherlands with his Hussar regiment, which has gone over to the Austrians, and eventually obtains a commission in the British service, where his daughter weds Major Gaisford, and in due time gives birth to our future Marine. That officer serves on the Syrian coast in 1840, and again in the Crimean War, so that a wide field of martial incident is covered.

The next variation is, Philip is permitted to marry a widow, his first love of course, but having undergone a union of several years duration with a country parson as a species of ordeal in which to prove the strength of her affection. This brings us to the rascal of the plot, by reason of whose malevolence true love has to be subjected to such a trial. We think it rather "hard lines" on Russians that one of their nation should be selected for this invidious task. The existing tension of international feeling seems to forbid this. Yet so it is; and Ivan Popoff (a name quite suggestive of his ultimate fate) backbites, lies, and forges to his heart's content until he achieves the estrangement of Philip and the object of his affections, with whom, of course, Master Ivan is also in love. But Nemesis dogs his footsteps surely. In the Crimea he is caught red-handed and shot as a spy by a platoon of French soldiers, whose officers display the utmost politeness and indifference on the melancholy occasion; Philip meantime weeping, forgiving, and doing everything that a proper-minded young hero could be expected to do; after which he goes home and marries the widow. The book is handsomely illustrated by a pen which is familiar to our readers.

The Days of the Year 1889. A London Almanack in the Olde Style. (Unwin Brothers.)

This interesting revival of antiquity reminds us pleasantly of the fact that we were once an agricultural nation, while suggesting

the disagreeable reflection that, as we gradually cease to be such, our national greatness may depart from us *pari passu*. Here the calendar for each month, instead of mere daily records of the dates on which persons distinguished or otherwise quitted this earthly career, also contains hints useful in husbandry. Let us take haphazard the month of May: though Queen Mary escaped from Lochleven Castle on the 2nd, on the 3rd we ought to "sow gorse and flax." On the 6th Napoleon died, but on the 8th "early potatoes should be earthed up." On the 13th the oak flowers, and three days later the common maple; on the 22nd Alexander Pope, poet, breathed his last, and next day you may "transplant cabbages from their seed-beds," and so forth. Poetry is likewise interlaced with dry fact in marginal notes, thus:

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay

And monodies on the vanity of human life are varied with, say, narratives of royal munificence, wherein an English monarch with jovial propensities presents a skilful cook with a dissolved priory in gratitude for a fine pudding. It is full of odd scraps of information, most of it we should think authentic.

*Life Aboard a British Privateer.** By ROBERT C. LESLIE. (London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.)

Another handsome volume adapted for a Christmas present. The narrative is based on quotations from the journal of Captain Woodes Rogers, master mariner, and one of those sea lions who, from the days of Queen Elizabeth downwards, have played so important a part in the formation of our transmarine empire. Sailing from Bristol in August, 1708, with two small frigates under his command, he circumnavigated the globe while privateering for the space of three years. This squadron was gradually augmented by captures, and, having made a great haul of liquor off the Canaries, after touching the Brazilian coast felt equal to facing the bitter colds of Cape Horn: for, provided they had plenty to drink, the crew seemed indifferent to the defective state of their garments. After a gale in these high latitudes, during which the *Dutchess* nearly came to grief, but which brings into high relief the magnificent seamanship of both crews, they made the island of Juan Fernandez, where they discovered Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, who had been put ashore there by his captain four years earlier, owing to some dispute between them. He was, being an excellent seaman, taken on board as mate, and communicated some remarkable facts which go to prove that a man, in favourable conditions, may quickly relapse into a primitive state, and with less inconvenience to himself than many would imagine. The castaway's agility had become so extraordinary, through the natural mode of life which had been forced on him, that he was able to run down and capture

* *Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne.*

the wild goats which swarmed on the island. Again, he had made companions of numbers of cats and tame kids with whom he used to dance, himself accompanying the measure with a song! From Juan Fernandez the privateers followed the track of Sir Francis Drake, along the coast of South America, capturing many prizes and sacking the town of Guayaquil; thence home, by the East Indies and the Cape. From Table Bay they sailed under Dutch convoy, but gave the Channel a wide berth, and so to the Texel by way of the Shetland Islands.

Few Englishmen, and no naval officer, could peruse this little book without being impressed with the indomitable pluck and magnificent seamanship of our mariners in those days. Here we have what may really satisfy a recognized want: a faithful picture of our ancestors, and the qualities which made this country what it is. These were the authors of our modern prosperity, which can only be maintained by the cultivation of the excellencies which achieved it. We strongly recommend the book to sailors, and more especially to the young. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and help us to form a mental picture of what this roving, adventurous life really was. The general get-up is in excellent taste.

1. *The Naval Panorama.* By HENRY PAYNE. (London: Dean & Son.)
2. *The Military Panorama.* By HENRY PAYNE. (London: Dean & Son.)

Those enterprising caterers for the intellectual wants of the rising generation, Messrs. Dean & Son, have certainly in these two publications produced a brilliant pictorial representation in colour of life in the Army and Navy for the benefit of those among their youthful clients who aspire to serve in either. In the former we commence with Jack taking leave with downcast aspect of his sorrowing relatives, sweetheart included, on the quay, while his shipmates look on grinning in the distance; we pass through all the gradations of a voyage till we finally arrive in a steam pinnace to the landing-stage which promises "Home once More."

On glancing at the cover of *The Military Panorama* we are confronted with an artistic sketch of a scout in the picturesque scarlet uniform of the 16th Lancers. It is early morning, and the ruddy glow of sunrise behind him throws both horse and rider into bold relief; nor do the remaining lithographs, which have been executed in Holland, fall appreciably below this sample in merit.

At the Play.

The production of Mr. Gilbert's new play at the St. James's has been the only theatrical event of importance since our last issue, for the opening of the Lyric has not been celebrated by the production of a novelty, and the Christmas pieces will be brought out too late for any notice in this number. "Brantingham Hall," as Mr. Gilbert has named his comedy-drama, has a great deal of good material in it, but cannot be called a good play. The author has provided one very novel and startling situation, where the young widow (as she imagines herself to be) suddenly resolves to deny her marriage, and declared herself an impostor; but it cannot be said that what has been previously seen of Ruth Rodmayne has in any way led up to this situation or rendered the action natural on her part. We own to finding it difficult to believe that the abnormally simple and straightforward girl of the previous acts would have ever conceived such an idea. Besides this striking—but unconvincing—situation, there are two admirably written, and still more admirably acted, scenes between a boy and girl lover, with some of Mr. Gilbert's admirable touches, and there is a slight but fresh and telling sketch of a popular preacher, who has fled to the bush to avoid his lady admirers—and that is all. The Earl's difficulties and character have a flavour of "New Men and Old Acres," while the clergyman's way of breaking the good news of her husband's safety to Ruth is very suggestive of the last act of "Caste."

In his actors, Mr. Gilbert has, on the whole, been very fortunate. Nothing could be better than Mr. Nutcombe Gould's finished rendering of Lord Saxmundham, nor than Miss Norreys and Mr. Duncan Flect as the guileless young radicals, while Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Norman Forbes, and Mr. Rutland Barrington carry out their not very important parts with the spirit of real artists, and as well probably as they could be played. Mr. Lewis Waller improves every time we see him, and gives a capital and unexag-

gerated rendering of the villain Crampton. The minor parts are all in competent hands.

Of Miss Julia Neilson alone we find it impossible to speak with any admiration—except, indeed, of her personal charms, which are no doubt considerable—she had, indeed, a monotonous and lugubrious part to deal with, only relieved by some prettinesses in the first act, and the one strong situation in the third; but that is all the more reason why she should put as much variety as possible into her acting, and it must be confessed that a more uniform tearfulness, and a more affected and drawling “sweetness” has seldom been seen upon the stage. To judge by her really excellent rendering of the few sentences that end the third act, she would do better in a more stirring and sensational part; but, as it is, she seems to copy the affectations of Miss Norrey’s mistaken rendering of “Sweet Lavender” much intensified. The soliloquy in which she seizes and moans over her dead husband’s photograph was more like one of Miss Marie Linden’s burlesques than a bit of serious acting.

The scenery was well done, and the whole get up excellent. The play was preceded by Mr. Thomas’s pleasant little comedietta, “A Patron Saint.”

At the HAYMARKET the 100th night of “Captain Swift” was celebrated on the 8th before a crowded house, the play being as well received as ever. Mr. Tree’s fine rendering of Wilding has improved since his first appearance in the character, and the whole of the excellent cast keeps up its high standard. Some slight alterations have been made in the play mostly for the better, but we own to thinking that the end of the third act, when Wilding’s letter is read, has been weakened rather than strengthened by some excisions that have been made, which include the absence of Lady Staunton from the scene. It is true that she had hardly a word to say; but her presence certainly added to the situation. On this occasion was produced a new opening piece by Mr. A. M. Heathcote, called “The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.,” which deals, as its name implies, with the fashionable shop-keeping which Mr. Du Maurier has so well satirized in *Punch*. The sketch is very slight in plot, but was well received by the audience and admirably played by Miss Rose Leclercq as the trading Duchess, who was well supported by Mr. Brookfield, as her son the Duke, Mr. Allan as an old valetudinarian, and Mr. Harrison and Miss Cudmore as a pair of lovers.

At the GERMAN REED’s the new piece is called “The Bo’sun’s

Mate," and is written by Mr. Walter Browne, who himself acts in it. It has some very pretty music written for it by Mr. A. Caldicott; and Mr. Alfred Reed is specially amusing as the Bo'sun, a part which suits him well. Mr. Corney Grain continues his "John Bull Abroad" to conclude the evening.

The new LYRIC theatre, fitted up with every appliance for safety and comfort, opened in the week before Christmas, but as Mr. Leslie has thought fit to continue the run of "Dorothy" there, with the same company, there is little to say of the well known fare thus provided.

TOOLE'S is now again occupied by its rightful owner; but here also an old favourite, "The Don," reappears, and any coming novelties are postponed.

Of the new pieces that are to appear about Christmas-time we can give no notice this month. These are: "The Silver Falls," by Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt, at the ADELPHI; the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," at DRURY LANE; "Macbeth," at the LYCEUM; Hengler's Circus at COVENT GARDEN; and "Paul Jones" Planquette's comic opera, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Pieces already noticed and still running.

AVENUE.—"Nadgy," comic opera, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Tapley, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mdlle. Vanoni, Miss G. Warwick, &c.; and "Quits."

COMEDY.—"Uncles and Aunts," farcical comedy, Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. W. Draycott, Mr. Lestocq, Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss M. Daly, Miss Scarlett, &c.; and "Fennel."

COURT.—"Mamma," farcical comedy, Mr. Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Filippi, &c.; and "Cox and Box."

CRITERION.—"Betsy," farcical comedy, Mr. W. Blakeley, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. A. Maltby, Mr. A. Boucicault, Mr. G. Giddens, Miss Rose Saker, Miss F. Robertson, Miss Lottie Venne, &c.; and "The Dowager."

GAIETY.—"Faust up to Date," burlesque, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. George Stone, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Fanny Robina, Miss Jenny McNulty, &c.; and "Lot 49."

GLOBE.—"Prince Karl," comedy, Mr. Richard Mansfield, Miss Beatrice Cameron, &c.; and "Editha's Burglar," Mr. Lionel Brough.

HAYMARKET.—"Captain Swift," drama, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr.

Allan, Lady Monckton, Mrs. Bearbohm Tree, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, &c.; and "The Duchess of Bayswater & Co."

JODDRELL.—"The Alderman," farcical comedy, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. Pennington, Mr. Mark Kinghorn, Mr. Royce Carleton, Miss Lingard, Mrs. Edmund Phelps, &c.; and "A White Lie."

OPERA COMIQUE.—"Carina," comic opera, Mr. Durward Lely, Mr. Snazelle, Mr. Ward, Mr. Chas. Collette, Miss Camille d'Arville, Miss Josephine Findlay, Miss Alice Lethbridge, &c.; and "Whitebait at Greenwich."

PRINCESS'S.—"Hands Across the Sea," melodrama, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. Pateman, Mr. Garden, Mr. Abingdon, Mr. Julian Cross, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Webster, &c.; and "A Happy Pair."

ROYALTY.—French plays, under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer.

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c.; and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

SHAFTESBURY.—"The Lady of Lyons," romantic drama, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Matthew Brodie, Miss Wallis, Miss R. Erskine, Mrs. H. Leigh; and "A Husband in Clover."

STRAND.—"Atalanta," burlesque, Mr. W. H. Hawtrey, Mr. Squire, Mr. F. Wyatt, Mr. Dan Leno, Miss M. Linden, Madame Cornelia D'Anka, &c.; and "A Highland Legacy," Mr. Brandon Thomas, &c.

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Reeves Smith, Miss Victor, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Blanche Horlock, &c.

VAUDEVILLE.—"Joseph's Sweetheart," comedy, Mr. Thomas Thorne, Mr. W. Rignold, Mr. F. Thorne, Mr. Maude, Mr. Conway, Miss K. Rorke, Miss G. Homfrey, &c.; and "The Brothers."



Foreign Service Magazines.

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE—ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER. (Paris: 27, Rue de la Bellechasse.) November 18th and 25th, December 2nd and 9th, 1888.

Regimental Infantry Schools—Cadets' Schools in Austria-Hungary—The Russian Army in the Field (*concluded*)—The (French) Chasseurs-à-Pied—The Riverain States along the Niger—The New German Regulations.

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire; Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) November 1888.

Notes on Patrols—Murat, by General Thoumas (*continued*)—The Cavalry in the Manœuvres of the Third (French) Corps (*concluded*)—Notes on Service in the Field (*continued*).

LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE. (Paris: 15, Rue Saint-Benoit.) 15th November, 1888.

The Despatches of Beaugency historically considered—Battery Instruction (*continued*)—Cavalry Manœuvres—A Revolution in Military Tactics—The History of Europe during the French Revolution.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 90, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th November 1888.

The Austro-Hungarian Army Corps of Three Divisions—*Marche d'Instruction* of Russian Artillery—Recent Theories on Fortification (*continued*)—The Military Organization of Bulgaria (*concluded*)—The Regulations of 1st September, 1888, on the Training and Manœuvres of German Infantry (*concluded*)—The English Repeating Rifle—The New Russian Army Corps—The Belgian Law on Military Requisition.

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. Le Yacht. (Paris: 50, Rue Saint Lazare.) November 24th, and December 1st and 8th, 1888.

The Effort necessary to Ensure our (the French) Naval Power—The Submarine Boat *Gymnote*—The German Navy, by E. Weyl.

LA REVUE D'ARTILLERIE. (Paris: Henri Charles, Lavauzelle, 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) November 1888.

Mixed Companies in Africa (*continued*)—A Revolution in Infantry Tactics—The Theories of General Dragomiroff—From Ain-Sufra to Timbuctoo.

INTERNATIONALE REVUE UEBER DIE GESAMMTEN ARMEEEN UND FLOTTEN.
(Rathenow Max Babenzien.) December 1888.

The Nature and Value of the Alliance between Germany and Italy—Considerations on the Infantry Drill Regulations of September, 1888—Napoleon as General (*continued*)—The British Forces in India (*concluded*)—The French Infantry Rifle of 1886—The Cavalry Manœuvres at Chalons during the Present Year—*Le Combat Moderne* (*concluded*)—General Sheridan.

MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-
WESENS. (Vienna: Druck und Commissionsverlag von R.
von Waldheim.) No. XI. 1888.

The Development of the Russian National Defences from 1855 to 1877 (*concluded*) Artificial Methods of Cooling for Quick-Firing Guns—The Maxim Dynamite Gun—Artillery Trials at Ustij-Ischor in 1887.

RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Roma: Fotografia, &c., del
Ministero della Guerra.) October 1888.

The Training and Organization of Batteries of Field Artillery—Ambulance Barracks exhibited at Antwerp in 1885 (*concluded*)—Italian Field Artillery (*continued*)—Engineer Parks—Considerations on the Use of Field Artillery—Krupp's Armour-Plate Trials—The Importance of Smokeless Powder.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Roma: Tipografia del Senato.) November 1888.

The Centenary of Steam Navigation—Cryptography (from the French)—The French Naval Estimates—The French Auxiliary Fleet—The French Ship-building Programme for 1889.

EL EJERCITO ESPAÑOL—PERIODICO DEFENSOR DE LOS INTERESES
MILITARES. (Madrid: Libertad, 23.) Daily. December 1888.

Musketry Instruction in the Various European Armies (2nd December)—The Use of Balloons during the Siege of Paris (5th and 6th December.)

MILITARY MAGAZINE (*Voenno Shornik*). (St. Petersburg.) December, 1888.

"Precedence" (*Mestnitchestvo*); or, the Suppression of Hereditary Rank in the Russian Army up to the Time of Peter I.—The Moral Element in the hands of a Skilful Commander—The Essence of the New German Infantry Regulations—The Manœuvres at Elizavetgrad—The Rapid Method of Laying Rails on the Samar-cand Section of the Transcaspian Railway—An Episode of the Shipka Pass.





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No 2

FEBRUARY 1st, 1889

Vol. I.

A Representative Officer of the Indian Army.

MAJ.-GEN. SIR CHAS. MACGREGOR, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E.*

By CAPTAIN S. PASFIELD OLIVER, LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY.



AT this time, just two years ago, the Anglo-Indian army had to deplore the loss of one of the finest and most representative officers in the service, and as we are enabled from Lady MacGregor's two volumes to gather the whole biography of her late gallant husband, we propose to give a brief sketch of Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, and his almost inestimable services in the cause of India.

* *The Life and Opinions of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., Quartermaster-General in India.* Edited by Lady MacGregor. 2 vols. (W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. 1888.)

Narrative of a Journey through the Province of Khorassan and on the North-West Frontier of Afghanistan in 1875. By Colonel C. M. MacGregor, Bengal Staff Corps. 2 vols. (W. H. Allen & Co., London. 1879.)

Wanderings in Baluchistan. By Major-General Sir C. M. MacGregor, K.C.B., Bengal Staff Corps, Quartermaster-General in India. 1 vol. (W. H. Allen & Co. London. 1882.)

VOL. I.

11

The Mutiny had not commenced when young MacGregor, then a boy of sixteen years, and his elder brother, Edward, got their appointments as ensigns in the old Company's service. At the end of 1856, Charles, after bidding farewell to his brother, whom he was destined never to see again in this world, joined the 57th Native Infantry at Ferozpur, and commenced learning his drill and studying the language.

Both his drilling and his linguistic studies were rudely interrupted by the terrible scenes of 1857. The young officer, after the disbandment of his regiment, and an adventure with the 10th Light Cavalry, when he saved the life of his adjutant's wife, was at length sent to join the army before Delhi, but he only arrived in time to assist in avenging the death of Nicholson during the street fighting which continued some days after the assault of the Kashmir Gate.

With the fall of Delhi, Lieutenant MacGregor's career of fighting commenced, and having been attached for duty to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, he accompanied the column under Colonel Gerard to the south, and was present at the capture of Rewari and Kanauj, after which, on the 16th November, the young subaltern had an opportunity of showing what was in him at the action of Narnul, when Colonel Gerard was killed, and where MacGregor, cutting down one of the rebel gunners, captured, or assisted in capturing, a gun, one out of the eight taken.

Returning to Delhi we next find the youngster with his regiment forming part of the column under Sir Thomas Seaton, which, advancing to Fatehgarh, had to fight *en route* at Gangairi and Patiali. At this last battle, where they killed upwards of eight hundred of the enemy, took thirteen guns, and all their baggage, Charles MacGregor slew two of the rebels in hand-to-hand combat, and shortly afterwards, at Mainpuri, he cut down another of the enemy's sepoy. It was at Fatehgarh that MacGregor first met with Lieutenant Roberts of the Bengal Artillery, who has since become so distinguished, and is now the Commander-in-Chief in India. MacGregor is thus described by Major T. Butler, V.C., his senior officer in the Fusiliers at this period :—

"He was not by any means a genial companion, and we used to consider him of a sulky disposition. At mess he would sometimes sit all dinner-time and not say half-a-dozen words; but the moment there was any chance of fighting, it was extraordinary to see the change in his face and manner. It was a very common thing for one of the fellows to come into the tent and say: 'Look

out, you fellows, we shall be turned out directly, the enemy are coming on,' just to *draw* MacGregor. The effect was magical. He immediately became full of smiles, and talked away merrily. He was the *only* man I ever met on service that I *really believe* loved fighting. He did not know what fear or danger were. My company was the centre one when we entered the Yellow House at Lucknow. MacGregor rushed on ahead of the men, and though I shouted to him to keep back with the men, as the place was full of the enemy, he would not stop. A sepoy stepped out and fired his musket right in his face; luckily it only blew his cap off, and blackened his face. MacGregor killed the sepoy, and turned round to me with a blackened face beaming with satisfaction."

MacGregor served with the army under Lord Clyde throughout the siege and capture of Lucknow, after the taking of the Yellow House, and had several desperate personal encounters, one or two of which are related by the young hero in his letters written a few days afterwards.

We next find Charles MacGregor, still with the Fusiliers, proceeding with Sir Hope Grant's column in Oudh. This force marching towards Sitapur, on the 13th April, 1858, engaged the Mulvi's force near Bari, and a spirited encounter took place. Among the incidents of the fight was a determined onslaught made by the rebel cavalry under the Mulvi himself on the baggage, but the well directed volleys of the European Fusiliers under MacGregor, who had been placed by Sir Hope to cover the right flank of his force, repulsed the fanatical sowers, inflicting great loss.

The column next proceeded *via* Balerce and Burassie to Malihabad and Belhir in search of the rebels, who eluded pursuit. The force subsequently marched for Ramnagar to look after the Begum of Lucknow, but in vain, and then destroyed the palace of the Rajah of Nawabganj. Throughout May, MacGregor accompanied a movable column to Bunnee, Poorwah, and the neighbourhood, destroying forts in the jungle, continually fighting and keeping the enemy perpetually on the move. Most harassing and distressing work during the hot weather.

In June the scattered forces of the Begum had again rallied and held a position near Nawabganj, where Sir Hope Grant, after a night march, attacked them with his division. The ground was hotly contested for three hours before the position held by the rebels was taken by the British troops.

In August young MacGregor was appointed to the command of a squadron of Hodson's Horse, and was engaged on several recon-

naissances in the vicinity of Fyzabad. On one occasion he commanded, besides the above squadron, the Kapurthala contingent (consisting of a squadron of cavalry, four guns, and two regiments of infantry) in the immediate presence of the enemy, 3,000 strong, at Bamun Ghat.

On the 18th September Colonel Hume attacked the rebels when Lieutenant MacGregor led seventy sabres of Hodson's Horse across the Kali Nuddy, an unfordable river, under a heavy musketry and artillery fire. This was near Daryabad, and when MacGregor, reaching the other side, found that the rebels were ensconced in rifle pits, and that he was totally unsupported by infantry, and left to his own resources, he was obliged to act with decision. Making a wide *detour* therefore, he threatened the flank and rear of the pits, causing the enemy to abandon their cover, and as soon as they were in the open he charged down on their vastly superior forces with his squadron. He himself dashed foremost into the midst of the enemy, and was followed by his Sikhs in the most determined manner: the rebels awaited the onslaught, so that MacGregor was cut and slashed in many places, and one severe sword cut severed the calf of his right leg, indenting the bone. Out of his squadron twelve men and ten horses were killed and wounded, but they rode over the enemy, and, reforming, would have charged again had the enemy awaited them; but the rebels had had enough, and took to flight, being considerably cut up. MacGregor's charger had half a score of wounds and was obliged to be destroyed.

This gallantry in the field by their boyish commander, just nineteen years old, thoroughly won the hearts of the Pathans and Panjabi horsemen, who would after this follow MacGregor anywhere. Their chief, they observed, disdained to use chain armour "*fixings*," which many other European officers of Irregular Horse were not above making use of. With a good horse and appointments, and with a sword superior to the tulwars possessed by the Oudh rebels, the chivalrous Highlander thought he ought not to meet the enemy in any way but on equal terms with his followers.

Space will not admit, within the limits of an article, to describe all the actions, skirmishes, raids, and ambushes through which MacGregor went always with dash, and with the intention of gaining, if possible, the Victoria Cross, ever in his mind. Amongst many minor affairs, he was among the first at the crossing of the Gogra river by Sir Hope Grant's force at Wazirganj, Muchhigaon, and Bankasia, on the north of that river, and always in the saddle

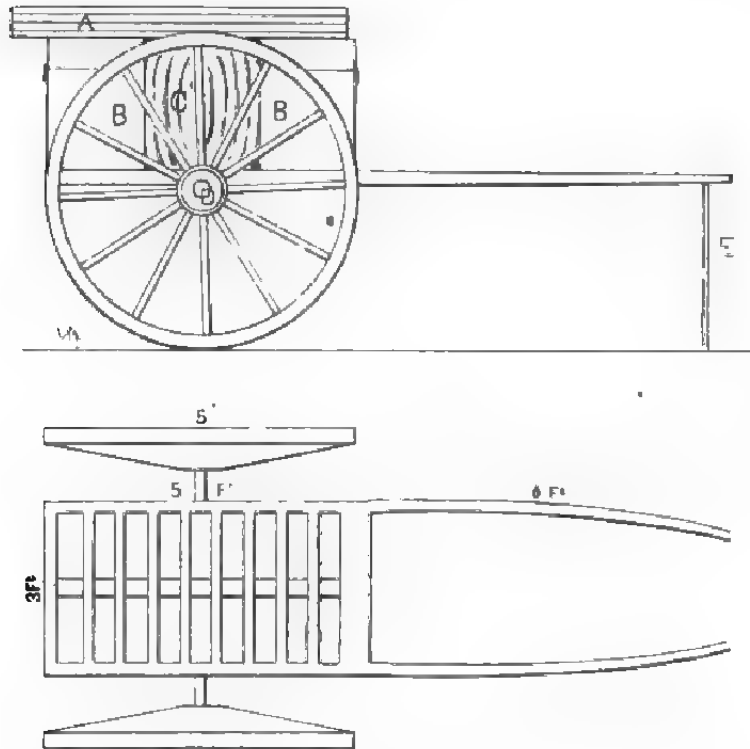
reconnoitering and gaining intelligence of the movements of the enemy.

Later on he took an active share in the operations across the Rapti, and was daily engaged under Sir Alfred Horsford, leading the advanced pioneering party of twenty-five sabres in the van of the advancing force. At Jarwa Ghat this extraordinary and ambitious youth, when proceeding to the relief of the 1st Sikh Infantry, which corps had been cut off by a large force of rebels, three separate times charged into the thick of the enemy, killed four sepoys out of several whom he engaged in single combat with, and although able to protect himself from wounds—for he was now a good swordsman—he had his horse severely wounded under him by a bayonet thrust. This occurred in March, 1859, and the following month Lieutenant MacGregor marched with 120 sabres to Talsipur. *En route* he came on a force of some 2,000 rebels plundering Maharajganj, and drove them off into the jungle. Here he got another wound, being hit by a bullet in the thigh. Shortly after this, Brigadier Holdich, who commanded all the troops on the trans-Rapti Frontier, placed MacGregor in command of an outpost of a squadron and 100 bayonets; when the youthful commander took advantage of his independent command to carry on several successful operations “on his own hook.” During the course of these events he captured various rebels of note, and especially took and slew Murad Baksh, the subahdar of the battery of artillery who had opened fire on the English women in the boats at Cawnpore two years previously. Thus during his three first years in the army Lieutenant MacGregor had seen more fighting than many officers of high standing, and he was first appointed acting Adjutant, and, soon after, second in Command of the 2nd Regiment of Hodson’s Horse.

His field service had barely come to an end in Oudh when the expedition to China was formed, and without hesitation MacGregor threw up his capital appointment as second in command to join Fane’s Horse, then being raised, as a junior lieutenant. He induced 170 men, native officers, non commissioned officers, and sowars to volunteer for the same service, all good and gallant fellows who had followed their leader in many a hard-fought field.

Now MacGregor distinguished himself at Sinho during the combined advance of the allies on the Chinese intrenched camp is a tradition in the annals of the Indian Army. Major-General Stirling, as gallant a gunner as ever lived, now in charge of the artillery of the southern district, was then a captain, and his guns

were suddenly attacked by a horde of Tartar cavalry. MacGregor, fortunately, with twenty-five Sikh horse, was on the spot as escort, and, delighted at the opportunity of meeting with the Chinese cavalry, gave the word to charge, and went at them with a will. MacGregor showed the way, as his men had ever been accustomed



SKETCH BY CHARLES MACGREGOR OF A LIGHT CART FOR TOPOGRAPHICAL DEPARTMENT.
TO BE DRAWN BY ONE HORSE OR PONY.

In above design the shafts were intended to form a platform for the drawing tables packed on top A; B B are instrument and office boxes; C, awning, packed; D, on nave of wheel, dial for measuring distances, *rotameter*; E, support for shafts. The awning serves for a tent over all. There is no date on drawing, it is probably 1868.

to see him do, and with his spear, singling out his opponent, hurled him to the ground, but whilst disentangling his spear from the body he was attacked simultaneously by two other Tartars. One cut him over the head with his sword, but fortunately did not get through his thick turban or *pugri*, but the other deliberately took a pot shot at him from his matchlock within so close a distance that

MacGregor's face was burnt by the discharge. MacGregor ducked his head on one side just in time to avoid instant death, but got several slugs and bullets in the side of his face and shoulder. His horse was at the same time shot under him. Meantime the Sikhs had followed MacGregor's lead so determinedly that the Tartars turned and fled, being pursued and cut down or speared in numbers by their pursuers. The Chinese cavalry never again dared to face the Sikhs in the field. MacGregor was hardly expected to live, but his pluck and fierce determination carried him through, so that, by the time the army had got to Tungchow, MacGregor, with his wounds but partially healed, emancipated himself from the doctor's hands, and rode fifty or more miles to come up in time for the fighting which was renewed for a brief time, when he was specially recommended for gallantry by Sir Hope Grant. There occurred now one of those untoward incidents by which brave officers and men have so often suffered unmerited obloquy. It is a most unhappy circumstance to rake up, but in justice to the fair fame of Sir Charles Macgregor it ought not to rest where it does at present. Lady MacGregor, in her Memoir, merely gives an extract from a letter which alludes to the affair which took place near Peking as *a row with Fane*, and we can quite understand how averse her ladyship must have been to publish anything which could reflect on the conduct (it might almost be said the *honour*) of the then commandant of Fane's Horse. More especially as Colonel Fane is dead, the old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* has been held in mind; but the facts ought to be known, and as two, at least, of Sir Charles MacGregor's contemporaries have lately discussed the matter, and, on comparing their recollections of the transaction, have found them agree in a remarkable manner, the facts, as now told by them, may be taken as correct in the main.

The question arose, why did not MacGregor gain the Victoria Cross for his gallantry at Sinho. The answer may be gathered from the following story, and we venture to hope that it may be inserted in some future edition of Sir Charles MacGregor's life. We premise that it is given in the actual words of an Indian officer of high standing written on the 23rd October last.

"A Sikh non-commissioned officer of Fane's Horse (now the 19th Bengal Lancers), whom MacGregor had brought with him as a volunteer from Hodson's Horse (now 10th Bengal Lancers), was accused by a subaltern officer attached to Fane's regiment of having been insolent to him. Fane at once ordered the non-commissioned officer to be flogged, and on MacGregor remonstrating, and

representing that the interpreter must certainly have misunderstood the words of the Sikh from ignorance of the Panjabi dialect (or other causes), he was told to hold his tongue or he would be placed in arrest. The man was flogged; but, as he was being tied up to the triangles, MacGregor rode up to him and said: "Never mind, Nihal Singh (that seems to have been his name), keep up your heart, I shall always be your friend. Take your punishment like a brave Sikh." The man had the order of merit for distinguished valour on, won in the mutiny campaign, and had been under MacGregor on many a hard-fought field. For this MacGregor was placed in arrest. Sir Hope Grant, on the matter being referred to him, ordered MacGregor to express his contrition for the step (undoubtedly an act of grave insubordination), which he had taken, in vain. Fane was undoubtedly in the wrong, and an inquiry would doubtless have elicited that much. MacGregor was again and again recommended to express regret, and as often declined to do so. At last, after being some time in arrest, he was released and informed that his recommendation for the Victoria Cross for gallantry at the action of Sinho had been kept back, and would not be forwarded by Sir Hope Grant."

No wonder that MacGregor left Fane's Horse and China disgusted and disappointed. He had set his heart on obtaining the Cross as some recognition of his gallantry, and experienced a revulsion of feeling at the ingratitude and injustice he had encountered.

Returning to India, MacGregor was posted to do duty with the recruit depot at Barrackpur until the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Rose, aroused by the eulogy pronounced by Lord Herbert in the House of Lords on Lieutenant MacGregor's bravery at Sinho, appointed him second in command of the 2nd Regiment of Hodson's Horse.

For three years Lieutenant MacGregor served in the Irregular Cavalry, devoting himself to the practical duties of his branch of the service, and keeping himself in training with athletic exercises and horsemanship. With sword or spear he could contend successfully with any two of the "ghorcharas" in the Irregular Cavalry; and he was, in fact, an expert "Kartoubi" (rough-rider).

"Numerous," writes Colonel Bell, "are the unanimous opinions given of Lieutenant MacGregor as a spirited leader of cavalry, as one whose gallantry was ever conspicuous, and whose zeal and energy never flagged in quarters or in the routine of cantonment life. . . . He passed in the Cavalry Riding School, passed P.H. examination; passed in telegraphy and signalling, qualified in

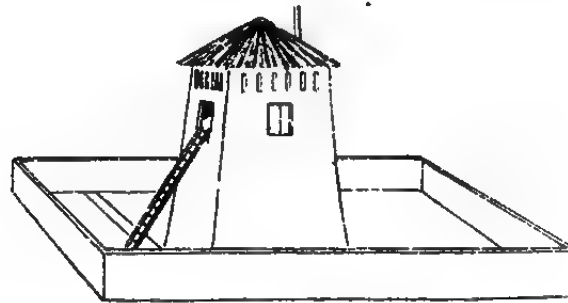
military drawing and surveying, qualified in topography, and contributed several valuable reports and papers."*

At the end of 1864 MacGregor, still a subaltern, was appointed Brigade-Major to the western column of the Bhutan Field Force, and advanced with the van through the difficult mountain passes to the attack and capture of Dalingkot, one of the Bhutanese strongholds. During the assault he was severely wounded, a bullet through his helmet carrying off a portion of his scalp. But this did not prevent him again pressing amongst the foremost at the recapture of Bala stockade early in the following year, and getting wounded, for the sixth time, with a ball through his left hand, smashing one of the bones and injuring the limb for life. During the toilsome progress of these Bhutan campaigns MacGregor was several times mentioned in despatches, and latterly, after entering the Quartermaster-General's department, he conducted a hazardous reconnaissance between Datina in the Dwaras and Chirang situated in the heart of the mountain recesses of Bhutan, for which he obtained some little kudos. Lieutenant MacGregor's military report of Bhutan exhibited the author's particular *specialité* for reconnoitring duties, and his aptitude for surveying and assimilating military information foreshadowed the distinction he was ultimately to gain in this branch of his profession. After serving and working hard on the north-eastern frontier however, the exposure and fatigue told upon his naturally robust constitution so that after ten years' laborious duty he was granted leave on medical certificate to recruit in England.

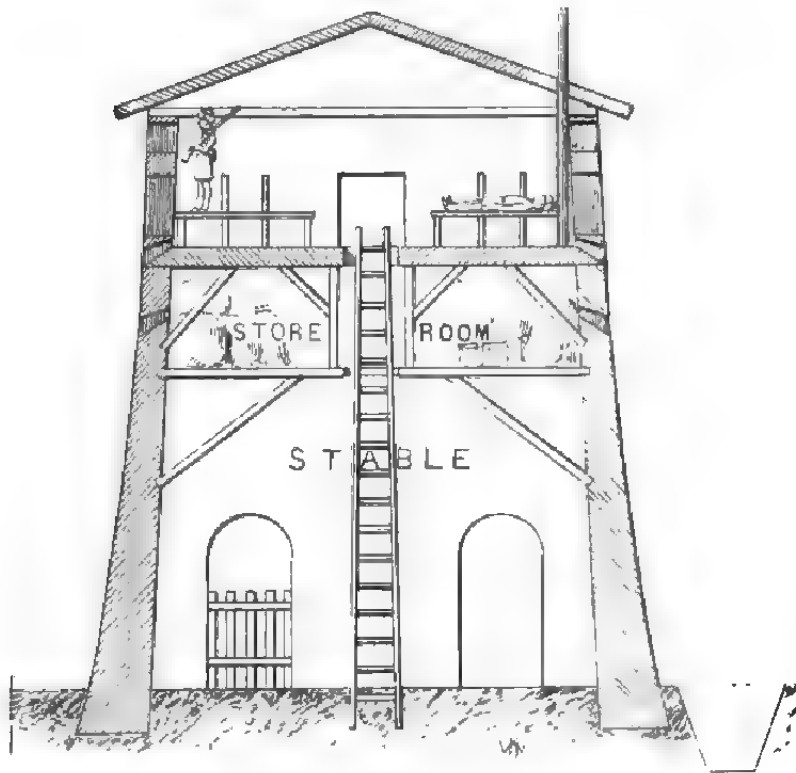
At the end of 1867 Sir Robert (now Lord) Napier was selected to conduct the expedition into East Africa for the release of the prisoners held by Theodore, the Negus of Abyssinia. MacGregor instantly threw up the balance of his leave of absence (most of which by the way he had spent in Paris, learning French and studying French army tactics and economy), and joining General Napier at Zulla, was appointed to a conspicuous position in the advanced reconnoitring staff, with which he headed the way to Magdala. He volunteered to lead a small body of picked men and make a dash for the prisoners when it was surmised that Theodore might carry them with him further into the Galla country, where no European troops could follow.

After this campaign was finished, when the expedition was leaving Annesley Bay, MacGregor, personally and single-handed,

* A short biography of the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, by Colonel M. S. Ball, V.C., R.E. (Simla, 1888.)

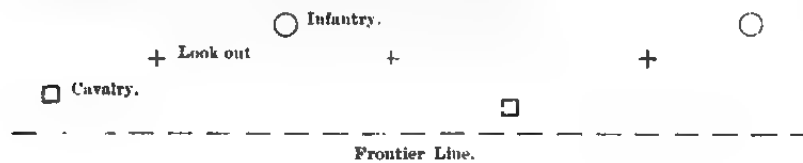


INFANTRY POST.



CAVALRY PORT.

The above sketches were designed by Lieut-Colonel MacGregor for a scheme of Frontier defence, about 1869. On the back of one is scribbled the rough trace of an ideal boundary in a plain, presumably trans-Indus, thus:—



managed the embarkation of the then remaining forces. As this piece of work has also not been mentioned in Lady MacGregor's book, it may be worth while to record the numbers which he, the sole staff officer present, embarked on this occasion -viz., 80 officers, 226 European rank and file, 1,835 Native troops, 7,468 Native followers, 353 horses, 287 mules, 54 civilians.

No sooner had MacGregor obtained the rank of captain than he also obtained, in 1868, a brevet majority for his Bhutan services, and in 1869 his lieutenant-colonelcy for Abyssinia. He was now enabled to marry a daughter of Sir Henry Durand, and, having been appointed to compile a Gazetteer of the North-West Frontier and the neighbouring countries, passed his honeymoon in collecting materials for the great work.

This voluminous work was intended to comprehend all necessary military information of the countries lying between India and Russia, an arduous task, and, as Colonel Bell says, a thankless one. Sir Peter Lumsden, then Quartermaster-General, wrote to him—

"I know very well the heavy task before you, and how energetically you are taking it in hand, but others do not appreciate the use or necessity of such requirements until they are actually flooded for want of them, and I see nothing for it but to go on steadily without referring to them."

The obstruction Lieut.-Colonel MacGregor met with from the political officers during the compilation of his Gazetteer is almost inconceivable to those who know not the school of official superciliousness which prevailed (perhaps prevails) in a certain "ring" of Foreign Department "*duffers*."

Lieut.-Colonel MacGregor was assisted by Major (now Colonel) Bates, Captain (now Sir William) Lockhart, Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Trotter, Captain Collett and Lieutenant E. L. Maisey, B.S.C., and when the work was completed in seven parts, it included Gazetteers of (1) North-West Frontier and Central Asia; (2) Afghanistan; (3) Baluchistan; (4) Persia; (5) Asiatic Turkey and Caucasia; (6) Khiva, Bokhara and Khokand; (7) Kashmir and Ladak.

In May, 1873, whilst still occupied in completing the printing of the great Gazetteer, Lieut.-Colonel MacGregor was nearly broken-hearted by the death of his wife, to whom he was romantically attached. In his little daughter "Viva," born in 1872, all the bereaved father's affections were bound up, and his frequent allusions to his little girl evince the depth of his feeling and his

constant thought of her welfare. In one of his last letters he confided her to Lady MacGregor, who has dedicated his memoir to the young lady.

During the following year the works for the relief of the threatened famine in Tirhut (North Behar) were established under Sir Richard Temple, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Bengal Province. Colonel MacGregor was appointed Director of Transport, and, as Sir Richard wrote, "showed many of the qualities which go to make up the character of an administrator; intelligence in mastering the facts, skill in adapting means to the ends in view, aptitude in raising resources against difficulties, power of combining and concentrating efforts from various quarters on particular objects, and persistence in carrying measures to their termination."

We next find the indefatigable Colonel employed on the special Ordnance Commission, when his powers of organization were fully utilized, and when this was finished we read of his asking the Foreign Department for some work, "however dangerous," in order that he might not be idle. Mr. Aitcheson, following the precedents of his office, threw cold water on MacGregor's schemes, which, however, met with a ready support from General Roberts, who requested new routes in Central Asia as always desirable. Information, including such military details as Colonel MacGregor knew how to note of the region between India and Russia, the possible battle-field of the not distant future, was invaluable to a general, although looked upon as useless and valueless by Mr. Aitcheson, who seems to have used whatever influence he had in a direction hostile to MacGregor's freedom of action.

We all know the results of the Colonel's tiresome and thankless ride through Khorassan, how he attempted to approach Herat, and was treated as a Russian spy. Not only was he disavowed by the Foreign Department authorities at Calcutta, but actually was afterwards "sat upon" by the authorities at home (at the instance of Mr. Aitcheson's clique) until Lord Salisbury had the good sense to look into the matter, when the tables were speedily turned. Lord Salisbury being a statesman, and not a petty official, took the broad, common-sense view of MacGregor's undertakings and aspirations. Colonel MacGregor was invited to give Lord Salisbury a full explanation, and his lordship, then the Secretary of State at the India Office, fully appreciated the views of the Indian staff officer, warmly espoused his cause, and encouraged him to make further explorations in Central Asia with certain definite objects in view.

One of Colonel MacGregor's drawings was curiously misrepresented in the published lithograph accompanying his journal, so the opportunity is here taken of correcting this error, which can be rectified by a few pen strokes, for the draughtsman metamorphosed the Colonel's towers into trees.

A. Showing the Towers transformed into Trees.



JAH JURM FROM THE EAST.

View as published in *Journey through Khorassan*, Vol II. 1879

B. - Showing Toorkman Towers.



JAH JURM FROM THE EAST.

Original Sketch by Colonel MacGregor, 20th August, 1875.

Accordingly, in 1876, accompanied by Captain Lockwood, and well supplied with cash from the secret service funds, Colonel MacGregor found himself, empowered and backed by the highest official authority, again traversing the wilds of Asia Minor, Armenia, and Persia, on his way back to India. Of his journey through Baluchistan, we have all read the record published some years afterwards. Sir Frederick Roberts attributes the seeds of the disease that ultimately carried off MacGregor to the privations endured during this journey, to the effects of which Captain Lockwood succumbed shortly afterwards.

At last the Afghan War broke out, and, after acting as road commandant on the Khaibar communications, he became Chief of the Staff to Sir Samuel Browne, until the conclusion of the treaty with Yakub Khan at Gandamak in 1879. On the reopening of hostilities by the Kabal massacre Colonel MacGregor was appointed, at Sir Frederick Roberts' special request, to be Chief of the Staff to the Northern Afghanistan Field Force.

How ably MacGregor assisted General Roberts in the advance on Kabal, across the Shutargardan and at Charasia, is a matter of history. "It was fortunate for me," said Sir Frederick, "that I had such a tried soldier with me in that time of difficulty and danger."

When the guns of Smijth Windham's battery were abandoned outside Kabal, MacGregor, with a small party of volunteers, composed of staff officers, civilians (one of these last his brother-in-law, the present distinguished Foreign Department Secretary, Mr. M. Durand), and a few gunners and lancers* recaptured the guns, and sending to Sherpur for their teams, took them back to cantonments.

One capital story has been sent to Lady MacGregor by a distinguished officer of an incident during the attack on Sherpur by the fanatical Ghazis, under the Mulla of Ghazni. "When we were shut up in Sherpur the defence of the head-quarter gateway had been given to a certain senior officer, who, between ourselves, was a bit nervous. When his defences were prepared, he went to Colonel MacGregor, and said, 'Now I have done the best I can; but what shall I do if the enemy force their way into the gate in

* It is reported that some of the Queen's Royal Lancers have taken umbrage at the rather curt, hasty jotting in MacGregor's diary, relating the incidents of the cavalry action at Baghwana on this occasion. When the authorities publish Sir Charles MacGregor's more detailed account it will be seen that he has given the 9th Lancers their full share of credit during this trying day.—S. P. O.

overwhelming numbers, as I have no reserve to fall back upon? . . . 'Turn 'em out!' gruffly remarked the Chief of the Staff. 'Yes, of course,' said — ; 'but if they are too strong for us?' 'Turn them out!' roared MacGregor, 'that's what you're there for!' and no other answer would he give him, as, of course, it was the first thing he would have done himself in a similar case. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man."

Lady MacGregor has necessarily been obliged to edit very severely the private diary of the second Afghan campaign. She says in her preface: "From his position as Chief of the Staff to more than one general, his facilities were unusually favourable, not only for observing minutely the direction and progress of the military operations during the war from the beginning to the end, but also for noting the characters and abilities of officers of all ranks who came within his observation; and he made the fullest use of his opportunities. Having attained the rank of major-general, and therefore expectant of obtaining an important command, he, not unnaturally, took careful note of the capabilities, special aptitudes and characteristics of all with whom he came in contact, so that he should know on whom he could thoroughly depend in the critical moment when the emergency should arise. It is almost needless to add that any passing remarks which could cause the least annoyance to anyone have been altogether omitted, and much personal and confidential matter has, of necessity, been suppressed." Nevertheless, by reading between the lines, the astute observer has no great difficulty in filling up the blanks which here and there are substituted for names, and drawing obvious conclusions therefrom.

The Mari expedition, which followed the battle of the Argandab outside Kandahar, is evidently taken from the official papers, and is, perhaps, drier reading than the more personal remarks in the private journal.

After the peace, Sir Charles MacGregor, who had now gained his K.C.B., was appointed quartermaster-general in India, and a more distinguished officer never filled the post. It was admirably remarked of him, subsequently, by a general whose name is not mentioned (but whom we can venture to imagine must have been Sir Edward Hamley?), that Sir Charles "cast a halo over the post of quartermaster-general in India, and brought the status of the holder to a pitch never attained by any predecessor." There is no doubt that a certain few of his colleagues and disciples swore by him, and were animated by a large portion of his zeal and energy,

which he knew so well how to infuse in his comrades by his unselfish spirit and personal magnetism.

Colonel Bates, Sir William Lockhart, Grierson, of the gunners, and a host of other select good fellows, could pin their faith on Charles MacGregor. But, if we mistake not, his mantle has chiefly fallen on Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., of Ashanti fame, a man after MacGregor's own heart. He has followed up MacGregor's initiative in perfecting the Intelligence branch, which, like Brackenbury's institution at home, is quite up to Continental mark, whatever pessimists may say to the contrary.

All India was awakened in 1884 by the alarm gun fired by means of Sir Charles MacGregor's celebrated *brochure* entitled the *Defence of India*. The leading men and workers who really had the good of their country at heart were all co-operating with MacGregor in the preparation of the book. It represented the careful thoughts of a set of earnest men who were truly concerned at the dangerous policy which prevailed in high places of ignoring wilfully the danger in which our Indian Empire stood, especially with regard to Russian intrigues and Central Asian politics.

The number of such earnest souls was limited. Sir Charles wrote that he could count them on the fingers of his hands, perhaps half-a-dozen at utmost.

But Sir Charles, after all, was the only one even of these who dared to publish (not publicly broadcast, but widely although confidentially), for the information of the Government at home as well as in India, for statesmen and influential publicists, for members on the front seats in Parliament, and our best commanders, the true facts of what was deficient, and what was wanting to be done for the safety of Hindustan, for the security of the small percentage of Europeans throughout India. He risked the loss of his appointment, if not of his commission. Certain editors were shown this publication with the proviso, as we are told, that no extracts should be printed, as the work was "confidential," but of course it was desired that these editors should inspire articles with the spirit of the urgency for a real defence of India, to arouse some public feeling on the subject.

Some editors, notably a late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and another editor of a military paper, not named in the book, but whom we can all guess at, with perhaps others, published long extracts from the work itself as avowed quotations. This was nearly fatal to Sir Charles's career in the army. Although the numbers of a preliminary issue had been shown to the Com-

maunder-in-Chief, then Sir Donald Stewart, to Lord Ripon, the Governor-General, the Governors of Bombay and Madras, and the Commanders-in-Chief of these Presidencies, no hint was given to Sir Charles that the "confidential" issue of the work would be displeasing to Government, i.e. the Supreme Government at Calcutta at all events. There is little doubt that its existence and contemplated distribution must have been known in Whitehall; if it was not all the more blame attaches to those in power who should have pressed the information on the notice of the India Office at home.

Anyhow, it was not until the appearance of the extracts in the London papers that the resentment of the Liberal Cabinet blazed out. For (we are told) the *St. James's Gazette*, being an anti-Government journal, the Secretary of State, Lord Kimberley, took, or was desired to take, umbrage and telegraphed to Lord Ripon to demand explanations. *Hinc ille lacrymæ*. This miserable story is partly told by Lady MacGregor in a very temperate spirit. A "wiggling" seems to have been administered, and doubtless more summary punishment, not justice, would have been meted out had the party in power dared to exert their authority. Fortunately, the new Viceroy was a true and good man, and the events that were in progress on his arrival, which were speedily followed by the Panjdeh incident on the frontier, caused him to appreciate MacGregor's precautions, and MacGregor's plans for the defence of India were in a great measure either carried out, or placed *en train* towards completion, by the Secretary of State who succeeded Lord Kimberley, viz., Lord Randolph Churchill.

When war was imminent, the Quartermaster-General was laid up by a contusion on the wounded leg from which he had long suffered, but although crippled he stuck to his work (for no bodily pain ever made him give in whilst strength lasted), and had hostilities eventuated he was prepared to take the command of a division, the leading one, which would doubtless have been offered to him. He dearly wished to lead his men into Herat if not beyond, for, as he ever insisted, he could not believe in any really permanent peace in Asia until Russia was driven beyond the Caucasus.

At length, the five years of office being completed, General MacGregor hoped to reap the reward of his exceptional services, and applied to have his local rank as Major-General confirmed or continued, the least reward the Military Department could offer in recognition of his merits.

Here (we are told) jealousy stopped the way. It certainly appears that officers junior to MacGregor obtained their promotion to the rank of Major-General over his head, under a certain paragraph of the regulations which was held *not* to apply to officers on the Indian List. MacGregor's case was one of all others where the War Office authorities had a brilliant opportunity of exhibiting their superiority to red-tape and of reading the clause in its broadest and most comprehensive sense.

It suited certain people to explain the clause in its most illiberal interpretation.* The dread of setting a precedent by a generous decision could only be expected of such a Military Department, of such a War Office (*December, 1885*): and, still worse for MacGregor, his own Adjutant-General in India refused to back up his former colleague's claim, his just claim for reward of his services by promotion. No, it was not to be. Colonel MacGregor was appointed as a Brigadier-General to the command of the Panjab Frontier Force; but the slighting of his request for a Major-General's rank and a Major-General's command rankled within his breast, and undoubtedly caused him intense and lasting chagrin.

"No man," he wrote, "can say that I have ever shown a clutching after higher emoluments or the empty swagger of a title. What I have striven for is higher opportunities for usefulness to the Government, and what I do feel acutely is that in a few months I may have to acknowledge that my services for twenty years—services which have been as unstinted as they have been highly acknowledged—should not have brought me a single step in rank."

"Shortly before his death," said Lord Dufferin, "I had the satisfaction of conferring on him the command of the Panjab Frontier Force; and as we gaze on this admirable likeness, I can safely ask, Where could you find a better type of a gallant Lord Warden of the Marches?"

The last few pages of Lady MacGregor's book are melancholy reading. The health of the formerly strong man had broken down. His mind and body had been constantly working at high pressure too long without intermission, for when leave of absence, seldom taken advantage of, permitted a slight relaxation from labour, his

* The *Times* of December 28th, 1888, writes:—"Doubtless, as we remarked, much that he (MacGregor) wrote has been suppressed, yet we wish we had space to go into details as to what he does say as to the shortcomings of the Indian military system; as to the servile adherence to routine, and the culpable remissness of men responsible for the safety of the Empire. He was far too outspoken to please the Indian authorities."

unresting spirit never allowed him to thoroughly forget the business of life.

The great Wellington used to say that he had spent his military life in trying to divine what was taking place behind the ranges of hills which bounded his view. So it was with Sir Charles. Lady MacGregor tells us that "he was never happy (during his trips into the Himalayas) until he had ascended the highest practicable peaks in the district, for the purpose of obtaining the most extensive panoramas of the surrounding country. His pastimes were subservient to reconnaissance, for the purposes of military information, and he never looked across a valley without noting its capabilities for a position, or surveyed a fruitful plain without estimating the amount of supplies and forage which was obtainable from such a source. In fact, during his utmost relaxation from effort, his brain and mind were ever on military duty." No wonder we learn that fatigue and exposure to climatic effects at length began to tell on his hitherto iron constitution.

At last, in 1886, the doctors insisted on putting a stop to his work, and he allowed himself to be laid up. Bright's disease was developed, and he was given to understand there was no hope. In his farewell order to his men, he said that the leading idea of his life had been to endeavour to instil into every one of them, from sepoy to commandant, the incontrovertible fact that peace is the time to prepare for war, and that all should, by constant practice in such measures as came within their competence, unceasingly endeavour to improve themselves.

To the last he was most anxious about his promotion to the rank of Major-General, to which he became entitled by seniority on the 22nd January, 1887. But the brave Highlander died before the *Gazette* had gladdened his eyes. He was denied this last pleasure. At Cairo, on the 5th February last year, Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor breathed his last in the presence of his wife, who has raised the best monument to her gallant husband by giving his story to the world in his own words. His actions speak for themselves, and his influence will be felt for many years to come throughout the Empire of India.



New Guinea. Some Unscientific Notes.

By LIEUT. W. O. STORY, H.M.S. "Opal."



ON the 4th of September last the sovereignty of England over New Guinea was formally proclaimed. "Another jewel has been set in the British Crown," another infant colony adopted, for which our political prophets may, if it please them, draw hopeful horoscopes. One thing is certain, there is gold in New Guinea.

We in the *Opal*, while waiting orders to embark the High Commissioner and assist in the ceremony, have cruised for some three months among the islands that thickly dot the ocean north-east of the Australian coast. We steamed away from Cookstown on Monday the 21st of May. The day was heavenly, the sea without a ripple, and at night the stars were intensely brilliant, overhead the two centaurs pointed to the beautiful Southern Cross, while far away above the northern horizon the dear old Bear was doing sentry-go over old England.

We touched first at Santa Cruz, where about fifty canoes came off: the natives were a bit shy at first, but soon made friends, and a lively trade began in bows and arrows, and various curios, which were bartered for pipes, tobacco, beads, &c., the filthy lucre of civilization being unknown here. The natives of this group are lighter in colour and smaller than Fijians and Tongans. After the bright handsome faces of the Tongans and their graceful manners the natives of the New Guinea groups seem terribly repulsive. Their faces wear a look of treachery and low cunning, they suffer from frightful skin diseases, and, to add to the ugliness with which nature has so liberally endowed them, they disfigure nose and ears with huge rings. If our fair ones could only see the effect of ear-rings in *extremis* I am sure they would never wear them again.

For their dress, it is *à la mode de* Eden-before-the-Fall. Here the married ladies are distinguished by a bit of string tied round their waists. On the mainland of New Guinea the fashion has progressed to that of the Post-fall period; a skirt of leaves or



SOMRI, OR DINNER ISLAND.

hanging grass, of which more presently. Here the men carry a kind of knapsack made of *mat*, and stow the miscellaneous rubbish of their worldly goods in it. The heat is awful, and just now everything has to be shut up on account of the rain. There is one white man on the island, a Church of England missionary, who has courage to face the fever that hides in the beautiful and marvellously luxuriant vegetation.

The canoes are the usual dug-out sort with one outrigger; at the island of Santa Anna we saw some very beautiful models with no



A NEW GUINEA CANOE

outrigger. Three or four men can sit in them, having just room for their legs. They have also catamarans of thin planks joined together.

At Santa Anna the natives are very friendly to Europeans; they have not been cannibals for years, though some of this group (Solomon Islands) are among the worst in the South Seas. A labour ship came in while we were there; the vessels are away about five months collecting boys to work the sugar plantations in Fiji and Queensland, each of whom must eventually be returned to

his own island. The Government regulations are very strict, and sometimes, when there is competition, English ships are much handicapped by not being allowed to give muskets to the families of the boys.

By the 5th of June we reached Florida Island. Here a missionary is established, and we found a school-house and prayer-books in the native language, also a comparatively clean village. The ladies here wear short skirts, something like a ballet dancer's. When we appeared they disappeared, looking with their flying skirts like so many ostriches as they whisked into the bush. That wonderful bush! it is impossible to describe it without using up all the superlatives in the language. Imagine massive trees covered with ferns and parasites, each a perfect garden in itself, graceful palms, tree ferns, varied by crotons, coleuses, Judas trees, hibiscus, and, above all, orchids, in the shade of which flash gorgeous parrots, lovely plumaged pigeons, and the exquisite little bird of paradise. The parrots scream, the pigeons boom heavily, beetles everlastingly buzz, and the most beautiful butterflies imaginable come *sauntering* along, not fluttering in a hurry like their cousins in England. Naturally! it is much too hot to be in a hurry. The climate of your hottest conservatories is a feeble imitation of this. When we go shooting we take natives to retrieve our game; it is wonderful how they do it, for we hopelessly lose any fallen bird, and often when we hear their boom all round us can hardly get a shot through the immense thickness of the vegetation.

Man is tolerably vile. They are devil worshippers, and propitiate the formidable evil, leaving the good to look after itself. In the centre of the villages is always the Tabu house. Here chiefs are buried and drums kept, no woman ever admitted. On the props of the one here was an advertisement of Old Judge tobacco, of which they seemed immensely proud. I wished for a good puff of Pears' soap to stick up alongside. The natives' own houses are fairly large, with one aperture for door and window, three feet from the ground. A great many seem to live in each house, and at night stow away pretty thick on mats on the floor.

Dinner Island is about a mile round, and about a mile from the mainland of New Guinea. A number of little islands here form an excellent harbour, and a delicious fresh breeze blows constantly. We shot here (I grieve to own) some small birds with a song almost as liquid and sweet as the nightingale's. A lively trade constantly goes on in bows and arrows, feathers, &c., and in shells, which are



BUSH AT UJI.

exquisitely beautiful, sometimes also in pearls. It is a lovely sight to look down through the clear water at the coral, which is of all shapes, sometimes like fine network, and of all colours. The fish, which dart in and out, are as gorgeously coloured as everything else.

We have had to go to a place called Pippinge Creek and demand the skulls of two English thieves who took refuge here, and were



A FAMILY PARTY, DINNER ISLAND.

promptly eaten. The *Diamond* came last year, burnt the village, and cut down the cocoanut trees. The skulls had been kept as trophies; they were brought off to us wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

Our first view of the mainland of New Guinea was Port Moresby. Here there is a station of the London Mission Society, a store, and the head-quarters of the Government. The native villages in these parts are built on piles off the sea-shore, so that

if attacked and hard pressed by other tribes they slip out of their back doors into their canoes. At the end of the bay in which we anchor is the town of Granville, consisting at present of about four or five houses—a store kept by a Scotchman, a bakery run by a Japanese, some Government offices, our coal store, and a couple of other houses. A mile or so down the bay is another landing place, leading to Government House, then comes the native village, then the Mission Station. There are two distinct tribes living at Port Moresby—the Motuans and the Koitapans. They keep so absolutely apart that it is said even their children do not play together, though their houses are side by side. The Koitapans are the real owners of the land, while the Motuans, a sea-faring race, are traders and potters. Why, or whence, or when they came is unknown; here they live by a mutual agreement, the Koitapans saying to them: "Yours are the sea, the canoes, and the nets; ours are the land and the wallaby. Give us fish for our flesh and pottery for our yams and bananas, that we may live together in peace."

These fishers have a peculiar custom. In the morning you see the canoes go out, racing one another, skylarking and chatting. But on the return journey at night they are silent till they come to land, and may not dispose of their fish on the way. If one were to board them and attempt to trade they would probably jump out of the canoe and swim ashore. They make yearly voyages to dispose of their pottery, and in return bring back sago, the sago-palm being grown westward in large quantities. For these trading expeditions they make their *lukatoi*, just as wood rafts are made for convenience of transit down the Rhine.

From three to five large dug-out canoes are placed side by side, and securely lashed together with stuff made from fibrous bark. Then bulwarks are made from palm leaves sewn together with sticks to strengthen them like wicker-work. In the centre is a sort of deck-house where the captain and officers sleep. The captain, being a sort of sacred person, has his meals apart as in our service. There are two masts with mat sails of very peculiar shape. The day before sailing they hold a grand regatta and go singing and shouting about the harbour. The crockery consists of *huras*, open pots for cooking, and *hordas*, for carrying water. All the potter's work is done by the ladies, who wear the grass-skirt, and represent all other articles of dress by abundant tattoo. The gentlemen look upon clothing as purely ornamental, and accordingly they put on merely a quarter-inch tape, but are decorated



Holland, Michigan.

PART OF FORT MORRIS.



with plenty of brilliant paint and head-dresses and necklets of exquisite feathers. For mourning they blacken themselves all over, and in very deep affliction even the insides of their houses. The women, and sometimes the men, also carry a net filled with babies, bananas, shells, and all sorts of messes, bound on their foreheads and hanging over their backs.

When the Papuan makes a dictionary, he should define "European" as "man who gives tobacco." Entreaties for *kuku* are his chief conversation. Pipes are not used here, but a long tube



HOISTING THE FLAG.

of bamboo open at one end, with a small hole in the side near the other end. The tobacco is rolled up in a leaf like a small cigarette, and held in the little hole, while a small boy puts his mouth to the big end and exhausts the air, filling the tube with smoke. It is then handed round, and each takes a pull from the small hole till the tube is empty, when they begin *da capo*.

We can fancy ourselves in Australia again at Port Moresby, in fact the presence of that weary gum-tree, and of the kangaroo, pretty well prove that the two were formerly one. But there are plenty of crocodiles, which roar dismally in the pleasant coolness which here refreshes us at night.

We have been out shooting and met a party of natives on the hunt. They form into a circle, close in, and spear all the ground

game; or else they enclose a tract with nets, then fire the grass, and so drive in the kangaroo and wallaby. It is wonderful to see them slip through the bush, which is here infested with a kind of palm fitly called *The Lawyer*, as its countless hooks, retracted like a cat's claw, are terrible to escape from. You free your sleeve only to find your legs caught and your face torn, and finally have to back out again.

There are some Tongan teachers among the Mission workers about this region; their graceful movements in their flowing dresses—I am thinking of the ladies—are a refreshing contrast to the prevailing ugliness.

To-day (14th September) we have formally annexed New Guinea. The natives looked on calmly; they were not surprised, for this is the fifth ceremony of the kind that has taken place. The first was at the latter end of last century, and was not followed up; next, Captain Moresby, in the *Basilisk*, took possession and gave his name to the place; then the Queensland Government had a try, but this was repudiated from home; lastly, Captain Erskine, in November, 1884, proclaimed a protectorate which lasted to the present time, business being carried on by a commissioner, deputy commissioner, and agents at various ports. Altogether, a feeble and invertebrate system, unable to enforce law when required without calling in the aid of men-of-war.

Our men marched up and formed line, shouldering arms. Dr. MacGregor, the new Administrator, read the Proclamation and Letter Patent. The Royal Standard was hoisted, our men presented arms, the band played "God Save the Queen," and the *Opal* fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. Our captain swore in the Administrator, a *feu de joie* was fired, three cheers were given for the Queen, the Union Jack run up as the Administrator's flag and saluted by the *Opal*. That was all.

As our men marched off the natives attached to the Mission sang "God Save the Queen" in their own tongue, melodiously enough. For the rest, proceedings that did not include *kuku* all round were incomplete and unsatisfactorily.

And we are off at daybreak, and can philosophize at leisure on our new possession and its prospects, till we reach Australia and civilization once again.

Overland from India to Upper Burma.

By MAJOR-GENERAL J. J. H. GORDON, C.B.



DURING the recent military operations in Upper Burma direct communication was established between India and the new province by a route across the wide mountainous tract which, stretching from the lower slopes of the Eastern Himalayas at the north of the Assam Valley to the Bay of Bengal, separates the two countries. It presents the view of a vast sea of forest-clad hills, varying in height from 8,000 feet to 12,000 over sea level, jumbled together in many forms and directions; a characteristic feature being the recurrence here and there of many parallel ranges running north-south, separated from one another by narrow valleys. The Chindwin river runs parallel to this mountain mass in the east, while the upper part of its western flank is skirted by the Brahmaputra. The military route opened out links these important waterways by a road 356 miles in length, crossing the hilly region obliquely, and passing through Manipur; it only waits the grant of funds to complete it as a cart-road.

Midway along this border land lies the secluded hill statelet of Manipur, its importance consisting in its fertile upland valley, thirty-six miles long by twenty broad situated among the mountains, half-way between the Indian and Burmese frontiers, through which passes one of the old historical routes between the two countries. Its unique position, with its fertility and cohesive population, has caused Manipur to play an important part in the history and politics of this region. The inhabitants of the valley are Hindoos civilized to a certain extent, but, with this exception, the whole of this vast tract is inhabited by a great variety of barbarous races of Indo-Chinese origin, grouped under the generic names of "Naga" and "Kooki," split up into

numerous tribal communities; the Nagas occupying the northern portion, the Kookis the southern,—all more or less warlike, all equally savage and cruel.

Wild and difficult as this frontier territory is, it formed no barrier against invading Burmese armies. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Alompra, the vigorous founder of the last Burmese dynasty, subjugated Manipur and the ancient Shan kingdom of Pong in Northern Burma, which included in its sway Assam and Cachar. Early in the present century, the Court of Ava, intent on further conquest, overran Assam with an army crossing from Hukong at the head waters of the Chindwin by the Patkoi Pass from the northern hills, followed a few years later, at the outbreak of our first Burmese War in 1824, by their armies crossing by the Patkoi and Manipur routes, and simultaneously appearing in Assam and Cachar with the object of invading Bengal. They were driven back by the British troops hurried up to oppose them, and retreated rapidly across the mountains. A British column marched from Cachar on the track of the retreating enemy to invade Burma through Manipur, but excessive sickness, unsuitable transport, and the difficulties of the route over the hills, led to the abandonment of the expedition. The Rajah of Manipur, then a refugee, was co-operating with the British. A body of irregular troops was raised from his followers, which, under the command of a British officer, followed up the Burmese through Manipur and the Kobo Valley, driving them back to Kendat across the Chindwin river.

At the close of the war Burma renounced all claim to Manipur, Assam, and Cachar, and the routes by which their armies had crossed were closed. A British officer was then located at Manipur as Political Resident to watch over affairs at this important position on the highway between India and Burma.

All traces of the Patkoi route traversed by the Burmese army are now obliterated by forest growth, but a recent survey shows that it crossed the hills at their lowest, and affords an easy line for communication with Northern Burma, its formidable objections being the long extent of uninhabited country and pestiferous jungle through which it passes. The Kendat Manipur route continued to be used as the Burmese and Manipuris maintained military posts in the Kobo Valley frontier line, and communication was kept up within their respective limits, but the hereditary enmity existing between the two countries effectually checked all through intercourse.

Shortly after the occupation of Mandalay by the British troops in November, 1885, Colonel Johnstone, the Political Resident at Manipur, hearing that some European merchants had been seized by the Burmese at Kendat, rapidly pushed across the hills with his small escort of the 4th Bengal Infantry and a contingent of Manipuri troops supplied by the Maharajah, appeared suddenly before Kendat, attacked the stockade, and rescued the prisoners from the torturing death in store for them. Kendat is distant 184 miles from Manipur, for the most part over a very difficult forest clad hilly country by the roughest of paths. The little force marched the last sixty miles through Burmese territory without halting, and was thus enabled to effect a surprise. It was a bold movement, well planned and skilfully executed. Colonel Johnstone moved back in his line of advance to Tummoo, the chief Burmese post in the Kubo district, and there took up his position, intending to advance again to Kendat as soon as a British force from the Irrawaddy could meet him there to permanently hold it. This force did not reach Kendat till June, 1886. In the meantime the small force at Tummoo had met with considerable difficulties. It had been repeatedly attacked; three British officers had been severely wounded (one of them dying); and the troops had been greatly weakened by cholera and fever. The rainy season had set in, the valley became a swamp, and the enemy fortified a strong position, barring the way. Reinforcing detachments of the 4th Bengal Infantry, 42nd and 44th Goorkhas with mountain guns, were sent across from Assam, which enabled Captain Stevens, the spirited commander at Tummoo, to carry the Burmese position by assault early in October, and clear the Kubo Valley of the enemy. It was then decided to establish a line of communication between Assam and Burma, to open up the country between Manipur and the Chindwin, and to march fresh Goorkha troops from the Assam command across to Kendat to co-operate with the Burma Field Force in pacifying the Upper Chindwin districts.

Two routes lead to Manipur from India—the Western one direct from Cachar, the Northern from Upper Assam, passing through Kohima, a military station in the hills north of Manipur dominating the Naga clans. Any direct route over this hilly region necessarily crosses the numerous parallel ranges which are a special feature in it. The Cachar route has five of these ranges and four rivers crossing its line at right angles within a longitudinal distance of fifty miles, which make it an exceptionally difficult one for troops and transport animals. The natural

features of the country favour the Northern route and make it an easier one. After gaining the crest of the first range at Kohima it runs along the "lie" of the hills north to south, descending to the Manipur Valley at its head. This, in conjunction with its base, being on the Brahmaputra, the main highway of Assam, in connection with Calcutta by river-steamer and rail, decided its selection as the best line for military purposes. The existing communication between Manipur and Tummoo was greatly improved and freshly aligned at the worst places to fit it for pack-animal transport; supply depôts were formed at Kohima, Manipur, and Tummoo; a transport service organised, and the telegraph ordered to be laid along the line to connect Assam with Burma.

In the winter of 1886-87 a well equipped column of Goorkha Light Infantry, with two mountain-guns, was despatched from Upper Assam to march by this route to Kendat, and join hands with the Burma Field Force. After a short run by river-steamer on the Brahmaputra, we debarked at Nigri Ting, the riverside terminus of the military road to Kohima, distant 115 miles, and starting-point for the march across to the Chindwin. The following notes may serve to give some idea of the country through which the route lies, as yet little known to the outer world.

From Nigri Ting a fair weather cart-road leads due south for eighty miles over the flat to the foot of the hills, passing through Golaghat, seventeen miles from the river, a small civil and military station, then, a few miles beyond, entering the great Nambhor forest, through which it runs for fifty-five miles. The crying want of Assam is good roads. Macadam is unknown here from want of metalling material, and the country seems to be marking time until the advent of the railway rouses its vast dormant resources. The Nambhor forest covers what was a populous and well cultivated district, laid waste seventy years ago by the Burmese invaders. Tanks and ruins scattered over it attest its former prosperity. The wild elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, tiger, and herds of deer now roam through its silent woods, but what it once was it may become again as the line of the projected railway from Chittagong to Northern Assam passes through its length. After getting over the wonder at the dense luxuriant growth and the magnificent trees of the forest, its silence, solitude, and gloom strike one forcibly. The same unvarying prospect of forest, shutting out everything else, makes the march through it a wearisome one, and it was with a glad feeling of relief that we emerged at Nichu Guard, a frontier police post guarding the defile

through which the route now enters the hills and ascends by a winding mule-path to Kohima, distant thirty-five miles due east, on the crest of the first range. The cart-road terminates at this defile at present; it has been traced out beyond to Kohima, by a gently gradiented line now under construction. Its completion, too long delayed, will do more to enforce peace on the hills than an increased garrison.

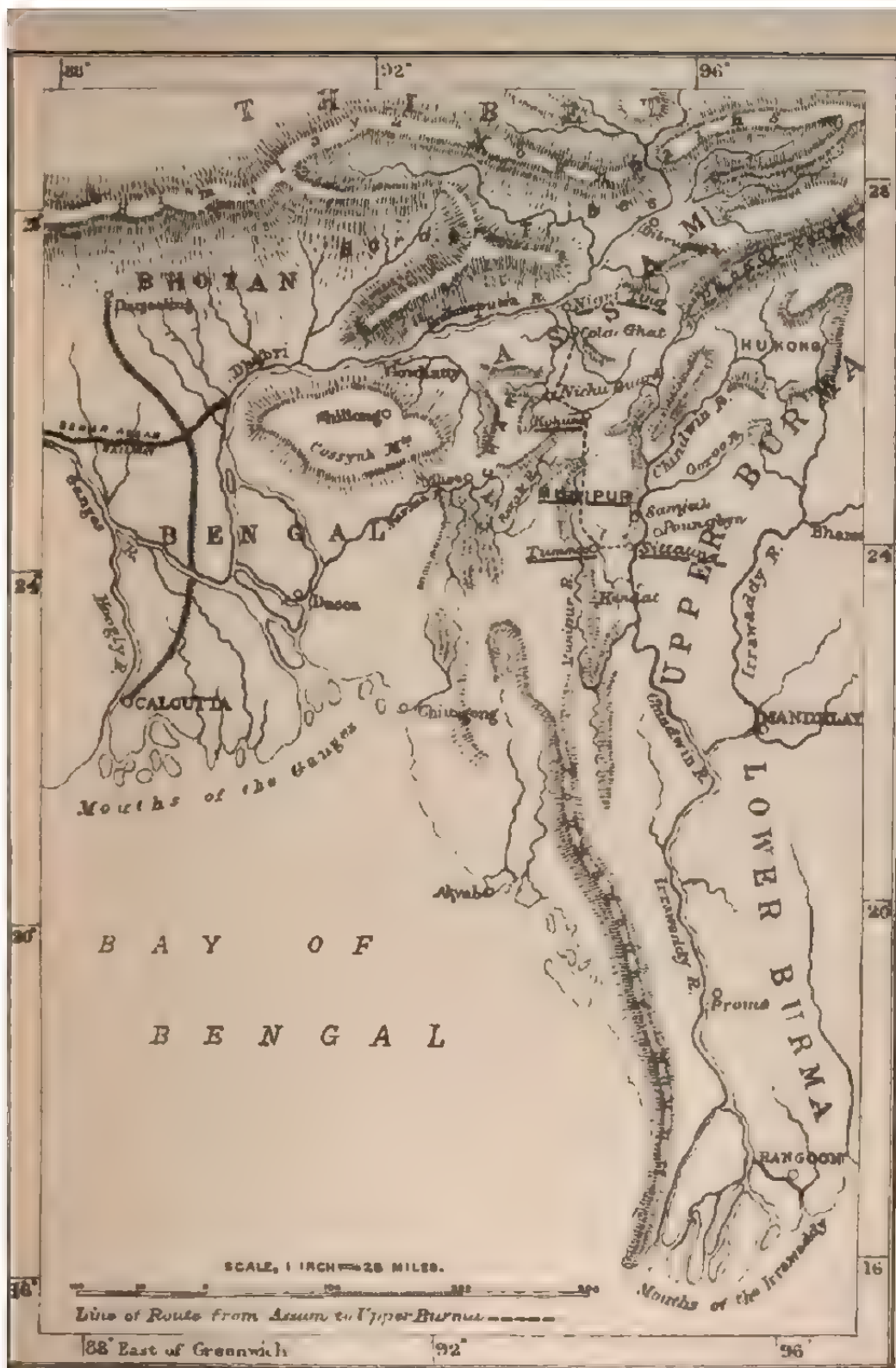
Kohima is the head-quarters of the civil district of the Naga hills, and has a garrison of a battalion of Goorkha Light Infantry, two mountain-guns, and a frontier police battalion. It stands at 5,000 feet above the sea-level, in a commanding position on a long spur thrust out from a group of high peaks to the south, which form the apex of this mountain region. Here roads converge from many important points on the neighbouring hills. The Augami clan, the most powerful and warlike of the Naga tribe, occupies the surrounding country, which has a fertile soil and cool healthy climate. Their large villages, some of them more like towns, are set on the top of the hills in every direction. The hill sides are covered with a succession of terraced fields, well cultivated, drained, and manured. The Augamis are an athletic, manly race of mountaineers. Their dress consists of a short, dark blue kilt, and a homespun cloth worn over the shoulders; their arms, the spear, shield, and "dhao" a universal tool for peace as well as war. In their gala dress, with eagle and toucan feathers adorning their hair, they look noble savages. Each village is self-governed; their tribal government, like that of all the Nagas, is purely democratic; their religion, demon worship. Up to a few years ago they were the most turbulent of all the border clans, constantly raiding on the plains of Assam. After a long course of recurrent expeditions against them, with their concomitant cost and loss of life, the bold and only effective policy with such an enemy was adopted in 1878, of planting a garrison in the midst of their strongholds.

Part of the clan broke out in rebellion the following year, but was repressed after severe fighting, since which time all seem to have settled down to peace and industry; for, wild and ruthless as they are, they are very intelligent and anxious for traffic and gain. The peace now enforced among them, giving security to life and property within, and restraining them from warring on their neighbours, is slowly but surely leading them into habits of order; its influence is permeating the wild tribes beyond who are still stewing in their own savagery, where every

village and clan is at war with its neighbour. Their life is war, and the only peace is in death. Their main principle in fighting is surprise; their main object to get "heads." With "heads," the passport to future happiness is won, no matter whether the heads be those of babes, old women, or men—all is game that comes into the net. With the annexation of Upper Burma all these tribes have come within our fence, and sooner or later they must be brought under our control with the same firm hand that has subdued the warlike Augami.

Manipur lies about sixty miles due south of Kohima, with which it is connected by an easy-graded road, ninety miles in length, only requiring widening out to fit it for cart traffic. Starting from Kohima at a height of 5,000 feet, after twenty-one miles winding along the hill sides, it reaches at 6,000 feet the *col* of a cross range stretching eastwards from the central group of mountains 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, which tower overhead, their steep slopes clothed with oak, fir, and rhododendrons. Many very large Naga villages are seen on the lower hill tops, north and east, with much cultivation, and a network of broad paths leading in all directions. From the *col* the road descends gradually to the Barak, then leads over undulating grassy lands, interspersed with oak woods, to the Infanturin stream, following its course till it debouches on the Manipur Valley at Sengmai. From this the valley stretches away south, a dead flat for thirty-six miles, with low rocky hills thrust up here and there over the plain. In its geographical characteristics it greatly resembles the valley of Kashmir—a flat alluvial mountain-locked plain, watered by streams from the surrounding heights, emptying into a lake at its lower extremity. From this lake a river is emitted, which flows southwards into Burma. The basin-like appearance of the valley clearly marks its lake origin, its fertile soil due to the alluvium of ages brought down by the hill torrents. The streams, after reaching the plain, cut out deep courses through the soft soil, and soon become turbid and sluggish; the villages and hamlets are built on their banks, each house nestled in its own grove of bamboo and plantains.

A march of twelve miles along a broad, raised road, down the centre of the valley, brought us to the Imphal, or capital. Viewed from one of the small hills which surround it, it presents the appearance of an extensive wood, having a large open square in its centre, in which gleam white and gilded domes. This open square is the palace, round which the town is built, consisting of a



mass of neat wattle and dab houses, each standing in its own plot of garden and grove, surrounded with a mud wall. It is an open town of cottage villas, six miles long by four and a half broad, and contains between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants. The palace enclosure is the heart of the city and the country having broad straight roads radiating from it in every direction. Its defences consist of a loop-holed brick wall and broad moat. Within are the palace buildings, barracks for troops, and the national temples. In front of the western gate is the great open-air market place, the polo ground, the residency house, and barracks for escort troops.

As we arrived the market was in full swing, and crowds of white cotton clad Manipuris were on the move. There are no shops in Manipur, all buying and selling being done at these open-air bazaars. Every article produced in the valley or imported from India is there exposed for sale. Numerous parties of hill men in varied costume were there buying, for the advent of our troops passing on to Burma had put much coin in circulation, and a brisk business was being done in cloths, ornaments, iron tools, food, and young dogs, the last a special delicacy, according to Naga ideas. Close to the market place is the polo ground, a fine bit of turf, surrounded by a bank for spectators, with a covered-in stand for the royal family. A lively game of polo was being played in the Manipuri fashion, and an appreciating crowd looking on. Polo is the national and royal game, and is said to have been introduced by a chief who reigned 300 years ago, probably an emigrant Tartar soldier of fortune, who, knowing the value of a mounted force against incursions of mountain tribesmen, aimed at encouraging horsemanship, and developing the martial use of the hardy breed of ponies for which the valley is noted. In later years the Manipuri Pony Cavalry constituted the great offensive strength of the State.

Every Manipuri who can afford a pony plays at polo, while the boys practice at hockey on foot as a preparation for it. An expert player is sure of Court favour, and a man will even barter his wife for a good pony. The game is much encouraged by the Maharajah and his Court, the princes of the palace being among the best players. It differs somewhat from that played in India and England. The whole ends of the ground are goal, and "offside" is unknown. They play seven or eight a side, and the best of eleven games wins, the games succeeding each other quickly. When a goal is made, all the players hurry back to the centre of

the ground, and a new ball is thrown into the middle of the group ; it is often struck before reaching the ground. They are very expert at striking the ball in the air as it flies past, and misses are rare. The ponies are active, sure-footed little animals, eleven to twelve hands high, and keep up a fast pace. The turn out of men and ponies would astonish Hurlingham. The player's costume is of the scantiest, a turban, a waistcloth, and woollen greaves from the knee downwards : a whip is carried in the left hand, attached to the wrist. The pony's equipment consists of an awkward-looking quilted saddle, with a bump over the pommel, black enamelled leather shields hanging on each side opposite the stirrups to protect the legs, and headstall, breastplate, and cruppers of scarlet cord, with white soft cotton balls dangling from them. It is surprising at what speed the little ponies rush along under all this top hamper. Now and then pony and rider rolled over in a heap, but they were soon righted and off again to join the *mêlée*.

Considerable interest now attaches itself to Manipur, which, like all the old powers, has its past, its rise and fall. Its ancient history is veiled in obscurity. According to local tradition, the Manipuris are Hindoos of pre-historic times, but appearances are against this theory. Their facial characteristics, and many of their manners and customs, point to their being of Mongolian origin, blended with the neighbouring hill tribes, and a shade of Indian blood. They are probably the descendants of a Mongol Colony from the ancient Shan Kingdom of Northern Burma, which included Yunnan within its rule. They seem to have adopted the Hindoo faith early in the last century at the initiation of a strong diplomatic chief, who sought thereby to strengthen himself by gaining Indian alliances against his hereditary Burmese enemy, and creating a distinct cohesive governing class in the valley. Its isolated position enabled the few Brahmmins who had settled there to impose many unorthodox ceremonies on the converts, with a view of checking any resistance against the orders of the priesthood and keeping all power in their hands. During the first half of the last century, under the strong rule of Rajah Gharib Newaz (he who encouraged the Hindoo missionary movement), Manipur was a powerful State, extending its conquests as far as Ava into Cachar, and over the surrounding hills, but with his death, by the treachery of his son, its power fell. Alompra, of Ava, then appeared on the scene, consolidating his kingdom and conquering his old enemies. He was the first in the field with fire-arms in these parts, and successfully

invaded the valley in 1755 and 1758, completely crushing the Manipuri power, laying waste the country, and carrying away into Burma large numbers of the population as slaves. This epoch is known among them as the "primary devastation." In 1762 an appeal was made to the then rising British power for aid against the Burniese, and an alliance, defensive and offensive, made, but nothing came of it. Up to 1824, the time of our first Burmese war, its history is nothing but a record of devastating Burmese invasions and internal wars between contending claimants for the throne. Vast numbers of the people fled to Cachar to escape the general misery, and the valley has never recovered its former prosperity. It is said to have had a population of 700,000 prior to the Burmese invasions, and to have sent into the field 60,000 pony cavalry which formed its special military strength. After the final expulsion of the Burmese, in 1825, by the aid of the British, the adult male population is said not to have exceeded 3,000, with a small proportion of women and children. The population of the valley is now about 140,000, but it is undoubtedly capable of maintaining a much larger number. Not half of the arable land is cultivated, and its area could be greatly extended by draining and irrigation. The hill population of the State numbers 80,000, consisting of Naga and Kooki tribes.

The valley lies at a height of 2,600 feet above the sea, covers about 650 square miles, has a tolerably temperate climate, and seems marked out by nature as the stepping-stone between India and Burma. The country is rich in resources, but undeveloped; its tyrannical and exclusive form of government repressing all improvement and enterprise. Many vexatious restrictions are imposed on the free entry of traders, and no native is allowed to leave the valley without giving such heavy security as practically prohibits it. The people are anxious for freedom and trade, and traders are even now forcing their way from India into Burma in the wake of the troops despite the opposition of the palace and the priesthood. The officials view our through route to Burma as inexpedient for their exacting interests, but the opening up of this rich valley to the outer world is now merely a question of the construction of a cart or rail-road to give cheap means of transport.

The main institution in the country is "Lalloop," or forced free labour for the State, and connected with it the application of the "three acres per man" theory. Every male between the ages of seventeen and sixty is bound to give ten days' service in every

forty to the State without remuneration. On coming of age to perform Lalloop, the man is entitled to cultivate three acres of land for his support, subject to a land-tax payment in kind. The system was established 800 years ago by the same ruler who introduced polo.

The soldier class are located in military villages grouped round the capital. Each man has a plot of three acres free from taxation and every other obligation, save military service. He gives ten days' free service in every forty, and if detained on duty longer receives free food for the time. On a signal of three guns fired from the palace, all repair there for orders. The army now numbers about 7,000 men; the material is good, but the officers, who are super-abundant, are totally inefficient.

Tummoo, the chief post in the Burmese district of Kubo, is sixty-four miles by road south-east of Manipur. The route lies along the flat of the valley to its southern end, and is then taken obliquely over the forest-clad Yomadoung hills for forty miles to the Kubo Valley by a very difficult line with many steep ascents and descents, intended as a defensive measure against Burmese invasion. Before it was improved by our officers it was bad beyond description, and formed an excellent military obstacle. A line of easy graded cart-road has now been laid out by an English engineer to connect Manipur with the Chindwin, which, being taken up a side valley, crosses the range at a favourable point and gradually descends by the course of a stream to Kubo.

The change from Hinduised Manipur to Buddhist Burma is very abrupt. There is no shading off between the two. We left the Manipur frontier post of Moray with not a sign of anything Burmese about it; a few miles beyond we suddenly came upon Tummoo, hewn out of the forest as it were, and strongly stockaded. The villagers clad in gay colours, the yellow-robed priests, the heavy carts with big oxen, the houses, and everything else marked our being among an utterly different people, whose customs, religion, genial manners, and liberal ideas, contrasted most favourably with the intolerance and caste-bound ways of the *parvenu* Hindoo race of Manipur. Passing through the village we entered the fortified enclosure occupied by our troops, over which rise, mingled with trees and Palmyra palms, the storied spires and repeated roofs of temples and monasteries, red brick pagodas, and high red and gold painted masts crowned with dragons and streamers, the works of merit erected by the pious for wealth gained or success achieved. The Buddhist bishop of the district, a

person of much importance, has his residence here. The effect of the British occupation was very apparent in improved sanitation and roads, busy life, and revived agriculture and trade.

At sunrise the deep-toned cathedral bell sounded the call for the villagers to bring their daily offerings of food to the monks, and shortly afterwards a procession of women and boys was seen passing by carrying cooked food, fruit, water, and small luxuries to the temples. This custom is peculiar to Kubo; in other parts of Burma the monks beg and collect from door to door. In return for their support, the priests educate the boys at the monasteries. To the three R's as we know them, they add a fourth—religion. It is a very rare thing to meet a Burman who cannot read, write, and cypher. In this respect Burma is far ahead of India. Buddhism, from our point of view, may have many faults, but in its social aspects it more closely approaches our own than any other Eastern religion does.

Kubo lies between the Yomadoung mountains, bounding Manipur to the east, and the Chindwin, extending about seventy miles from north to south. The Ungooching hills, a low range, separate the valley from the river, its northern part being under the hereditary Sawbwa of Samjok, a tributary Shan chief. The whole district formed the "debatable" land between Manipur and Burma, and during the early part of the present century it frequently changed hands. During our first Burmese war, in 1825, it was retaken by Manipur with its levies commanded by a British officer, but was ceded to Burma at the request of our Government. These desolating wars ruined the valley; its towns dwindled into villages, and its cultivation lapsed into jungle. Its rice lands are very fertile, two crops being raised in the year. Its forests abound with teak, varnish, and other valuable trees, and the tea tree grows wild in the northern part. Rich deposits of coal have been found in the low hills near the Chindwin, and iron, copper, and limestone are reported to exist. The inhabitants are chiefly Shans, a brave, hardy, and industrious race.

Our route hence to Kondat, distant seventy miles, led down the valley for thirty-five miles, and then south-east over the Ungooching range to the Chindwin. Kubo was now firmly in our grasp, strongly held by our troops, which had been sent over to Tummoo during the summer; all idea of successful resistance was dispelled, and the people were returning to their villages. The fields had not been cultivated this year owing to the rebellion, and were covered with rich crops of sweet grass on which were grazing

large herds of fine cattle and buffaloes, far superior to any seen in India. The march over the forest-clad Ungooching hills was a very stiff one, the Goorkha column cutting its way across, opening out a path for the transport train. Coal was brought to light by a blow of a pick in road making: of a good bright colour, its burning qualities were satisfactorily proved by a fire on the spot. A thick seam was found close by, cropping out for some distance along the hill side. On Christmas Day, after descending through teak forest, wild plantain-groves, and a wealth of vegetation, we suddenly came out on the Chindwin river, here 800 yards broad, when the sight of Kendat on the opposite bank, its spires and pagodas rising out of a mass of foliage, and a steamer at anchor, gladdened our eyes. Among the boatmen who ferried us across were descendants of captives brought by the Burmese from Assam at their last invasion, who still keep up their native language. Regular communication was now established between Assam and Upper Burma, and the Kendat garrison relieved for service lower down the river, while to the 44th Goorkhas from Assam fell the duty of occupying the northern Chindwin districts.

The Chindwin is one of the main affluents of the Irrawaddy, which it joins forty miles below Mandalay. It is navigable by steamers for about 450 miles of its course. The rebels being in full possession of the Northern Chindwin districts it was decided to occupy Pongbyn, an important position ninety miles up the river beyond Kendat, to check the passage of dakoits into Kobo from that quarter, and extend our control northwards to the Ooroo, the waterway to the Jade mines and large forests of teak. We embarked with troops and steamed up for two days through very picturesque scenery; wooded hills close in on the river for thirty miles, above which the valley opens out extending far north, high mountains bounding the horizon. Numerous villages are scattered along the banks, but all trade and traffic were at a standstill from fear of the dakoits. The people showed red flags, the sign of peace, as we approached, for here the white flag, that of royal Burma, means rebellion. They welcomed our arrival; they longed for peace and trade, and, assured of protection by our occupation of the advanced post, the boat traffic at once opened. On our return there was much busy life on the river—house-boats toiling up and floating down, and an air of activity everywhere along the banks. At the part of the river due east of Tunmoo we observed several large villages on both banks, which suggested this locality as the most suitable terminus for the overland road from

Assam. A surveying detachment being sent out from Tummoo to reconnoitre the country lying between the two points, it was found to afford a much easier and shorter line than that by which we had crossed to Kendat, and to be the most advantageous in every way for opening out the Kubo valley to the river highway. A road was traced out to Sittaung on the Chindwin, forty miles due east, crossing the Ungooching range by easy gradients on a water parting line; a military post was planted on the river bank, and communication established with Kendat on the one hand and Pongbyn on the other. Sittaung is in the same latitude as Bhamo on the Irrawaddy, distant about 120 miles to the east, over a country which presents no great difficulties for a road. The troops and villagers were set to work to open out the Tummoosittaung route for the passage of pack animals, and we were soon enabled to march across to the Chindwin with our transport train. Thus finished the pioneering part of our work of opening out the country between Manipur and the Chindwin, and laying out a line of communication between Assam and Upper Burma.

In the meantime the moral effect of troops entering from the west into this corner of Upper Burma was shown by the successful progress of the work of pacification, and the rapid extension of peace and order to the remote valleys of the Northern Chindwin.

When the question of the future of Kubo came up for settlement, a full gathering of the village headmen, representing all the inhabitants of this district, which had for so long been a stronghold of rebellion, voted unanimously for direct rule under British officials. They scorned the proposals to place them under Manipur or the neighbouring Shan chief of Samjak, or under a chief selected from among themselves. Their comment was, "they would eat us up." Kubo was now British territory, and they wished it to remain so; this was the only possible solution of the question in their best interests. The true character of our administration had made itself felt; they had seen enough to make them believe in our just intentions.

Troops now march by this route backwards and forwards between Upper Burma and Assam; it is a tolerably direct and easy one, and its practicability for military purposes has been proved. Of the 356 miles of its length, 125 are level, 80 over the plain of Assam, 35 along the Manipur Valley, and 10 across Kubo. The line presents no great physical difficulties to road or rail making—no river of any magnitude crosses its path—the climate on the highlands is cool and healthy, and stone, lime, timber, water,

and forage are found along it, with a large amount of labour available from the hill population.

The sea is a great impediment to free communication between India and Burma; there can be no effectual binding together of the two countries till the railroad provides a short passage for troops, trade, and emigration. Lower Assam is on the eve of direct railway connection with Upper India by the Behar-Assam line: as a frontier communication, the extension of the railway along the valley of the Brahmaputra, and thence to the Chindwin, by the route indicated in these notes, would, in addition to securing a short passage for all purposes to Upper Burma, develop the mountain-locked fertile valley of Manipur, and become a great factor of civilization among the numerous hill tribes who inhabit this dark borderland.

J. J. H. GORDON.

A Ride in Asia Minor.

By ADMIRAL H. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM.



ON a Sunday morning, being the 16th of March, 1845, four of the "*Aigle* family"—as our noble Captain delighted to term us—fairly mounted, and well armed, wended their way through the narrow, tortuous streets of Smyrna. The horses' hoofs splashed up mud and filth at every step to the detriment of passers-by, who could by no possibility escape this pollution, and cast daggers in their looks at us, the innocent causes of it. I am afraid many a *diavolo* escaped from fair lips that were about to utter prayers and praises at the neighbouring churches; but on we rode, thinking only of the prospect of a glorious excursion in the interior of a beautiful country to view some of the finest remains of antiquity.

Our intended guide had given us the slip and gone off to follow his usual occupation of leech-hunting at Casaba, where this useful little creature is found in great numbers by dabbling for them in the adjacent marshes. However, his absence did not give us much uneasiness, as we knew the road to Magnesia, and made pretty sure of picking up a conductor at that city.

Besides our *tezkérek*, or passport, we had letters of introduction to our Consular Agents at Magnesia, Ehhizzar, and Casaba.

After leaving Caravan Bridge, a spot that must always remain vividly in the recollection of those who have visited Ismir (Smyrna), on account of the beautiful little bit of scenery thereabouts, and the gay parties that make it their resort on Sunday afternoons, the road skirts the Cokeleja range of hills, and we leave that picturesque village on our right.

Two hours' good riding brought us to a flat open space of ground where the road divided, one branch taking the direction of Casaba, and the other our route to Magnesia. Soon after this we commenced the ascent of the range of mountains that separate the plain of the Hermus river from that of Bournabat.

Small huts, surmounted by a white flag, were passed at intervals.

These we discovered to be occupied by guards of ferocious aspect, who here and there demanded our *tezkéreh*, or passport, and honoured us with their company along the way for the purpose of obtaining backsheesh, which was given to the amount of five piastres, or one shilling, on each occasion by the advice of a young Armenian who had joined our party, and who stated it was customary to do so.

At four hours' from Smyrna, a village in the mountain was reached, containing a *cafenet*, where a halt was called to discuss the only eatables we had brought in our saddle-bags, for we had thought it most advisable to dispense with the luxury of baggage-animals as our time was limited, and we could get over treble the distance in a day's ride without them.

Each of our party had three or four changes of linen in his saddle-bags, and the country through which we passed gave an ample supply of provision. The crassie, or common wine, was found very palatable, and coffee with the chebouke was always at hand.

After a short rest we moved on over our rickety mountain path, only safe for such a cat-footed animal as the Turkish horse. From the summit of the range an extensive view was obtained, and in descending we bid adieu to both Smyrna and the sea.

In front, old Mount Sipylus rose majestically from the Hermus plain; his hoary head was still clothed in wintry garb, and below us the river itself flowed with many windings towards the Ægean.

Roman history gives us the following account of the entire route of the grand army of Antiochus, King of Syria, in these mountains, B.C. 190 :—

“The King of Syria fortified Sestos and Abydos on the Hellespont, and Lysimachus on the isthmus of Chersonnesus, with an apparent resolution to dispute the march and passage of the Scipios at all these different stations; but on the total defeat of his navy he wisely withdrew his garrisons from these places, opening a way at once for his enemies to reach him. He saw his error too late, and made overtures of peace, which were refused except upon the most stringent terms; but as he continued to assemble his forces, he chose rather to stake his fortunes on the decision of a battle, and having in vain endeavoured to make himself master of Pergamos, the capital of Eumenes, he fell back on Thyatira, and from thence proceeded to take post on the mountains of Sipylus, where he meant to contend for the empire of Asia.”

This descent upon Asia Minor was considered by the Romans



MEXICO.



as an epoch of great renown, and was heralded with processions and solemn rites.

Publius Scipio, the famous antagonist of Hannibal, soon after his arrival in Asia was taken ill, or, what may be supposed for his honour, being not desirous to rob his brother of any share of the glory, which he perceived was to be easily won against the present enemy, affected indisposition and remained at a distance from the camp.

Lucius, left alone to command the Roman army, advanced upon the king's, attacked him in the post he had chosen, and in a decisive victory dispersed the splendid forces of Asia with all their apparatus of armed chariots, horses, and elephants harnessed with gold.

Thyatira, Sardis, and Magnesia soon after opened their gates to the Romans, and the king himself, by a messenger from Aesumea, whither he had fled, again made haste to own himself vanquished and sue for peace. A cessation of arms being granted all parties concerned in the approaching treaty repaired to Rome. Eumenes, the King of Pergamus, attended in person, and became the principal gainer in the treaty.

To resume our journey, we descended to the plain of the Hermus, which was well-cultivated; but the crops seemed poor, considering they were raised on alluvial soil. The absence of trees was somewhat remarkable. The road now turned to the right, following the base of the mountains. Mosques and minarets next appeared, and after eight hours from Ismir we rode into Magnesia, the largest Turkish town of Asia Minor. Magnesia has its historic fame as being the city where the great Samian tyrant, Polycrates, met his end *b.c.* 571, which is thus described:—

“Orates, a Persian, and Governor of Sardis, having been reproached by a companion for never having attempted to add Samos to his Master's dominions, lying contiguous as the island did to the province which he governed, determined to effect the death of Polycrates, on whose account he had been reproached.

“Knowing the character of the Samian king, and that he projected the subjection of Ionia and the islands, Orates despatched a messenger to him with the intimation that Cambyses having determined on the death of the Persian, he was resolved to escape, and was willing to place himself and his wealth at the disposal of Polycrates, by which means the latter might easily obtain the sovereignty of Greece.

“With these overtures the king was extremely delighted, for his

love of money was excessive; and, after sending a messenger to meet Orætes, he sailed himself for Magnesia, accompanied by many of his friends. As soon, however, as he arrived at that place he was put to a miserable death by Orætes, and his body fixed to a cross. Thus, says the historian, terminated the life of Polycrates, of all the princes who ever reigned in Greece, those of Syracuse alone excepted, the most magnificent."

On arriving at Magnesia, our young Armenian friend installed himself as our cicerone and conducted us to the khan, a place in a certain way answering the same purpose as an hotel in more civilized countries.

A description of the above accommodation for man and beast will suffice for nearly all the traveller meets with in Asia Minor. It is composed of buildings laid out in square or oblong form, and generally of two stories in height; all the doors and windows face inwards towards a large court-yard with a fountain, carway (coffee) and chebouke (pipe) stall in its centre; a heavy wooden gallery, with staircases outside, runs round the second story. One side of the square is appropriated to stabling and the three others for the accommodation of travellers. These latter are divided again and again into a series of small rooms with barred windows, bearing a striking resemblance to our lock-up places for disorderly people. The amount of dirt and filth they contain accords with the taste of the khanjee or host in those matters, who, in the present instance, must have looked on it quite in the light of luxury. The only use to which we put the apartment pointed out for our occupation was as a receptacle for our saddle-bags, &c. The horses were already in the stable; so, with our Armenian friend and a letter, we sallied out in search of the British Consulate.

Many were the slippery foul streets toiled through, yet on went the guide, and we began to think he must be amusing himself at our expense, when, at a good two miles from the khan, he opened the door of a court-yard in connection with an Armenian house, which proved to be our Consul's, but at the same time the very painful reflection came to our minds that we had not as yet fed the horses.

The agent being from home, a messenger was despatched to inform him of our arrival, but he did not put in an appearance until after dark. He was draped in the costume of an Armenian gentleman, and, being under British protection, prided himself on wearing the white turban in spite of the religious scruples of the Osmanlis.

After an exchange of civilities, which means in the East smoking sundry cheboukes and taking coffee together, we started back for the khan to look after our cattle. What would we not have given for a ride in a "bus," or any other means of conveyance on wheels, but, alas! these necessities of civilization had not penetrated into Asia Minor.

We had no small difficulty in finding our nags in the long dark stable, crowded with horses, many of them loose, neighing and kicking *ad libitum*.

The attjee, or ostler, caring as little about us as he did for them, offered no assistance in measuring out the accustomed "oke" of corn given as a "feed" to each animal, but seemed quite contented to eye our proceedings and receive the money in payment.

The two miles of slippery streets were retraced, and at 10 p.m. we found ourselves sitting down to dinner at the Consulate. The fare was excellent, and eaten after the fashion of the country, with fingers and wooden spoons.

Whilst beds were being made up, we strolled round the premises, and were rather surprised to find that our friend's house stood in a large burial-ground, the turbaned tombstones coming up to his door and windows. However, he appeared to think nothing of the matter, and all the hobgoblins that ever were would not have aroused our deep slumbers of that night. The beds consisted of two large mattresses laid on the floor of the room, with a coverlet thrown over the whole party, with the exception of the young Armenian, who took up a position in a snug corner, and was thus rewarded for his attention as cicerone, by sharing the hospitalities of his countryman.

Our first inquiry in the morning was about a guide for the remainder of the journey, and, as there were no regulars of that calling in the place, the Consul recommended an Armenian bag-man who knew the country well, but unfortunately spoke only the Turkish language. He was, however, a most humorous fellow, and one could never look at his comical face without laughing.

Our bargain with him was soon made, twenty piastres per day for himself, and the same for his beast, which he described as a "pakai att," or, in English, a splendid horse. His appearance, however, did not justify the eulogiums passed upon him, for he was in wretched condition. The hair on his coat, which had once been white, was, by years of untouched dirt, brought to a whitey-brown colour. His high hip bones, seemingly striving to burst their confinement, had the apparent effect of drawing the hind

legs after them. A huge wooden saddle covered his back and ribs, from under which protruded a long scraggy neck, with a head enveloped in a tinselled bridle, the bold outline of a fine Roman nose being just discernable. But then the "pakai att" had a good shoulder, and was sound in the fore legs, a point of great importance considering the sort of ground he would have to travel over, and the burdens occasionally placed upon him. As regards shoeing, his master had evidently thought it superfluous, but the remains of two ancient metals still clung to a pair of hoofs. Our guide carried no defensive weapon, but grasped a thick cow-cane, with which he belaboured his unfortunate animal.

While breakfast was preparing we walked to the khan, fed the horses, and then indulged in the delights of the "hummmum," which are as follows:—The entrance to a Turkish bath-house is closed by a door that, after opening to admit visitors, slams to again with a report like that of a gun, and they find themselves in a large domed room, daylight being admitted through small circular windows in the dome. The floor is flagged; ottomans are placed against the walls for about three-fourths of their extent; the remaining space being appropriated by the hummmumjee or master of the bath, who reclines on his soft cushions smoking cheboukes all day long, and receives his dues from the hands of his assistants with the air of a pacha. A little higher up the walls galleries are placed with ottomans in them of superior quality, for the accommodation of the more respectable classes. Lines lead from the rails of one gallery to that of another, over which are thrown numerous blue cloths. Two of these are handed to each bather; in one, he ties up his clothes, money, &c., the latter being as safe as though in the Bank of England, the other is used as a loin cloth.

With a large white towel thrown over the shoulders and a pair of wooden clogs on the feet, the presumed novice is assisted by one of the many attendants—who apply the camel-hair glove—to a small door, which, when thrown open, admits a rush of hot air and steam, that for a moment affects his breathing; through this an entrance is gained to a small room, where he is supposed to smoke a chebouke and get properly heated before entering the grand bath. This is intensely hot, and produces a disagreeable feeling of suffocation. Steam issues from fountains placed at intervals round its circular wall, and ascends as vapour to the dome high overhead, partially obscuring the light.

The bather is at once directed to one of the fountains, and is

kept from slipping on the smooth marble pavement by two Turkish youths, who act as props on either side. These, stripped to the buff, and perspiring at every pore, were prepared to perform the usual operation of glove scraping, and joint cracking upon his person. The victim is made to lie flat on his back during the latter performance, which ends by the operator kneeling on the chest, a part of the programme often resisted by the uninitiated. By this time the skin is supposed to be in a proper state for the application of the camel-hair glove, which is used with an unsparing hand, bringing the epidermis off in long rolls. These are shown with glee to the bather as a proof of how much he required the process.

Next comes the soaping. A large basin of lather is capsized over the head and well rubbed into the ears, eyes, nose, and mouth. At this treatment the patient usually becomes extremely refractory, and commences spluttering expletives, which vanish in bubbles. But these are of no avail. Souse, souse, comes the hot water, and he is then only too ready to keep his mouth firmly shut. He is then left to complete his lavations; the attendant shortly returning with dry clouts and cloths, one of the latter is bound round the head like a turban, and the march back to the ottomans in the outer room commences, amid the curious gaze of sundry Mussulmans undergoing similar treatment at the other fountains.

The bather is now wrapped in numerous cloths—to keep the acquired heat from cooling too rapidly—and coffee, as also cheboukes, are brought to him. After thus lying in nearly a dormant state for half an hour clothes are again donned, and five piastres or about one shilling paid for this real luxury. The gravity of the Turk is proverbial, and nowhere is it more brought to notice than in the "hummum." The slam of the outer door and perhaps a grunt of recognition to the master of the bath is all one hears of his entry. Leaving his walking slippers at the threshold he moves with slow and stately step to an ottoman, with the same deliberation he proceeds to place himself crosslegged upon it, and divests his person of many garments giving each one a careful investigation before laying it by his side. If cloths are not brought to him, he will wait with the utmost patience—not a sound escaping his lips—until his eye catches that of an attendant. But see him when returned from his shampooing. There he lays enveloped in clouts and cloths, apparently lost to the world and all its cares and pleasures save that of the chebouke, the fumes of

which he is almost unconsciously inhaling, and there he remains, for a full hour in this dormant state, when returning strength arouses him and he dresses with the same precision as he stripped. But woe to the unlucky stranger who enters a "humum" on Friday, he will probably be roughly ejected; for is it not the women's day?

We had intended paying a visit to Karisman Hooglu, the greatest land proprietor and richest man in Asia Minor, but our time was too limited. This pacha owns the greater part of the country around Magnesia, and lives now like a feudal chieftain of old. It is recorded that his ancestors were in repeated rebellion against the Sultans at Constantinople.

Our kindly host would not accept any remuneration, so with many invitations to return our visit at Smyrna, and forty piastres a piece to the servants, we bade him adieu, and were soon clear of the town *en route* to Pergamos.

Our guide, Christopholo by name, determined to show off the paces of his favourite with the assistance of the cow-cane, got him into something between a trot and a canter, which soon brought the cavalcade to the banks of the Hermus, where our *tezkêreh* had again to be produced, and the party then permitted to cross the wooden bridge over the river. A dead level country extended for miles on the further side, and the heat was intense. Three hours had elapsed before the base of the mountains separating the Hermus from the Pergamus plain was reached, and here the road ceased and the ascent commenced by the rudest of paths. As our elevation increased so the view became curiously magnificent; what with the refraction from the heated plain and the vapours arising from the river, an illusion came over the vision of our being on the banks of some vast lake, and on its opposite shore Mount Sipylus rose to a towering height from the supposed waters, thus resembling many headlands we were acquainted with in the Grecian Archipelago. The white mosques and minarets of Magnesia crouched at the foot of the mountain, set off to view by a background of Cyprus trees. On our left the eye wandered on with the same illusion over thirty or forty miles in the direction of Casaba, and was finally brought up by the blue and snow-capped range of hills that rise beyond Sardis.

We were sorry to turn our backs upon this novel scene; but it was high time the route was resumed, for it seemed to be getting more difficult at every step, and at last, to settle the matter, not a vestige of a path could be seen.

It must be here remarked that the line of country we had taken



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was particularly of our own choosing. The only real road to Pergamos was by the way of Ehbizzar (Thyatira), but to cut off a large angle and then take the latter town on our way back, we had persuaded our guide into trying the mountain paths, and were now reaping the fruits of our presumption.

Pushing on, however, through the brushwood we suddenly came upon an encampment of the wild, wandering Turcomans. Their black huts were pitched in a circle, with entrances facing inwards. Other huts erected inside the circle formed miniature streets, which were full of women, children, cattle, sheep, and poultry, all in a state of confusion at our sudden appearance. The neighbouring hills were swarming with their browsing camels and goats; the male portion of the community being in attendance upon them.

Descending to the encampment a guide was procured, and in another three hours of continued ascent a few scattered houses were reached, prettily situated under a rocky projection of the mountain which was covered with pine woods. The inhabitants seemed unused to the sight of Franks, as all Western nations are termed by the Turks. The women and children collected together on the flat roofs of their dwellings and stared with amazement, while the men drew together in groups. Passing through their midst with kindly greetings, they pointed out our further track which led up so steep an incline that it was found necessary to dismount and drive our horses on before, and in this way the pine woods were reached, when our guide, with many instructions to Christopholo, showed him a path that led to the next village.

Once more on horse-back the summit of the mountain was soon gained, and nature assumed its wildest aspect. One vast primeval pine forest lay before us, broken only by rocky peaks which rose from its midst, and dark ravines that intersected it. These latter lay in stern solitude and apparently choked up by the wealth of verdure they themselves had created.

The work of men's hands was nowhere, as we rode on for miles through the same description of scenery. A huge eagle perched on one of the peaks gave the party an opportunity for some pistol practice; the balls striking unpleasantly near the noble bird, he, with a shrill cry, swept down the nearest gully.

The evening was near its close before we emerged into somewhat more open country, and came in sight of a village of mud huts. These proved so uninviting that, in spite of the remonstrances of our guide, it was determined to proceed further in search of a more suitable resting-place for the night. With great reluctance

Christopholo led on at a brisk pace in the hope of saving daylight, but in this he was doomed to disappointment, for one of our number—the Hakim Basha, or doctor—beginning to feel the pangs arising from the constant friction of a hard saddle, lagged behind; saddle-bags broke loose, causing other detentions, so that darkness soon closed around us. We now appeared to be in a more inhabited district, which, by-the-bye, did not raise the spirits of our guide. Luckily the night was lovely, stars shone out brightly, and the moon had just peeped over the craggy summits of the adjacent hills, lighting up the hitherto darkened foreground. Occasionally a turban rendered doubly white by her pale beams would appear over the thick brushwood, the sound of axe-chopping telling us that the peasantry had not yet quitted their occupations.

The usual question, "Cartzarhartz," or how many hours further travelling to the next village, was answered by the interrogated holding up one finger (one hour), but by riding fast the distance—about three miles—was got over in half that time. This village had anything but a pleasing appearance, being very little better than that we had recently so much despised. It was composed of mud houses built on a declivity over the deep bed of a mountain torrent. Crossing this a zig-zag path was found leading up to the hamlet, which was well guarded by dogs, who attacked us vigorously on all sides. Their loud barking, however, did not disturb the slumbers of the inhabitants, and it was only by hard knocking at a door that any signs of human life became visible, and then only in the person of a decrepit old man who growlingly showed us the Aga's, or head man's, house and stables. The first was nothing more than a mud shanty divided into two rooms: one of these was found carpeted—an agreeable surprise to us—but later on in our travels this luxury ceased to be so, for we observed that the meanest of Turkish hovels always sported its bit of carpet.

Ottomans were placed round the Aga's room, and a curious earthen stove, heated by charcoal, stood in the middle of the apartment, giving out a very subdued light, and small amount of warmth. The Aga, in a true spirit of hospitality, bade us welcome, and he himself retired to some other abode.

Christopholo had now to display his untried powers as a caterer. Lyons* was our mannger, and had established a variety of sounds

* Second son of the then Sir Edmund Lyons, British Minister plenip. at Athens, and who afterwards, as Lord Lyons, commanded the English fleet off Sebast. pol in 1854-55. Young Jack Lyons was a lieutenant on the *Agile*, and was afterwards with his father in the Black Sea, where he commanded H.M.S. *Miranda*, on board which vessel he received a fatal wound from a Russian shell, and died beloved by all who knew him.

and signs between himself and our worthy guide, which, aided by the little Turkish we knew—consisting chiefly of words expressive of the necessities of life, such as *apee* (corn), *aparu* (bread), *crassie* (wine), *soot* (milk), *kimack* (butter), *sou* (water), *etinet* (eggs), &c. enabled us to procure all we wanted. Our facetious guide would be all attention whilst Lyons performed a sort of pantomime before him, and then, as an intimation that he understood and was about to proceed to business, would repeat all the sounds, signs, and words, in a most slow comical manner; and, if chickens or ducks were to be slaughtered, would dramatize the process by squeezing his own throat, and screwing his face up to the utmost pitch of agony. In the present instance he gave a great hope of plenty, which was shortly realised by the appearance of two boiled fowls with rice—the Turkish Pilaff—also eggs fried in oil, bread, *yahout*—a sort of buttermilk—and a pitcher of *crassie*.

With the dinner came the village populace, to view the Giaours eating, and a precious ruffianly set they looked, as they sat cross-legged around the stove. The glare of this falling on their wild features converted them into a group of Mephistopheles, whilst their belts, stuck full of yataghans and pistols, made us involuntarily draw our weapons closer to hand. With the fragments of the meal our visitors departed, and we were left to the quiet enjoyment of cheboukes and *carway* (coffee).

Before retiring to rest I mounted on to the flat roof of the house, and there spent a most delightful half hour. All nature was wrapped in profound tranquillity, with the exception of the curious buzzing and humming noises of thousands of insects peculiar to hot countries. The house was built on the edge of a precipice overlooking the gorge through which a gentle stream gurgled, giving its situation security against attack from that quarter. On the opposite side of the water rose a mountain of loose rocks, apparently of volcanic origin; the rays of the moon, now in her zenith, played amongst these distorted fragments, brilliantly illuminating some, whilst others remained veiled in the dark shadows of their brighter neighbours.

The view below the elevation on which the village stood was of a softer nature; the land fell away in a gradual slope, and was slightly undulating, its surface being studded with bushes and wild plants, whose fragrance filled the air with a variety of sweet scents. This scene terminated in our old friend the pine forest, the bright luminary of the night silvering the leafy crests as they seemed to rise and fall like ocean waves. Further vision was

intercepted by a barrier of mountains which entirely enclosed our position.

It was a night, place, and scene, to make a man thoughtful of times past and present, and conjecture a future for this beautiful country.

My reverie was disturbed by the cheery voice of Christopholo calling loudly for the stray Ense Basha, literally captain of a hundred, to betake himself to bed, an order I reluctantly obeyed.

Five A.M. saw the party mounted, after having made a light breakfast and paid forty piastres to our host, who sent a black slave to put us in the right road to Pergamus. For the first two hours we rode through a rugged uninteresting country, with here and there mud villages. We then appeared to have gained our greatest elevation, and commenced a descent among the shades of pine and arbutus trees, until at last the track led down to a river - the ancient Cicus whose course runs through the plain of Pergamus. This we followed, wooded hills rising on either side, and the flourishing arbutus growing in the very bed of the stream. Travellers, wood-cutters, and husbandmen began to appear, and a glimpse of the plain was next seen through an opening between which the river flows. These rocks were so scarp'd by the action of water as to make them appear of artificial construction.

Passing, as it were, through Nature's gate, we entered the plain of Pergamus, and putting our animals into a swinging gallop soon reached a place where refreshments could be procured. Our appearance excited a good deal of curiosity among the younger portion of the community, and as they crowded timidly round the khan door I think more beautiful faces could not be seen. The little girls, with their dark brown hair hanging loose down the back, but slightly confined to the head by a circlet of the small gold coins or shells, and dressed in all the graces of Oriental costume, looked wonders through their coal-black eyes; whilst the sturdy boys, in their manly dress of Turban, loose vest, with legs bare from the knee downwards, stared with contempt upon the infidel. On our making a move to our horses they all ran off like frightened deer.

We had now a two hours' ride across the plain to Pergamus; the country showed chiefly pasture land, and the banks of the river were lined with willow trees. Here a brilliant cavalcade of travellers approached us; the Turkish ladies sat their saddles

astride, and were enveloped in white shawls with "yashmaks" of fine muslin bound tightly round the forehead and mouth, leaving a pair of sparkling eyes and a fine outlined nose in view. From these alone could judgment be formed of the extent of their charms.

The "pakai att's" master had evidently arrived at a favourable conclusion as regards the latter, for no sooner were the backs of the escort fairly turned upon him than his face assumed a most queer expression of admiration. Lifting up his eyes and pressing the finger and thumb of his right hand firmly together, he gave vent to his feelings in a volley of "yarouses" and "gazelles" (*anglicé*, beautiful, lovely), finishing up with a series of "chokes" (*anglicé*, plenty, superlative). The remainder of the afternoon's ride was spent in quizzing Christopholo on his sensitiveness.

Passing a burial-ground gave warning of the neighbourhood of the once famous city, and soon a turn of the road disclosed to view the massive remains of a fine old Roman palace. A couple of huge round towers stood boldly out before the body of the building which formerly must have been connected to them. The walls were of immense thickness, and constructed entirely of the Roman tile used in the days of the Empire.

"Soon after the death of Attalus, King of Pergamus (a.c. 130), who had bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans, Aristonicus, his natural brother, being the illegitimate son of Eumenes, made pretensions to the throne of Pergamus, and was supported by a powerful party among the people. The Romans did not fail to maintain their right. Crassus, one of their consuls, had been sent with an army into Asia for that purpose; but in his first encounter with Aristonicus was defeated and taken.

"The following year the Consul, being sent on this service, and having, with better fortune than Crassus defeated and taken Aristonicus, got possession of the treasure and kingdom of Attalus, but died in his command at Pergamus. From this time the Romans took more particular concern than formerly in the affairs of Asia, and sent a commission of observation to that country.

"In the year before Our Saviour (84) Asia Minor again became a scene of strife between the Romans and Mithridates, in which Pergamus changed masters twice in a very short period, and in the subsequent contention between the Roman generals, Sylla and Pimbrin, was the place where the latter, deserted by his army, put an end to his life by the hands a faithful slave.

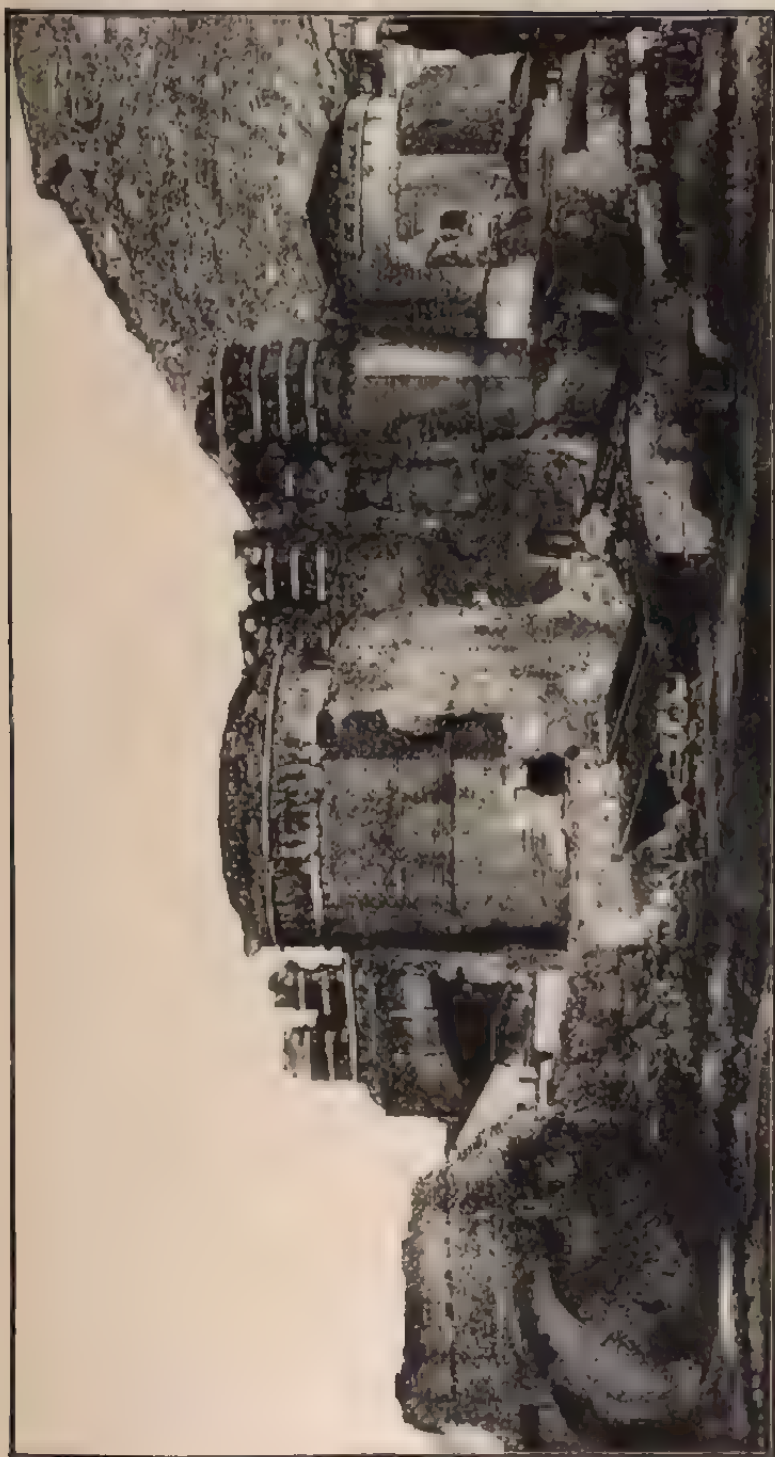
"Again, in 17 B.C., succours brought by Mithridates of Pergamus, were the means of the taking of Alexandria by Julius Caesar. Six years later Asia Minor was visited by a scourge in the person of Mark Antony, who, on his way to Egypt, rested at Ephesus, and there assembled the principal inhabitants of the provinces of Asia, and raised a heavy contribution."

Leaving this fine old Roman ruin on our left hand, we took the street leading to the khan, which was evidently in the Greek quarter of the town, by the many pretty unveiled faces that showed themselves at the doorways. Indeed, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, form the greater portion of the population of Pergamus.

The khan was anything but inviting: it had originally been built in the form of a square, but only three of its sides now remained, one having fallen to the ground; the rooms were filthy dirty and full of vermin; so, putting our horses in the stable, Christopholo was directed to go in search of a "*konak*" (*anglicè*, boarding-house) whilst we hunted out the ancient ruins. The first of these, stumbled upon by chance, proved to be the old Christian church, converted into a mosque; but in spite of the tact generally shown by the Turks in such conversions—of which St. Sophia of Stamboul is a notable example—they have not obliterated the primitive style of the Pergamus house of Christ: the domes on its top proclaimed the attempt, and the interior, which we entered at a risk, had been evidently adapted to Mahomedan worship; it was now altogether disused, but its solid walls gave the assurance of defying time for many years to come.

Following the course of a stream, which was formerly utilized by the Romans as a sewer, and covered in with masonry, which remains in a perfect condition for about 100 feet, we then passed to the hills backing the city on the north-west: at their base was found the theatre; a fine archway—one of the entrances alone marked the spot. Ascending to the brow of the hills, we dropped upon the amphitheatre, the most complete remains we had as yet seen. The arches of the arena were of a great height, and their cornices as clearly defined as the first day they were carved. The granite steps, used as seats, were nearly intact, and the greater part of the exterior gallery was erect. The massive stone work of the principal entrance had been much damaged by the abstraction of the iron in times past, to be used doubtless for war purposes.

From this point a magnificent approach by a monster flight of steps was visible, and could be traced down a ravine that opens on the river. This was much blocked up with brushwood, which



ANCIENT CHURCH AT PERGAMUS.

made any exploration difficult. It was sunset before we could prevail upon ourselves to quit this specimen of ancient grandeur; we then descended to the town and rejoined our guide, who with great glee led us to a nice, clean, Armenian house, in which was a room prepared for our reception. This was remarkable for the number of windows it contained; one felt like being placed in a conservatory. Raised ottomans were on three sides of the apartment, and a capital Turkey carpet covered the floor.

The fountain a little way up the street served as a lavatory, and afterwards a most excellent dinner was discussed, the only drawback being the friends of our host, who as usual had assembled and bored us dreadfully with their attentions.

Christopholo was in high humour, and insisted upon drinking our individual healths in somewhat strong potations of rum and water. Whilst quilts were being laid down a stroll to the old Roman palace was proposed, but objections were urged on the part of our guide that it was quite contrary to all Oriental custom, promenading the streets at night, and in towns like Pergamus, without police surveillance, such a proceeding would be dangerous. However, we had made up our minds to view the ruins by moonlight, so our guide, finding all attempts to deter us ineffectual, summoned up his Dutch courage and accompanied the expedition. The night was nearly as clear as day, and the palace ruin stood out in the full light of the moon. This appeared to have the effect of magnifying it, and causing at the same time a deep feeling of veneration to creep over us.

On our entering the body of the building, much surprise was expressed at finding a small village of about twenty houses ensconced within its walls. Blocks of marble lay about. These had evidently been interior ornamentations. The turrets of the towers were occupied by families of storks. These birds, whilst feeding their young, made a great noise with their long beaks, the sound resembling that heard in our cherry orchards in England, when clappers are used to scare the feathered robbers.

An endeavour was made to ascend one of the towers, but as we had lost the moonlight the difficulties became too great. These, together with the entreaties of Christopholo, whose patience was now fast giving way, induced a return to the konak (lodging-house), where soon all was quiet, save the abominable clatter clatter of the storks, perched on every old wall in the place.

Morning found our unfortunate guide in sad condition; all the articulation to be got from him was, "Roume (rum), fennah

(bad)." Leaving him to his fate, the party separated, Lyons and the Doctor mounting to the Acropolis—an old ruined fortress with many remains of pillars strewed about—whilst West and myself took our way to the barber and humnum.

The shaving operation was anything but pleasant, for, contrary to our custom of holding the razor obliquely to the skin, the Turkish method places it at a right angle, and then merely the point is used, which has the effect of cutting down to the very roots of the hair. My poor friend West, who had a four days' strong beard on him, was in agonies during the performance. The humnum proved to be very inferior to that we had indulged in at Magnesia, and we gladly returned to the snug ottomans at the konak. On these we were laying, condoling with our seedy guide, who had taken off his turban, and sat with his shaven pate—for the Armenians shave the head like the Turks—at one of the open windows to cool his fevered brain, when the door opened, and our hostess appeared bearing in breakfast, an event that would have been beneath notice had not the serving up of the meal given a striking proof of the little advance made in the ways and means of civilization by these people of Asia Minor, as also the total ignorance of the uses of some of the latter they had acquired. Suffice to say, the meal in question consisted of milk served in a common white and unmistakable utensil. This was placed, with all due politeness, in the middle of the room by the lady of the house.

After our astonishment had subsided, the risible faculties came into play, and these seemed to puzzle both the lady and Christopholo considerably. To the latter an explanation was vouchsafed, when, forgetting his headache, he gave way to a hearty laugh, assuring us at the same time that the cause of our merriment had never contained anything but milk. To bring matters to a close, he placed the vessel within our reach, and broke up bread into it, then, handing each of the party a wooden spoon, he bade us fall to. The tableau that followed would have been unique to our countrymen at home, and we ourselves were much tickled in our imaginations at the ludicrous scene that was being enacted.

The khanjee did not forget to punish us in his stable account for the contempt with which we had treated his premises. Nor did the Armenian owner of the konak fail to charge to the utmost for the good cheer he had supplied.

(To be continued.)

The Rambler Papers.

XIII.—PEOPLE'S PECULIARITIES. (AN UNFINISHED ESSAY.)



IF the essay which I once began to write on the subject that forms the title of this narrative had ever been completed, the chances are that it would never have been submitted to the printer, but would have remained uselessly littering my table in manuscript until utilized for incendiary purposes by an illiterate housemaid. Though admirably adapted to illumine the grate, it would never have enlightened the world; and I am bound to confess that, in spite of its suitability to kindle coal, I doubt whether it would have been likely to set the Thames on fire. But it never was completed; my treatise is a fragment, or rather the mutilated remains of a fragment, broken in pieces by a series of untoward interruptions; and the story of the day's annoyances which induced me to attempt it, and of the circumstances which led me to give up that attempt, may perhaps amuse and even excite the wonder of my readers.

I am not, I think, a very irritable man --over-sensitive, perhaps, with an organization too refined, and nerves too highly strung -- possibly what the doctors call a neurotic. Mine is a susceptible temperament, better fitted to contend with the misfortunes of life than with its annoyances. I can be tickled by trifles into a state of mind bordering on frenzy, but can face or parry the knock-down blow of a calamity with comparative equanimity. I bore the calamity of my uncle's death, for instance, with fortitude: he was a rich man. I confess I might have been shocked at the contents of the old gentleman's will, when that document was read to the assembled family, but my interest at the time was so absorbed in noting the lawyer's absurd mannerisms in reading it, that I hardly gave its meaning due consideration until I was fairly out of the house.

As I strolled leisurely along Piccadilly towards my club I began to reflect. My late uncle had not, then, been the funny man

which that twitch in his left eye had always led me to suppose. It had taken me five-and-twenty years to find out that he was a grave man, who detested a joke. Too late, alas! I fancied I had been laughing *with* him all that time. He, in disgust at my having laughed *at* him, as he supposed, had left the bulk of his property elsewhere. I was not angry; I had mistaken him—that was all. Unluckily, he also had mistaken me. This was the first link in the chain of events that ended in my attempts to write an essay on people's peculiarities.

As I walked slowly along, pondering over my misfortune and trying unsuccessfully to dismiss it from my thoughts, I suddenly espied a half-crown piece. I stooped and picked up the coin, quickly covering it with my hand. I knew what to expect of people's peculiarities, and my anticipation of what might happen was confirmed.

A rough-looking man, seeing me pick up something, stopped, looked first at me, then at my closed hand, and finally approached me. His intention was evident.

"I've just dropped that 'ere, governor," he said, pointing to my hand.

"What?" I asked.

"That shillin'," he replied.

"I've not seen a shilling," I said; "but we will consult the policeman." I turned as if to call one; but the man made off.

This little conversation had given me time to notice that the piece of money I held was warm. "Recently dropped," was my mental note as I crossed the street, determined to do a little detective business on my own account.

I walked slowly up and down, keeping my eye on the opposite pavement, and narrowly watching the people that passed along the crowded thoroughfare.

What an opportunity it afforded me of noting their peculiarities!

The living panorama streamed along, and I studied the familiar characteristics of the London streets, and noticed many quaint peculiarities: a contented-looking butcher boy without a hat, whistling the latest barrel-organ tune so shrilly that I longed to box his ears; a lounging young Patrician hanging listlessly on to the end of a huge crutch stick; an elderly Plebeian with no stick at all, but whose body seemed specially bent that his empty hands might find a comfortable resting-place in the small of his back; a fussy old maid hailing the wrong omnibus with her umbrella, and a saucy young one, struggling with the uplifted gingham and laugh-

ingly correcting its mistakes; a sailor with a rolling gait, who could not pass a shop window without stopping to gaze into it; a soldier, who cared nothing for shop windows, but looking straight before him strutted jauntily along, occasionally slapping his trouser-leg with the little cane he carried. Innumerable cabbies whirled by me all endowed with the peculiarities of their class, and a host of 'bus conductors similarly endowed with theirs. Then a costermonger evidently imbued with the paradoxical idea that the best method of forcing a donkey forward is to pull his mouth well back. Then, a sandwich-man, imbued with no ideas at all, but content to tread the gutter with monotonous tramp, gazing vacantly at the mud beneath his feet, the every-day arena of his profitless profession: modest of his own attainments, and destined always to carry on his back the proclamation of some other person's excellence. Poor sandwich-man!

Many hundred human beings of different sexes and of all ages, shapes and sizes must have passed me; but not one of them appeared to me to be in quest of lost or stolen property. I had given up all hopes of restoring the coin to its rightful owner, and had decided that after one more turn on my beat I would drop it into the hospital-box at the railway station, when I saw a little boy on the opposite side of the street, carrying a horse-collar almost as big as himself: his face, red with running, and expressive of alarm and anxiety, attracted my attention at once. I observed his movements carefully. He stopped, took a handful of coppers from his pocket, turned them over in his hand, one by one, put them back again, and began to examine the ground as he slowly walked along.

"That's my man," I said to myself, and I went over to him.

"What is the matter, my boy?"

His frank little face was full of concern as he looked up at me and answered—

"Oh! I've dropped a half-crown, I have; what shall I do?"

"Are you sure?" I said. "Feel again." He did so, taking out his coppers and dropping tears upon them as he turned them over.

"They won't believe me," he sobbed out after a fruitless search in all his pockets. "I shall get the sack, I know I shall; and what—oh! what shall I say to mother!"

"Do you always carry half-crowns and coppers in the same pocket, my boy?" I asked. But by this time he was too engrossed and dominated with his loss to heed anything I said, much less to reason or explain. I sympathized with the boy's distress, and the realisation of all his loss meant to him touched me.

"Here, my boy," I said, "I was near, I picked it up. I've waited. Here's your half-crown," and I held the coin out to him. In an instant the anxious expression was replaced by one of delight. His eyes and whole face beamed.

"Oh! Sir, how can I thank you. Oh! I am so glad."

"Don't," I began—I was going to say, "don't carry your money mixed," but the sight of the boy's grateful face checked the words on my lips, and I finished my sentence instead—"Don't lose it again, old fellow."

"No fear of that, and thank you, Sir," and he darted off, horse-collar and all.

I went on my way rejoicing; that boy's face had made me forget my troubles. I had not gone far when I saw in front of me a figure which I recognized as old Borington's, the most dreadful man in the club to have to talk to, or rather to listen to. I tried to pass him unnoticed, but unsuccessfully. He joined me, and we walked on together. For fear he should commence one of his interminable and pointless anecdotes, I began at once to recount my recent experiences. He listened patiently enough to my story, and at its conclusion burst out—

"How I envy you! I'd give five shillings this moment for the selfish gratification of returning that boy his half-crown. It would be the cheapest pleasure I ever had too!" There must be a good deal of kindly feeling in old Borington, I thought, in spite of his peculiarities. I resisted, however, his persuasions to enter the club with him, knowing what little chance I had of reading the papers while he was there. I pleaded "catching the express," and made my way to the station, thinking to read the evening's news comfortably in the train. I was sadly disappointed; my expectations of a pleasurable half-hour's perusal of my paper were dissipated by a fellow traveller, who sucked one of his back teeth with an in-drawn whistling noise every few minutes from the time of the departure of the train until it arrived at my destination, which, fortunately for me, was the first station at which it stopped. In the meantime there was no escape; I could neither read, nor sleep, nor think of anything but of my opposite neighbour's dental wind instrument. The irritation it caused me was almost intolerable; and before my journey was half over I felt that I would willingly have accepted the engine's whistle as a travelling companion in exchange for that awful man with his musical tooth, were it only for the sake of variety.

The influences of home, dinner, and tobacco soothed my agitated

nerves, and with pipe and slippered feet I prepared to take my leisure after the day's worries and fatigues.

I stirred the fire into a blaze, flung myself into my easy-chair, and awaited the advent of coffee.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Our parlour-maid, an industrious, hard-working girl enough, but addicted to machine-like habits of doing the same thing at the same time without duly considering the necessity of her actions, would, I felt sure, after handing me my coffee cup and while I was helping myself to sugar, poke my fire. She did this every evening, whether the fire wanted poking or whether it did not.

I got up and hid the poker.

Presently she came in, handed me my coffee and flopped on her knees on the hearth-rug.

"Where's the poker gone, I wonder," she exclaimed.

"I've hidden it," I said.

"Lor, Sir! did you think I would poke the fire?"

"No, Mary," I said; "I was *sure* you would."

"Lor, Sir!" she exclaimed again, and blushing furiously she rushed from the room.

"I think I have cured Mary of an annoying trait in her otherwise blameless character," I said to my brother-in-law, who happened to be staying with us, and was sitting smoking on the other side of the fire.

He is an embryo physician, this young brother of my wife's, and a very amiable young fellow for whom I have the greatest regard, except when he happens to be smoking; then he, or rather his pipe, is most objectionable.

I felt tired, and was in little mood for conversation; I even fancied I might dose. I was beginning to feel a delicious sense of torpor creeping over me, when that wretched pipe of my young brother-in-law's gave an admonitory gurgle. I knew what this meant. Presently there was another, and soon a succession of noises issued from it such as are made by a gas chandelier when it is pulled down low and "wants water."

"Will you have a cigar, Tom," I suggested, waking up.

"Thanks; no—prefer pipe," Tom answered, in his usual phlegmatic way; and his asthmatic calumet breathed on, harder than ever.

"That's a very curious pipe of yours, Tom," I ventured to protest after a time.

"It's a very good 'un," he replied.

"It's rather noisy to smoke, isn't it; will you have one of mine?"

"I'll blow it out a bit," he said; and he did so, refilling it after the operation and lighting it afresh. Its lungs were cleared and its respiration for the time normal. But it was of no use my trying to compose myself to slumber; I knew that the gurglings would begin again presently, and the nervous state of expectancy to which their cessation soon reduced me was as little conducive to sleep as the noise itself. I listened intently for its repetition, and at last felt quite relieved when it was renewed with double vigour.

I was patient for a time, but at last I exclaimed, "I'll give you a twenty-shilling meerschaum to-morrow, if you will promise me never to smoke that bubbling incentive to suicide again."

I did not wait for his answer, but joined my wife in the drawing-room.

"My dear," I said, "I am going to write an essay on People's Peculiarities. I have spent a day of purgatorial unrest owing to them, and I feel it will do me good to put my views on paper."

I collected a few books of reference: the works of the two mad poets of Lake Geneva, for sentiment; the sketches of my American favourite, for wit; the world-famed biography of that most peculiar of men, the author of the Dictionary, for facts; and a few novels by the immortal lexicographer of human peculiarities themselves, for fiction. I sat down surrounded by these books and prepared to write. For a time my pen flew rapidly enough:—

"Men are but letters, dropped into this world's post office for circulation through life, and sealed with that mysterious seal which laws divine and human so zealously protect that to break one such seal is the worst of crimes. All bear the same address, some reaching their destination by a short cut in a few days, others taking many years to go the weary round, but all sure to be delivered ultimately at that great Dead Letter Office, from which they are never again to be re-issued. They are stamped, each with a peculiarity, as an excise on society: a custom which society is bound to recognize, for if the duty be not paid in coin of toleration, more than the amount is sure to be assessed in the form of a tax on patience."

I laid down my pen and looked at what I had written. I thought it rather neat.

My brain had almost perfected my next idea, when my wife's olfactory organ gave vent to a little "sniffle." The noise rather disturbed the current of my thoughts, but I made no comment.

I continued, old Borington giving me the cue : —

"Who does not full well know the old club *habitué*, who regularly at 4 o'clock every afternoon enters the smoking-room, seizes the *Times* in one hand, the *Standard* in the other, wanders round the room collecting illustrated papers on Fridays, funny ones on Wednesdays, anything he can find on other days, selects the most comfortable untenanted chair, and having drawn it into a position— —." Here there was another snuffle, and coming, as it inopportunately did, in the midst of this somewhat intricate sentence, it irritated me.

"My dear," I said, "have you caught cold?"

My wife feared she had, she said, but it was only a slight one, she fancied.

I continued—"most favourable to his own limited powers of vision, and most unfavourable to everyone else's locomotion, plants himself in it, ostentatiously sitting on the *World*, and culpably hiding *Truth* in darkness as he does so. In his hand he holds a magnifying glass, through which he reads laboriously, but diligently, never taking his eyes off his paper except at stated intervals, when—"

Sniff!

"My love!" I exclaimed, "perhaps going to bed early would cure your cold. It really seems to trouble you a good deal."

My wife expressed her determination of retiring for the night—"soon."

After collecting my scattered thoughts I resumed my writing—"he shouts to the waiter, assigning to that hard-worked individual the powers of an atlas, to bring him a *Globe*."

"People's peculiarities may be classified under two distinct heads, mental and physical; and to him whose peculiarity it is to notice other people's, a long life of torment—"

Sniff!

"It is impossible, my dear," I said, throwing down my pen in disgust, "to think, or write, or do anything if you persist in making that noise."

I spoke impatiently, perhaps, but not harshly; I had merely intended to expostulate, not to censure, and I was surprised at the effect produced by my words. My wife looked at me for a moment, and without answering burst into tears. I was very sorry; I hurried to console her, expressing remorse for my irritability, and pleading the day's annoyances in extenuation of my hasty temper. I was, in fact, thoroughly contrite, and finally,

having soothed her into a placid state of mind, I accompanied her to her room, there to receive a forgiveness which with many kisses she granted me in full. I did not leave her until she was quite cheerful again, when, bidding her an affectionate good-night, I returned to my essay.

My brother-in-law had gone to a party, my wife, I hoped, to sleep; the room was empty, the house quiet; I was alone at last, and I sat down with the intention of completing my self-imposed task before I went to bed.

I wrote line after line only to draw my pen through the words again: they seemed to me to be meaningless. My ideas, so abundant one short half-hour before, had utterly deserted me. My wife's tears and her brother's pipe occupied my mind, and I could not concentrate it on my essay. At last I determined to try and coax my thoughts back gradually into their former channel by reading and meditation. I drew a chair up to the fire, placed my pile of books near me, selected one from the number, opened it on my knee, and commenced to read. It did not interest me, and failed to fix my attention; my thoughts wandered from its pages and roamed aimlessly through the events of the day. I thought of all that that unfortunate twitch in my uncle's eye had cost me; I thought of old Borington and the little boy's half-crown, of the people I had watched at the corner of the street, of the man in the train, and the sandwich-man's boards, of my wife's cold and her hysterical outburst; and then I began thinking of myself and of the fatal peculiarity I possessed of noticing those of other people; and as I was wondering whether, not only a man's own happiness, but his capability of conferring it on others, increased as his observant faculties diminished; and as I was calculating a little problem in inverse ratio between peace of mind and powers of perception, I began to notice the ticking of the large clock that stood in the passage. *Tick! tack! tack! tack!* It was a most obtrusive noise, and having once caught my attention prevented my thinking of anything else. In the stillness of the house its *tick! tack!* sounded as loud as the cracks of a carter's whip. I was half inclined to step outside and stop the pendulum, but remembering that the tell-tale face would proclaim to everyone in the morning the story of my absurd annoyance I refrained. *Tick! tack!* I had never thought the clock a particularly noisy one before, but I determined to call in the watchmaker on the morrow and have its lungs seen to. *Tick! tack!* It was beating out a little tune now—a sort of Turkish Patrol—loud at

first and by slow degrees dying away into the far off tiny tick of a lady's little watch; and then, gradually swelling, it banged out the harsh *tack! tack!* that it had started with.

"Bother the clock!" I exclaimed, and rapped my knuckles impatiently on the table beside me. What was my surprise to hear an answering rap on the table. It seemed to come from below. I lifted the cover and looked beneath it—nothing. Thinking I must have been mistaken, and to reassure myself, I rapped again—again there was an answer. I was not frightened, but surprised and interested; I was on the verge of a discovery. I rapped many times in succession, and answers came as quick as hail. I thought I heard someone whisper, "Who calls me?" and another whisper, "I am summoned." There were voices in the air—two murmuring voices, which seemed to be holding conversation one with the other; both were thin and low, sounding more like the faint echoes of human utterances than the articulation of beings near me. They were spirit voices, and there was a far, far away tone in them which I am quite unable to explain, yet the words they spoke, though low, were perfectly distinct and clear.

"Is that you, Percy?" asked one voice.

"What was me, Albé," replied the other.

They murmured together words I could not catch; but presently the voice which I recognised as that which had first spoken said, "I come as a Vision of Judgment."

"And I from The Clouds," said the other.

"You know him then?"

"I heard his plan to-night. He thinks because I floated paper boats and bottles, and flew balloons, because I wore no hat or overcoat, because I fed so much on lumps of bread and raisins, that therefore I am mad."

"He cares nothing," said the other voice, "for the troubles and the sorrows of ourselves, and only searches in the books we left behind—for what? For sentiment, forsooth! Much sentiment there is in him! He would laugh at my foot if he could see it, and ridicule my turn-down collar. He must learn from the Deformed Transformed."

"Speak to him," said the other voice.

The first voice began to speak with painful distinctness; I gazed vacantly into space as I listened; my eyes might have been stricken with blindness for all the use they were to me in discerning whence the sounds proceeded, but my ears seemed gifted with

tenfold their ordinary powers of hearing. It was impossible to miss a syllable,

Thou art not false, but thou dost stickle
At trifles, making much of nought,
And tears which thou hast forced to trickle
Were only worth your passing thought.

I was conscious of a horrible sensation of inability to put these wretched doggerel rhymes into the correct words of a poem, which should have been familiar, and a feeling of absolute necessity to render them aright prompted me to strain my memory to the utmost. I failed at every attempt, and was still struggling with the first line when the sound of the other voice attracted my attention. Again the words seemed to come all wrong:—

A sensitive plant in the country grew.
And around it its critical glances threw,
On every companion detecting a blight,
Till made to curl up for not seeing aright.
Then it trembled with palsy, from touch recoiled,
Bereft of its fragrance, of flower despoiled,
It shrivelled and withered and died of want:
A curse was upon the sensitive plant.

The voice, as if receding, grew fainter and fainter as it slowly repeated the last line for the second time; it came from the direction of the window opposite me, through which it seemed to pass, and the sounds of each succeeding word as they reached me told me that the voice was travelling far away, out into the darkness of the night. Slower and slower came the words, fainter and fainter, farther and farther away, until they almost died out altogether. I was straining eyes and ears, when a loud "Sir!" in the room itself made me start and look towards the door. Just inside it stood the figure of a man.

He was dressed somewhat untidily in the costume of the last century. A long brown coat with lappets and ruffled sleeves fitted badly over his broad back; a waistcoat of the same material and colour as the coat reached half way down his thighs and fell loosely about his portly person; his unwieldy looking legs were encased in knee breeches and black worsted stockings, and his feet in shoes ornamented with prodigious buckles. In his hand he carried a ponderous cane and a three-cornered hat, and on his head a huge wig. I noticed that his face, which was flabby, rubicund, and clean shaven, was never for a moment in repose. He twisted and worked the muscles of it continually as he gazed rudely at me. His eyes were large and prominent, and he breathed noisily and laboriously.

After looking at me fixedly for some time, and I at him, for I was too frightened to speak, he said in a voice so loud and in a tone so offensive that I felt indignant—

"Sir! you thought to find in my life facts fit to furnish your foolish brain with fancies. Sir, you are a blockhead!"

"What do you mean by your impertinence?" I exclaimed.

"I mean, Sir," he replied, "that you thought to find me particularly peculiar, and that I find you peculiarly particular."

I was too amazed to answer. The big man (he was too fleshy to call a spirit), without seeming to notice me further, walked deliberately round the room. In spite of his recent reprimand I could not help noticing his peculiarities, which were many and various. He tapped the legs of all the chairs he passed with his cane, he rolled his head from side to side, he thrust his tongue into his cheek, he emitted a series of grampus-like noises from his mouth, and, apparently lost in deep abstraction, muttered to himself as he slowly walked along. When he had made the complete circuit of the room, he stopped on the spot where he had originally appeared, and, as if conscious of my thoughts, fixed his eyes on me, and exclaimed, in loud rude tones:—

Your observation with intolerant view
 Surveys mankind and notes what people do.
 You mark each trait, each knack and habit quaint,
 And think yourself, meanwhile, a martyr'd saint.
 Forthwith abandon hope of adding more
 To all this rubbish which I throw upon the floor.

With this he seized the papers lying on my writing-table, tore them into fragments, and threw them into the waste-paper basket. This brought my rising indignation to a climax; I sprang to my feet, and exclaimed: "What do you want here? Who are you?"

"Look in your dictionary for that!" he answered, angrily, following up the remark with a string of incoherent mutterings, which, although unintelligible, evidently signified rage. His display of temper rapidly increased in violence and gesticulation, until in a transport of seemingly ungovernable fury he snatched his wig from off his head and dashed it on the ground. The cloud of powder shaken out of the wig under this rough treatment was so great that the form of the big man was eclipsed. Nor was this all, for I was amazed to see that the wig lying on the ground continued to pour forth denser and denser columns of the stuff, until the air was laden with it, and soon the whole room was filled with clouds of powder. Gasping, I felt my way back into my chair; I was almost suffocated; I could not speak, and for a time

I could not see. It rolled in heavy volumes all around me ; it crept stealthily along the floor and mounted in eddies to the ceiling ; it curled about the legs of the tables and chairs and lurked sulkily in corners. Then it gradually dispersed, and through a hazy mist I could at last distinguish the opposite wall. Instead of the picture which usually hung there, I was surprised to see a large horse-collar suspended in its place. The picture had been a landscape handsomely framed in gold ; now I saw the head and shoulders of a Chinaman framed in the horse-collar. The Chinaman's hands moved, and I saw that it was a living picture. He was dressed in a loose blue blouse, and on his head he wore a hat shaped like a limpet shell. He looked very young ; his eyes were downcast, and his whole expression betokened an innocent and child-like nature.

Presently he lifted his eyes and addressed me thus :—

Which, I wish to remark,
And am here to explain,
That in men, fair or dark.
Tall, short, handsome, or plain.
There is always a something peculiar
Which from noticing you should refrain.
But you 've had a small game ;
You have played at " I spy,"
So you musn't them blame,
That you cannot deny,
If they 've noticed a something peculiar
In your own hyper-critical eye.
For you often look black,
And have been heard to say,
" I detest the whole ' pack ' "
And the ' tricks ' that they play."
And it's just " on the cards " that " revoking "
Is the game *they* are up to to-day.

As he spoke the last word he thrust his arm through the horse-collar and pointed a long, tapering fore-finger towards the door. The loose sleeve of his blouse fell like a curtain over his face and figure and shut them out of my sight. I could see nothing but the hand pointing to the door and calling my attention again to the ticking of the clock. *Tick ! tuck ! tick ! tuck !* The noise approached, getting louder and louder until it seemed to issue from the sleeve of the Chinaman's blouse ; but the long curtain hanging to the ground and the lank fore-finger pointing to the door was all that I could see. *Tick ! tuck ! fiction ! fact !* I could distinguish the words easily now, which the phantom before me seemed to be speaking. It had developed another hand on the other side of the curtain, and I saw that it was the phantom of the clock.

"*Fiction ! fact ! fiction ! fact !* Who puts into the words of an essay," said the phantom, "a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trials, and their worries and have left deep traces of it in these lines I see," and the finger pointed to the waste-paper basket; "a cry that only serves to show how irritable stupidity can fret and fume while its ears, insensible of all the sweeter sounds of reason, are deaf to everything but the music of a tooth—who does this, does a wrong. And you have done that wrong."

The clock in the passage struck the quarter.

"Who hears in that chime," continued the phantom, "no note bespeaking kind regard or even disregard of joy, or pain, or sorrow of the busy hurrying throng; who fretfully makes response to all the human foibles and affections, gauging the measure of his own annoyances by whiffs of curling smoke and by the gurgling sounds of pipes, does wrong. And you have done that wrong."

The clock chimed the half-hour.

"Who hears those echoes of the careful work of his maid-servant's hands: the corrector of willing, honest natures, checked in their efforts to minister to his comforts and his wants; who does so, does a wrong. And you have done that wrong."

The clock began to chime again.

"I know it," I cried, stung with the remorse for having hid the poker; "I confess my fault. Forgive me!"

"Lastly, and most of all," pursued the phantom, "who turns his sneers upon the curious and the quaint; who carps and cavils at his fellow-creatures ways; who with querulous complaint brings tears to eyes that should be gladdened by his smiles, does grievous wrong to home and wife, mankind, and Me. Listen!"

The chimes tolled out the hour, and the phantom of the clock approached me with outstretched hand.

"Spare me!" I cried, and hid my face in terror.

The hand fell upon my shoulder—a convulsion thrilled my frame, and I started violently out of unreality into what at last seemed real.

Beside me, in night attire, stood my wife shaking me by the shoulder.

"And have you come to reproach me, too?" I said.

"You deserve it," she answered, "for sitting up so late over that stupid essay. Have you finished it?"

"No, my dear, and never shall," I said, with a shudder.

And, indeed, I never will.

(To be continued.)

St. Vincent and Nelson, from a French Point of View.

By CAPTAIN T. SHERLOCK GOOCH, R.N.

PART II.



IN the early part of 1797, whilst Jervis, with the Mediterranean fleet, was watching Cadiz, the seeds of disaffection were spreading in the Channel fleet. Admiral Jurien de la Graviere gives a concise, but vivid, account of this terrible time. The mutinies at Spithead and at Plymouth were terminated by the Government conceding to the men their just and moderate demands.* These ships were then turned to the suppression of the much more formidable, because political, mutiny of the North Sea fleet off Sheerness. This mutiny, which was in connection with Irish discontent, was crushed by the Government with a firm hand. But reinforcements sent to Earl St. Vincent from this fleet carried the spirit of disaffection to the ships before Cadiz. An Irishman of the name of Bott, formerly a lawyer, a delegate of the Irish revolutionary party, who had shipped as a blue-jacket, was the leading spirit of the intended mutiny. Bott confessed before his execution that if he had been successful he would have hanged Lord St. Vincent, given the command of the fleet to a seaman called Davidson, taken it to an Irish port, and raised the country. "Lord St. Vincent," writes M. de la Graviere, "was warned by the Admiralty of the danger he was in; but he was not the man to be intimidated. . . . 'I will answer for it,' said he, 'that the Commander-in-Chief of this fleet will know how to maintain his authority.'" He stopped communications between the ships,

* "If they had shown as much decision in England," said Nelson at Cadiz, "as we have shown here, I do not think the evil would have gone so far. Nevertheless, I am quite on the sailors' side as to their first demands."

ordered the marines to mess by themselves, and forbade all conversation in Irish. "Having taken these measures, he firmly and calmly awaited the outbreak, and at the very first symptoms he struck down the culprits without fear or mercy."

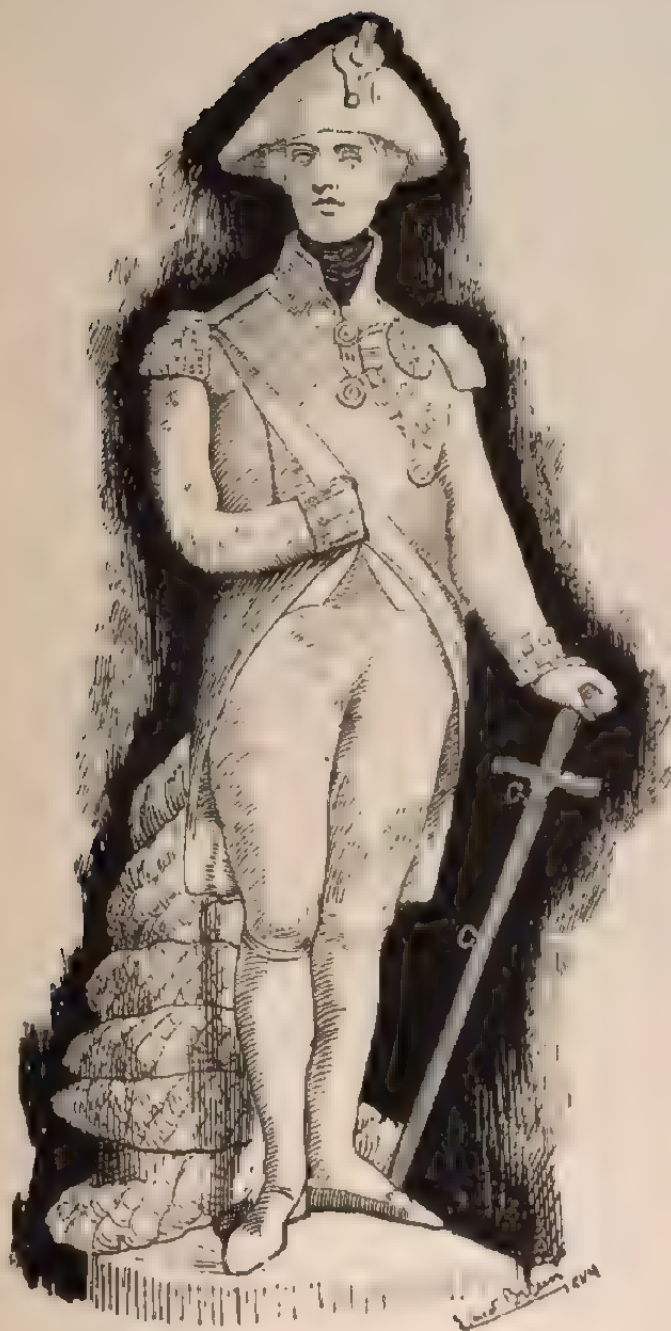
For months executions took place in the fleet before Cadiz. A man convicted by a court-martial of disaffection was beyond the pale of mercy. No length of previous good character could save him from his fate. "We have hitherto only punished the worthless," replied St. Vincent to Captain Pellew's intercession in favour of a blue-jacket whose conduct had hitherto been irreproachable, "it is time that our sailors should learn that no past conduct can redeem an act of treason." Commenting on this great Admiral's extreme severity, M. de la Graviere writes: "It must be admitted that notwithstanding the eminent services which Lord St. Vincent rendered to his country, it was well for England that two such men as Nelson and Collingwood were placed under him. These inflexible characters do not inspire others to great actions, they humiliate the power of free agency in the human mind too much not to destroy some of its ardour and energy. Lord St. Vincent was peculiarly fitted for organizing the English navy, and for establishing, by his energy and perseverance, those absolute and rigorous doctrines, without which all was, in his view, anarchy and confusion. . . . His task was finished; more popular chiefs were now wanted to meet the changes that were approaching. Thanks to Jervis the power of the English navy was established; Nelson and Collingwood were destined to turn it to account. . . . The efficient organization of the fleet was the labour of his life, and occupied his latest thoughts. Never rash himself, he nevertheless opened the way for the most daring deeds. Nelson rushed into the arena and with the rapidity of lightning showed the latent results of the change effected."

With these words St. Vincent, as a chief actor, disappears from M. de la Graviere's stage, and Nelson in his stead occupies the leading part. His gallant French historian before taking us to Tenerife, the Nile, Naples, Copenhagen, Boulogne, and Trafalgar, examines "the real traits and features of this master-mind." The passage is too long to be quoted in full, but I have tried to give the most salient portions. "Nelson was not less rash or less regardless of established rules when he won than when he lost. Between Aboukir and Tenerife, or Copenhagen and Boulogne, the difference consisted in the *event*. The same head-long audacity, the same disposition to attempt what seemed impossible in the

tactics of Nelson . . . were as true to his character, as were its greatness and its faults . . . After having followed him into action, and studied him in those great events over which he presided . . . we shall be forced . . . to apply to him the words in which Jervis delineated the conqueror of Camperdown. 'He was a brave officer, little versed in the subtilities of naval tactics, and who would have been quickly embarrassed by them. When he saw the enemy, he rushed upon him without thinking of such and such an order of battle. To conquer, he calculated upon the brave example he set his captains, and the event justified the expectation.'"^{*} "If," says Admiral de la Graviere, "if Nelson was, of all the English Admirals, the one most zealously served by his captains, it was not (let us observe this well) owing to chance; he owed it entirely to himself, to that *personal* influence, which is often vainly sought in the enforcement of inflexible rules, and of which Nelson saw himself possessed in the spontaneous and voluntary devotion he inspired. Thus, in those squadrons exposed to such foul weather, cruising, and hard service, there were always to be seen contented and cheerful faces." "If a battle was gained," continues the writer, "Nelson always generously ascribed the honour of it to his captains . . . This great man felt that between himself and his officers attachment should be reciprocal, and on all occasions he defended their rights with the same zeal with which they promoted his glory. To these magnanimous feelings Nelson joined that simplicity of manners, which in a superior mind is always an additional charm. He never thought he compromised his dignity by being communicative with those about him, and whose superiority he was willing to admit in the thousand little details which perplex the operation of war. . . . Nevertheless, he appreciated as highly as Lord St. Vincent the advantage of passive obedience on board a man-of-war; . . . but he was of opinion it was more desirable to *prevent* offences than to have them to punish . . . In Nelson's eyes the first duty of an Admiral was to occupy himself unceasingly in promoting the welfare, physical and moral, of those committed to his care† . . . What he feared most with the English sailors was the monotony of long blockades, and the dangerous temptations of idleness. He liked to keep his crews

^{*} Lord Dunsany, in a foot-note, energetically contests the charge of unskillfulness (*ineptie*) brought by the French Admiral against Nelson. If the operations in the Baltic, in 1801, stood alone they would be proofs of Nelson's skillfulness.

† "The object of the first importance in a squadron," said Nelson, "is the health of the men who compose it."



NELSON'S STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



in practice, by daring enterprises and perilous attempts, for he reckoned upon the attractiveness of these expeditions to keep them out of mischief and in the path of duty. 'I would rather,' he would say, 'lose fifty men by the fire of the enemy than have to hang one.'"

Nelson, like "the noble and upright Collingwood,"* was averse to corporal punishment. Yet, the discipline of their ships was perfect, and the *Theseus*, Nelson's flag-ship off Cadiz, whose crew had borne the most active part in the mutiny of the Channel Fleet, had not to record a single court-martial after hoisting his flag. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, in his clear and concise style, describes Nelson's failure at Teneriffe, and quotes Lord St. Vincent's generous letter of consolation. Nelson's wounds forced him to return to England, where he was received with every mark of distinction. The impetuous seaman chafed at his enforced inactivity, but it was not until the close of the year that his medical attendant pronounced him fit for service. At last, in April, 1798, Nelson again, flew his flag, this time on board the *Vanguard*, 74, and he sailed to join his old chief off Cadiz. France, at this period sole mistress of the Mediterranean, was fitting out a large expedition at Toulon for a descent, it was supposed, on either Sicily, Malta, or, more probably, Egypt. Jervis despatched Nelson with a small squadron of three line-of-battle ships and three frigates to the coast of Provence to endeavour to penetrate the secret of this mysterious Armada. But Lord St. Vincent received confidential orders from the Admiralty, dated on the day Nelson had parted company with the fleet off Cadiz, directing him to detach twelve sail-of-the-line and a corresponding number of frigates to the Mediterranean with a view of intercepting or pursuing the French armament. These official despatches were supplemented by private instructions that this very important service should be entrusted to Nelson the junior flag-officer under St. Vincent's orders. In the meantime Nelson had appeared off the coast of Provence, but was blown off it and partially dismasted by a heavy gale from the N.E. This storm also separated the Admiral from his frigates, and thus paralyzed his means of obtaining information. The French expedition, with Napoleon on board, escaped from Toulon on 19th May, arrived off Malta on 9th June, and three days later the flag of the Republic was flying from the forts at Valetta. Nelson repaired damages in an almost incredible short time, and on 31st May (jury-masted),

* M. de la Gravière.

with only the *Orion* and *Alexander* in company, the daring sailor was again off Toulon, prepared to engage thirteen ships of the line,* but only to find an empty harbour. His frigates had not rejoined him, and he could not obtain any information as to the route taken by the French fleet. He sailed for Corsica, and off that island was joined by Troubridge with a fleet of eleven line-of-battle ships.

And then follows in M. de la Gravière's pages the exciting story of Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet to the Bay of Telemon,



SIR HYDE PARKER.

to Naples, to Malta, to Alexandria, his bitter disappointment at not finding it there, his return to Sicily, "devoured with anxiety, having enjoyed neither rest nor sleep for nearly a month," his re-victualling at Syracuse (thanks to Lady Hamilton), and his sudden reappearance off Alexandria on the ever memorable evening of the 1st of August, and instant attack of De Bruey's fleet. "To see and to attack us," wrote Villeneuve, "was the affair of a moment." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière describes the battle of

* "Thus refitted [with a jury foremast] he sailed . . . for an enemy's coast, where he had reason to expect an engagement with an enemy's squadron of thirteen ships of the line."—DE LA GRAVIÈRE.

Aboukir in his characteristic, graphic, and straightforward manner. "Our navy," he writes, "never recovered the terrible blow then given to its reputation and power . . . It was this battle . . . which saved India from French enterprize, and brought France within a hair's-breadth of her ruin." Commenting on the want of confidence shown by the officers of the French navy at this period, he ascribes it to "the nature of the operations in which they were engaged, and to that system of defensive warfare which Pitt declared in Parliament to be the precursor of inevitable ruin. 'That system,' the gallant author writes, "when we wished to renounce it, had already become habitual to us; and had . . . enervated our arms and paralyzed our confidence."

Covered with honours, at the summit of his glory, but broken in health, and weak from recent severe fever, Nelson arrived at Naples, in the *Vanguard*, on 22nd September, 1798. Even before the flag-ship anchored Lady Hamilton "rushed on deck, and threw herself fainting into the Admiral's arms." He found the King, the Queen, the Court, and the populace at his feet. "This," writes M. de la Gravière, "was too severe a trial for that frank and ardent nature; for that man of guileless and impassioned character, who, having seen less of the world than of ships, presented himself without any safeguard against the seductions of grandeur, of flattery, and of love." "Fortune," writes Nelson's gallant historian and admirer, "would have been more propitious to his glory had it ended his life on that memorable night which saw Dupetit, Thomas, and Brueys perish."

It would be purposeless to attempt to give here even an epitome of M. de la Gravière's detailed narrative of the wretched intrigues of the thoroughly contemptible little Neapolitan Court.

The undoubted respect and admiration of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière for Nelson does not prevent his judgment being very severe, not to say extremely harsh, when commenting on the execution of Prince Caraccioli; but, as Lord Dunsany observes in a foot-note, "we have no right to expect from a Frenchman that forbearance which gratitude imposes upon ourselves."*

* M. Jurien de la Gravière, however, allows what a French jury would term "extenuating circumstances." "Nelson, at this period, was suffering from extreme nervous irritation; he felt himself under the fatal and irresistible attraction which was to destroy his domestic peace. He used frequently at this time to wish . . . for the repose of death. . . . This state of mind is often the prelude to great faults. It appears as though, under the influence of these painful feelings and internal reproaches, the human heart, filled with bitterness, allowed itself to be more easily drawn into acts of cruelty."

Nelson, in June, 1800, obtained leave, on account of his health, to return to England. Accompanied by the odious Hamiltons he crossed Italy, and travelling leisurely, *via* Vienna and Hamburgh, landed at Great Yarmouth on 6th of November. His reception in his native country may be imagined. From thence to London the journey was one long triumphal march. There he was met by Lady Nelson and his venerable old father. Three months later Nelson separated for ever from his innocent and injured wife. "He had gained greatness and celebrity, and had lost happiness and peace."*

In the autumn of 1800 all the Northern Powers, under the leadership of Russia, formed an armed confederacy against England. Mr. Addington determined to strike a blow against this coalition before the Russian and Swedish ports were free from ice.

A powerful fleet, under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command, was therefore, in March, 1801, sent to Copenhagen to demand the surrender of the whole of the Danish navy to England.

Having effected this, Admiral Parker was secretly instructed to destroy, as soon as the Baltic was open, the Russian fleets in Revel and Cronstadt. The chief command would have been given to Nelson, but, as M. de la Graviere observes, "the uncertain temper of this great officer had made too much impression upon the Board of Admiralty not to suggest the propriety of placing under the control of some more temperate, docile, and matured mind, that impetuous, daring, and brilliant courage whose caprices they had learnt to dread."

The French writer gives a clear and fair description of the stupendous difficulties overcome by the British fleet in the Baltic, of the attack on Copenhagen, and of the negotiations, conducted between Count Bernstorff, Foreign Minister of Denmark, and Nelson,† which led to the armistice of 9th April. But Nelson, writes M. de la Graviere, "dreaded the impression the armistice would produce in England. . . and yet the Baltic expedition will always be regarded by seamen as his highest claim to glory. He alone could have displayed such daring and perseverance. He alone could have faced the immense difficulties of this enterprise and triumphed over them."

* De la Graviere.

† Nelson's impetuous temperament ill-brooked the *finesse* of diplomacy: "Leave off your ministerial duplicity," he said to Bernstorff, "and recollect that you have British admirals to deal with, who come with their hearts in their hands."

Overwork and extreme mental agitation had seriously injured Nelson's health, and he returned to England, in a small gun-brig, on July 1st. The Admiral arrived in London in an irritable condition of mind, caused partly by ill-health, partly by private worries, but chiefly by the indifference with which the battle of Copenhagen had been received in England. He found the country in a great state of agitation, for Buonaparte had assembled at Boulogne, and at the other French Channel ports, nine divisions of gun-brigs and gun-boats and a large army, for the purpose of invading England. Nelson had but brief time to recruit his worn frame and "shattered carcass" (as he described it), for twenty-four days after reporting himself at the Admiralty, he was ordered to hoist his flag on board the *Medusa*, a frigate, and take command of the squadron of defence assembled in the Downs. The great seaman's memorandum on this occasion to his officers was, in M. de la Graviere's opinion, "the one which best exemplifies his cool and certain *coup d'œil*. In a few words the illustrious Admiral traces boldly, and with a master-hand, the general outline of his plan, purposely omitting details. . . . According to his idea the First Consul could only meditate a *coup-de-main* on the metropolis, and 40,000 men at most, he thought, would be employed on that service. He conceived that, with a view to create alarm on several points at once, 20,000 men would be landed some sixty or seventy miles from London to the westward of Dover, and the same number to the eastward of that port; 200 or 250 gun-vessels, assembled at Boulogne, might carry that division, and, in a calm, could cross the Straits in less than twelve hours with their oars. At the same time, the telegraph might convey orders for the second division at Ostend and Dunkirk to sail. It was probable that at the same time the fleets at Brest, Rochefort, and the Texel would not remain idle, but might effect some important diversion, whether in Ireland or some point on the coast of England. In any case, by making a show of sailing, those fleets would detain the English blockading forces in the Bay of Biscay and the North Sea, thus preventing them from giving succour to the points attacked. To oppose any attempt of the flotilla, therefore, the force assembled (under Nelson) between Orfordness and Beachy Head alone could be reckoned on. This force was composed of a squadron of frigates and small craft to watch the enemy's movements, and a flotilla, specially intended for the defence of the coast. Nelson wished that this flotilla, partly manned by the maritime militia, known as 'Sea Fencibles,' should be stationed from the Downs to

Dover. . . . If the least breeze sprung up, it was the frigates and the brigs that were to destroy the invading army ; but, if the calm continued, the English flotilla, whatever might be its inferiority, was, without hesitation, to attack the enemy the instant they reached the English shore." Nelson wished to await the attempted invasion ; but the country was too impatient for this, and the



NELSON'S FUNERAL CAR.

Government, yielding to the public outcry, directed him to attack the flotilla at Boulogne.

This he did on the 4th and on the 15th August, and each attempt failed. The attack had to be made in boats—the second attempt was made at night—but Admiral Latouche Treville, commanding at Boulogne, one of the ablest and most vigilant officers in the French Navy, was well prepared to receive the enemy, and

the English boats found each French vessel on the *qui vive*, with boarding nettings tied up, guns loaded, and crews on deck.

Nelson felt the failures of these two attacks deeply. The country was in a state of great anxiety, and it was absolutely necessary to destroy the *prestige* of the invading force. The Ministry, as in the present day, were bewildered by the conflicting opinions of their "experts."*

Nelson was for an attack on Flushing; St. Vincent proposed a close blockade; Hood was in favour of keeping the bulk of the Channel fleet in the home ports, and watching the flotilla with a few small craft.

However, the truce of 12th October, 1801, followed on March 28th by the Treaty of Amiens gave to each nation a short breathing time from the horrors of a strife of which both peoples were wearied.

The respite was indeed short, for on May 12th, 1803, a war, destined to be waged with "the passions of mortal hate"† for twelve long years was declared between the two most advanced representatives of civilization.

The dominant idea in Buonaparte's brain was the invasion of England,‡ but on a much larger scale than he contemplated in 1801. Gradually he gathered together in the Channel ports under his rule 2,000 gun-vessels, carrying 3,000 heavy guns, and manageable by oars as well as by sails. With the remains of the French, Spanish, and Dutch navies the Emperor collected a large fleet, and he strained every nerve to add to it by building line-of-battle ships in each port, French, Dutch, and Italian, commercial or military, capable of constructing them. The whole French Atlantic coast was closely blockaded by Cornwallis, Collingwood, and Keith. Nelson, commanding in the Mediterranean, watched Toulon for sixteen months. "The care of his squadron," writes M. de la Gravière, "beguiled the tedium of a cruise which seemed destined never to end. . . . Thanks to the care and foresight of the admiral, the English fleet was clear of scurvy: after a sixteen months' cruise there was not one man ill out of 6,000."

"It is interesting," continues the writer, "and at the same time

* "If the Ministry applied to professional men, they got as many different opinions as they consulted admirals."—De la Gravière.

† De la Gravière.

‡ "He intended . . . repeating the battle of Hastings on the shores of Kent or Sussex. . . . It was a dream slowly unravelled, which one saw begin, continue, touch for an instant the favourable crisis, and then end with a catastrophe."—De la Gravière.

instructive, to see the attention which this great admiral bestowed upon the smallest details that could promote the comfort of his sailors. When the plan of an attack was in question, he contented himself with giving the general idea. . . . But when it was a question of the provisions sent to him from Malta, or the clothing of his men, his solicitude was by no means thus easily satisfied. Nelson himself directed the manner in which the vegetables, pork, and beef were to be tested before they were distributed, and the length of the men's flannel shirts was a matter of very serious consideration to him.

Every page of Admiral de la Gravière's "sketches" is interesting, but none are more so than those describing Villeneuve's two escapes from Toulon, and Nelson's memorable pursuits of the unhappy French admiral. For Villeneuve, though an officer of proved and undoubted courage, was constitutionally a depressed, melancholy man. He had no confidence in his officers or men. "The Toulon squadron looked very well at anchor," he wrote to the Minister of Marine, "but when the storm came on things were very different: *they were not exercised for storms.*"* In commenting on the demoralization produced on the French fleets by the long habit of suffering themselves to be blockaded, M. de la Gravière observes: "There is but one way to avoid the danger of being half-conquered before the first battle—that way is to be both active and provident: to keep line-of-battle ships ready to be manned at the first signal, and to threaten the enemy's coasts before he can blockade ours."

Space is limited. We will suppose Trafalgar fought,† and that England's greatest and most beloved seaman has met the glorious death he so frequently longed for.

In concluding what I am only too conscious is a very feeble attempt to render a clear idea of an exceedingly interesting work, I will quote some of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's reflections on the causes which lead to success in maritime war. Although written forty-two years ago, I venture to think that they are not out of date to-day.

"The last war," writes the gallant French seaman, "presents subjects more worthy of our study than tactics. The English did not owe their triumphs to the number of their ships, to the great-

* Villeneuve also complained of "bad masts, bad sails, bad rigging, bad officers, and bad sailors."

† Admiral de la Gravière's brilliant account of the battle, and his description of the state of the French and Spanish fleets will well repay perusal.

ness of their maritime population, to administrative wisdom, nor the wise combinations of the Admiralty. The English beat us because their crews were better trained, and their squadrons better disciplined than ours. That superiority was the work of Jervis and of Nelson. . . . Nelson learnt from Jervis to 'preserve his crews in health without going into port, to keep his ships at sea for years, and to prefer the exercise of great guns and practical seamanship before any *frippery* or *gimcrack*.'* The idol of his seamen, he possessed in an equal degree the affection, more difficult to obtain, of his officers. . . . He wished (a wise and great policy) that mutual esteem and devotion should pervade the whole fleet. . . . Far from entrenching himself, from a mistaken idea of dignity, in inaccessible forms, Nelson mixed himself up with the daily life on board, becoming its very centre, and, winning all hearts and wills to himself, directed them to one object—the annihilation of our fleets. He succeeded in inspiring others (which was his grand aim) with that valuable confidence that animated himself."

* The italics here, and elsewhere, are in the translation.



A Troopship Romance.

By CAPTAIN ERROLL, R.N.



ONE bright autumn morning the signalman came up to me on the poop of Her Majesty's troopship *Rangoon*. "Captain to repair to the Admiral's office, Sir," he said, touching his cap and handing me the signal slate on which the above message had just been recorded; and I, being the duty-officer of the day, took the slate and dived below to report the signal to my commanding officer.

I had but recently been appointed to the *Rangoon*, and had hitherto had no acquaintance with the less glorious, but very necessary department of Her Majesty's navy whose duties consist in the safe and speedy conveyance of our gallant defenders, with their pots and pans, bushies, boots, and other impedimenta, including in peace time their wives and families, from one quarter of the globe to another. My previous experience had been entirely on board the proud and haughty liner, or dashing frigate, where strict discipline and order prevail; and where cleanliness, being estimated as first of all the virtues, far in excess, I regret to say, of that particular one to which it is generally ranked second, has reached a perfection which to a landsman appears almost supernatural. I was, in those days, ambitious of the prizes my glorious profession held out to me, and my sanguine disposition led me to suppose that if I showed diligence and anxiety to make myself a perfect master of its every detail I should duly reap my reward. With this laudable end in view, I volunteered for gunnery schools and torpedo classes; I nearly addled my brains with abstruse mathematics, half poisoned myself with chemistry, wore myself to a shadow with heavy gun-drill on board the *Excellent* and infantry manœuvres on "Rat Island," and went within a hair's breadth of torpedoing myself and my co-students out of this world altogether. Finally, I triumphantly passed my examinations, and

was pronounced thoroughly competent to direct the most complex manoeuvres of modern naval warfare; whereupon the Admiralty appointed me to a troopship.

Here was a change indeed, no guns, no torpedoes, none of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. A sort of floating barrack, with vast empty decks, with endless rows of tables and mess kettles ranged in mathematical precision, with still vaster empty holds, where you saw mighty ribs dimly showing in the gloom, and felt like a modern Jonah in a leviathantine belly. Hardly a soul to be seen anywhere; for the small crew seemed to shrink into nothingness in the great hulk. I sighed as I walked round the huge sea-going baggage waggon, and thought how little opportunity there was likely to be of distinguishing myself by any display of those accomplishments I had been at so much pains to acquire.

However, I had not been consulted in the matter, and had to go where duty called; and so here was I, Lieutenant John Oakham, R.N., officer of the day on board Her Majesty's ship *Rangoon*, walking up and down, with nothing particular to do, and wondering what the captain had been wanted for at the admiral's office.

That officer, Captain the Honourable John Shute, or "Horrible John," as the seamen called him, presently returned, and as we were lying alongside the jetty at Portsmouth dockyard he had nothing to do but walk on board. I received him at the gangway, and he took a few turns with me up and down the deck.

"I have got orders," he said, "for Queenstown. We are to go there and embark the 110th Regiment and some drafts and take them to the Cape, and there await further orders. The provisions and other things will be down to-morrow; tell the first lieutenant to have everything ready for them."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said I, as I received his order. "Do you know any of the people going?" I added.

"I don't know, I have not read the list yet; here it is," and he selected it out of a bundle of other papers he had in his hand, and laid it on the capstan-head. "Quartermaster, tell the paymaster I want him."

We then glanced over the list together:—Colonel Pound, wife and infant; Major Primrose and wife; Major Buckle, wife and daughter; Major Doolan, wife and two daughters; Captains Eastlake, Spriggs, Elliot, Harvey, wife and infant, &c., &c.

"There seems to be a great many ladies, Sir," remarked I, with enthusiasm. "I daresay we shall have a very pleasant voyage out."

The captain gave a grim unresponsive smile as if his greater experience rather led him to doubt my conclusions, and said something about "advising me to keep clear of 'em," when up came Mr. Blotter the paymaster.

"Here you are, Blotter," he cried, reading from his instructions, "embark on the 15th at Queenstown, 47 officers, 28 ladies, 16 children, 913 men, women, and children. Here, take the papers and see to it. Now, Oakham, I am going on shore; if anything is wanted send my coxswain out to my house." And off went the Honourable John Shute, to tell Mrs. Shute, and the little Shutes, they would have to do without him for a month or two.

Next morning, sure enough, down came the provisions. Train after train steamed on to the jetty and discharged its load. Hundreds and hundreds of casks were rolled on board and digested in that capacious maw. A drove of sheep, tons upon tons of ice, a whole luggage train of London stout, were swallowed up like mere *hors d'œuvre*. At length the huge monster showed signs of repletion; there was a squeeze to get the last cask down: the gaping mouth was closed, the hatches were put on, the sheep were stowed away in their pens, and the good ship *Rangoon*, after a preliminary twist or two of the screw, let go the last ropes, and steamed out of the harbour *en route* for Queenstown.

We were lying off the Club House, in that lovely bay, a few days afterwards, when the signalman reported that three steamers full of troops were coming down the river, and we all hurried on deck to inspect the new arrivals. There they were, clustered like bees on board the small tug-boats; what a multitude they looked, and what piles upon piles of baggage! it seemed impossible we could accommodate such a crowd; but the tugs came alongside, the entry ports were opened, and the embarkation began. Each twenty men as they came in were checked off and given in charge of a marine, who took them down to their mess, showed them where to put their rifles and accoutrements, and told them how to find their way about. Other marines, old and staid fellows this time, took charge of the women and children, and showed them their bunks and mess places, and where to put their clothes; and in an incredibly short time every soul was safely on board and enjoying a good bowl of the tea that had already been prepared for them. In the saloons the ubiquitous steward and his obliging satellites were welcoming the military officers, the ladies, and the children, and showing them their respective cabins. The seamen soon whipped the baggage on board, and within an hour the small

steamers were empty, and the huge ark was crammed with its human freight from stem to stern.

"O, Kathleen, couldn't we have a nice dance here?" said a voice behind me, and I turned round to find myself face to face with the two prettiest girls I have ever seen.



I turned round to find myself face to face with the two prettiest girls I have ever seen.

The speaker, who was evidently the elder of the two, was a young lady of three or four and twenty. She had a wealth of glorious warm golden hair rebelliously escaping from under her stylish little hat; a pair of large blue-black eyes, overflowing with tenderness and mirth; an exquisitely chiselled nose; a little ruby mouth, with a witchery in its every expression that drove one

frantic with an insane desire to kiss it on the spot ; a complexion that eclipsed the wild rose, and was mantling now with a slight blush, as the owner met my startled admiring gaze. But I lay down my pen in despair. Who can describe Norah Doolan ? She was the ideal of that dashing brilliant style of beauty, to which every sailor, from Nelson downwards, has shown his susceptibility ; for sailors, as a rule, do not care for the refined æsthetic type. Her elastic step, her magnificent rounded figure, speaking of the exuberant health within ; mirth enthroned in her eyes, and love upon her lips ; her accents tinged with that smallest possible touch of her native brogue which is so fascinating to the unaccustomed ear. Can one imagine anything more calculated to work destruction than this embodiment of Venus, amongst such inflammable material as sailor's hearts ?

The Kathleen, to whom her remark was addressed, was about two years younger, and had it not been that she was eclipsed by the radiant beauty of her elder sister would have passed for a very pretty girl. She much resembled Norah, but she was Norah toned down ; not refined, neither of them had much that way ; but her colouring, her hair, her eyes, her figure, her animal spirits, were all a shade or two lower. In all things she was Norah diluted ; and she seemed contentedly to accept the position, and gladly pick up the crumbs, in the shape of discarded admirers, that fell from her more brilliant sister's table.

All this time I was staring in speechless admiration at Norah's bewitching black eyes, and I could see by their roguish sparkle that their owner was evidently enjoying the effect her sudden appearance had produced. As for me, I was ready to throw myself at her feet there and then ; I restrained that impulse however, and lifting my cap, said—

"If you are going out in the ship I hope you will often have a nice dance here." Then I added, encouraged by her smile, "and I hope I will often have the pleasure of dancing with you ?"

"Yes, we are going out to the Cape of Good Hope," said she ; "father's got an appointment there ; he's Major Doolan."

Oh, thinks I, so you are the Miss Doolans ; well, it seems to me we shall have a good time.

"Do you think we shall have a fine passage, Mr. — ?" said the younger.

"Mr. Oakham, very much at your service," replied I. "As for passage, a voyage to the Cape is not like crossing the Irish Channel, and we may experience all sorts of weather before we

get there: however, at this time of year I daresay it will be fine enough. Do you belong to the regiment?"

"No, pa's going out on the staff," interposed the elder; "and I've never seen any of these officers before."

No prior attachment on board, thought I, gleefully. Then I said, "I hope you are pretty comfortable below?"

"We've a horrid little cabin," said Miss Doolan. "Ma and us two are in there together, pa goes with some other officers. I don't know where we shall ever put our things," she added, ruefully, glancing at her pretty dress, which was a triumph of millinery and colour.

I consoled with her on the limited space allowed by Government, and then our conversation wandered off into a variety of subjects. They wanted to know the names of everything, and what it was for, and all the thousand artless questions which girls do ask on board a ship. Other passengers came on deck and looked about in a bewildered way, and served as objects for comment and amusement; we became quite intimate and jolly. Presently Twining, one of the other lieutenants, came along, so I called him over and introduced him to my new acquaintances, and we all got on capitally together. At last the boatswain's whistle called Twining and me to our stations for getting under weigh, and the Miss Doolans went below to help their mother unpack.

For the next three days we saw nothing of our fair friends. We were steaming to the southward in the teeth of a fresh southerly breeze, which piled up a heavy sea in the abhorred Bay of Biscay, through which the good ship laboured heavily and doggedly; everything was very wet and uncomfortable. Hardly any of our passengers put in an appearance, but occasionally faint groans and wailings touchingly and pathetically revealed the tortures they were undergoing in their distant cells. Let us draw a veil over the heartrendering picture, and pass to happier times.

When we were four days out, and had got well to the southward, things assumed a brighter aspect; a brilliant sun illumined a blue and peaceful sea, and the warm air of the south imparted fresh health and strength to all, and repaired the damage caused by previous suffering. The ladies were nearly all on deck, sitting about in little groups. I happened to be the officer of the watch that morning, and was obliged to remain upon the bridge, but from my elevated position I glanced from time to time aft to the poop, anxiously looking for the lovely Norah's appearance after her illness, and wondering if she was well enough to come up. Pre-

sently I saw the two sisters appear, attended by Twining, with his arms full of cushions and wraps ; I watched him find their deck-chairs and place them in the choicest corner of the poop, arrange the pillows and rugs most carefully for the interesting convalescents, and then devote himself to them for the rest of the forenoon. Hang Twining, I thought, I don't like him nearly so much as I used ; he is such a pushing fellow ; I am sure those girls would rather he went away. However, I was glad to see Twining did not get it all to himself ; several other officers, military and naval, soon got introduced, or introduced themselves to the Miss Doolans, and their chairs were surrounded by quite a little crowd of admirers. After a time they caught sight of me, in my isolated dignity, and waved a distant recognition ; then I felt happier, and thought, all right Twining, my boy, it will be your watch by-and-by, and then I'll make the running. However, I was doomed to disappointment, for the Miss Doolans retired to their cabin all the afternoon, and when I did see Norah, later, she was cross, and said, " You never came near me once all the morning, Mr. Oakham," which was unkind of her, as she knew perfectly well I had been on duty and unable to do so.

I saw a great deal of the Miss Doolans during the next few days, and surrendered myself a willing happy captive to the charms of the lovely Norah, who, indeed, seemed not wholly indifferent to me. We were rapidly approaching the tropics ; the warm soft air of the south breathed upon us ; all nature seemed to smile upon our wooing, and daily, hourly, I felt more and more deeply in love.

Norah said she took great interest in astronomy, and we would often linger late on deck in some sequestered nook, whilst I told her a great deal about the stars, which were beginning to sparkle above us in all their intensified glory. I fear my astral knowledge was not very profound, and I drew pretty considerably on my powers of invention ; but Norah was not likely to detect me, and what cared I, so long as I could see those glorious black eyes upturned in wonderment to mine, or reflecting the twinkling orbs of heaven.

One evening we had lingered unusually late, and our conversation had gradually ceased as the charm of the peaceful beauty of the night had stolen upon us. I felt as though I could have remained silently adoring beside her there for ever, drinking in the radiance and glamour of her beauty, and now and then I seized an opportunity, when I thought she was not noticing, of softly

touching the coils of her luxuriant hair. I observed though that Norah's eyes had assumed a rather sad weary look as if she had something on her mind, some hidden sorrow, and I longed to take her in my arms and comfort her. She sighed once or twice, and presently gave an involuntary shiver; then I drew her cloak more closely round her to protect her from the night air, and felt an electric thrill, sufficient to explode a torpedo, pass through me as my fingers inadvertently touched her chin.

Perhaps some of the shock communicated itself to her, for she awoke out of her reverie and said suddenly :

"Oh, Mr. Oakham, how lovely the nights are. I hope we are soon to have that dance on the deck you were talking about."

"I will see the Captain about it to-morrow morning," I replied.

"I am sure it will be quite too delightful," cried Norah, in her usual spirits.

"You will give me the first dance, won't you, Miss Doolan?" said I, making the most of my opportunity.

"Oh, indeed (I think she said 'indeed'), I don't know," said she. "I believe I've promised Mr. Twining."

Confound Twining, I thought. "If you don't promise me, Nor—— Miss Doolan," I said, "you will make me very unhappy."

"I shouldn't like to make *you* unhappy," replied Norah, in a tone that set my heart thumping. "It was only a half promise after all that I gave Mr. Twining, so I'll give you the first, as you seem to care so much about it."

"Care for it; oh, Miss Doolan, if you only knew how much I cared, how I——"

"Hush," said the sagacious Norah, pressing my hand, "Here's my sister coming."

Kathleen at this moment came up to us and informed her sister that their mother was waiting for them below, so with a tender pressure of the hand that thrilled me to the very boots, Miss Norah wished me good-night, and departed.

As they went away I heard Kathleen say: "It's really too bad of you, Norah, I can't think how you dare go on like that, when you know——" but the rest was lost as they disappeared down the companion ladder.

When you know—what? thought I; never mind, what did I care. Did not Norah evidently like me? wasn't that tender squeeze tingling all through me still; and wasn't I madly, passionately, in love with her, and ready to kiss the ground she trod on? And in my delirious joy and happiness I went back to the

place where we had been standing, and though I did not exactly kiss the ground, I did stoop down when no one was looking and imprint a soft little kiss on the poop-rail where her hand had rested.

I easily obtained Captain Shute's permission for a dance, and a night or two after that festivity took place. The awnings were spread, the poop lighted up with lanterns, and with the colonel's permission some of the regimental band came up to play to us. Of course Twining and I both claimed Miss Doolan for the first dance, but she declared she had promised me, and Twining had to find another partner. Never can I forget my sensations when I first put my arm round Norah's waist, and with the hot blood leaping in my veins, and every pulse in my body throbbing with delight, glided off to the sweet rhythm of one of Strauss's waltzes. I was a pretty good dancer, and Norah—but what Irish girl is there that cannot dance divinely! My arm pressed that firm yet supple waist, her soft hair brushed my cheek, our bodies moved in perfect unison; my spirit seemed to rise from earth, to float in realms of bliss with the being I adored; onward, ever onward we swam, seeming hardly to touch the deck beneath us; never tired, never weary; until at last the music ceased, and we awoke to this commonplace world once more.

I think Norah had thoroughly enjoyed our dance, too, for she gave a happy little sigh when we stopped. Then she said, "You are the best dancer I've ever met, Mr. Oakham; I'll give you another presently."

"Give me the next. Give me all, Miss Doolan," I cried passionately.

"No, indeed," said she, laughing. "What would people say? As for the next, I've promised that to Mr. Twining."

"Oh, bother Twining," I said pettishly; "whenever I want anything it's always 'Mr. Twining.'"

"I like Mr. Twining very much," said she, with a coquettish smile. "There, now, don't get out of temper. Take me back to mamma. If you are good you shall have the third from now."

Then I took her back, and had the next dance with Kathleen. She was also a good dancer; but what of that, she was only a commonplace pretty girl to me, not a divinity in human guise. Besides, was there not that wretch Twining, with his arm round my Norah's waist, grinning away, and evidently enjoying himself immensely? However, he did not dance so well as I did; that was one comfort.

I only got one other dance with Norah that evening, for, of course, she was always surrounded by a crowd of aspirants; so I thought, as I could not be near the rose, it would be a good opportunity to cultivate the parent stem, and accordingly went and sat down by Norah's mamma.

I forgot to say that Major Doolan, a very worthy old officer, had risen from the ranks, and was now on his way out to take the post of barrack-master at the Cape of Good Hope. He had married the girl of his heart when he was a sergeant, and when neither of them anticipated that she would ever be an officer's "lady." In the snows of Canada, on the plains of India, blow high or blow low, she had been her Tim's companion ever since, and was as jolly an old Irish woman as ever carried eggs to market; but very much out of her element amongst the other officers' wives, who rather gave her the cold shoulder.

"Come, Mrs. Doolan," said I laughingly, "come and have a dance."

"Git out wid ye, Mr. Oakham," says she, with her fat jolly smile and strong brogue; "I'm too old a woman to be capering about that way. If it was a jig, now," she presently added, with a half sigh of recollection, "perhaps I'd be able to show 'em something still."

"I daresay you were a great dancer once?" said I.

"Indeed, I was that," replied she; "there's few could keep the fure wid me when I was a girl."

"Well, your daughters inherit it," I said; "Miss Doolan is the best dancer I ever saw."

"Ah, yes; Kathleen's the girl that's got the limbs upon her," remarked the old woman with refreshing candour.

I almost exploded at this remarkable anatomical revelation, then I observed:

"Oh, yes, Miss Kathleen does dance remarkably well; but I meant Miss Doolan, I think she's the best dancer of the two."

"Ah, to be shure, yes," said the old woman, confusedly, turning very red in the face. "Yes, ye're right, no doubt, Norah always used to dance very well."

"She dances beautifully now; and she is wonderfully pretty. I am sure you must be very proud of her, Mrs. Doolan?"

"Ah! indeed," said Mrs. Doolan, looking more and more uncomfortable, "yes, Norah's a fine girl; but ——," and she sighed.

I had previously noticed that Mrs. Doolan always avoided the

subject when her eldest daughter was mentioned, and seemed to take so much more interest in the younger; but I merely supposed it to be a curious instance of a mother's partiality; however, as she did not seem to reciprocate my admiration for Norah, I changed the subject, and shortly after bid her good evening, and went over to talk to some other lady. Presently four bells (10 o'clock) struck, and our little dance came to an end.

Time passed on like a dream. The days succeeded one another in regular monotony. Occasionally we had another dance. Some times we sighted a passing vessel. Constantly thrown into Norah's society, exposed for hours a day to the witchery of her beauty, is it to be wondered at that I grew more and more infatuated. I had experienced some misgivings at first, when I thought of what my father, the Admiral, would say when he heard his son had married "the daughter of old Doolan, barrack-master at the Cape"; but all such considerations were now abandoned to the winds. I was madly, frantically, in love with the girl; to marry her I was determined, come what might. I would never leave the Cape without her. I would settle there. I would leave the service and go diamond-digging. A thousand wild schemes occupied my brain, but one thing I determined on: nothing should separate me from Norah, if she would have me.

If; ay, there was the rub; I did not feel at all certain about the lady. It is true she seemed to like me very well, and encouraged my attentions up to a certain point; but whenever I tried to bring matters to a crisis she always managed to get away from it on some excuse or another. Then, also, she seemed to like Twining almost as much as she did me. I had noticed several little tender passages between them, which drove me wild with jealousy. Twining was musical, whilst I had not a note in my composition. They used to get to the piano together, and she would sing little spoony songs, whilst he hung over her and gazed into the depths of those beautiful eyes. Then I hated Twining with a bitter, deadly hatred, and resolved more than ever to bring matters to a crisis.

I observed, however, with considerable satisfaction, that Miss Doolan's predilections were decidedly naval, in which, I thought, she showed her good taste. She would not have anything to say to the soldiers. Several of them had tried to establish a flirtation with her, and cut out "those two naval fellows," but she received their attentions coldly, and always handed them over to Kathleen, who, as I said before, was very ready to accept her sister's leavings,

and took very kindly to the military. Indeed, she seemed to prove such a consolation to them that some wag christened her "The Pain Killer," after a patent medicine much advertised in those days.

Things had gone on in this way for some time, and we were rapidly approaching our destination. Twining and I never spoke to one another now except on duty. The situation was becoming strained. The crisis was at hand.

On the day before our arrival I was very unhappy and disconsolate, having seen little of Norah, who no doubt had been packing up preparatory to landing. It was quite late in the evening when she came on deck, and went aft to a cosy little nook we had established behind the wheel-house, where we were almost entirely screened from observation. She gave me a side glance as she passed, as much as to say, "you may come too if you like"; but I needed no invitation, and in an instant I was by her side. Twining was on duty on the bridge, scarcely a soul was on the poop, and I felt that now or never was the time to decide my fate. The night was soft and still and the great stars shone down on us with almost tropical splendour. As I turned my eyes from the vast silent depths of heaven to look down into the still lovelier depths of those entrancing eyes, which were now gazing so meltingly and tenderly into mine, I seemed to see my heaven there, and felt that I could be content to gaze into them for ever.

Of course, being full of emotion, I commenced to talk about the weather; but, after a little, I said, "You will be on shore at this time to-morrow, Miss Doolan."

"Oh, it's dreadful," she said, "I can't bear to think of it; I wish the voyage could go on for ever."

"Are you really so sorry to go then?" My arm was round her waist now, and she did not seem to mind it.

"Very, very sorry," she said, with almost startling earnestness. "You can't tell how sorry."

"Have you been so happy on board here then?" said I, with my heart beating violently.

"Very, very happy. Happier than I can ever be again," said Norah, with something that sounded like a stifled sob; and she nestled closer into my arm, and let her cheek rest on my shoulder.

"Oh, Norah; darling Norah," I burst out, "be happy; be always happy with me. I love you devotedly, madly, tenderly. Be my wife, my darling, my darling Norah, and let me make you always happy?"

But Norah did not answer; she again gave a little sob, then she nestled still closer to me.

"Norah, dearest, dearest Norah," I cried, as I lifted up her face to the starlight, "Say you will be my wife, Norah; say one little 'Yes' and let me dry those tears away for ever?"

But still Norah did not speak; a tender half heart-broken look came into her eyes: then she suddenly flung her arms round my neck and rained kisses on my lips, burning passionate kisses, and then as if exhausted with the vehemence of her emotion, she put her head back on my shoulders and sobbed convulsively.

Well, thought I, a man cannot ask for any better answer than that, I need not trouble her to say "Yes." Norah is mine now, at any rate, and Twining is out of it. Then I showered responsive kisses on her little face and called her "my own love," "my sweet Norah," and every endearing epithet I could think of.

Presently Norah became more composed, and dried her tears. "Do you really love me very much, John?" said she.

I thought my name from her lips was the sweetest sound I had ever heard, and again and again I poured forth rhapsodies of love, and kissed her and clasped her closer to my bounding heart.

Ah, what an hour we passed, heart pressed to heart and lip to lip, exchanging kisses and little cooing words of love. Ah, me—who can describe that intoxication of delight, that little glimpse of heaven that comes to us but once in our lives, that delirium of joy which lasts such a short time, the glamour and ecstasy of love's young dream?

"Darling Norah," said I at last; "My own Norah, I will speak to your father the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, don't! Oh, pray don't!" said Norah, with quite a jump. "He'll be so angry."

"Well, I don't see why he need be," said I, a little huffily. "I have quite enough besides my pay to keep you, darling."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said she. "But don't see him to-morrow. We'll all be so busy landing, you know, and perhaps he'll be cross. No, wait till we are on shore. Come up to the barracks the day after to-morrow."

"Anything to please you, darling," I said. "It makes no difference." So long as I knew Norah loved me it mattered little when I saw old Doolan.

But Norah presently returned to the charge.

"Now John, dear, dear John, make me a little promise. Promise

you won't come to see us till the day after to-morrow, in the evening."

Of course I promised.

"In the evening?" she reiterated, with both her arms entwined about my neck, and her great eyes gazing into mine.



"In the evening?" she reiterated, with both her arms entwined about my neck, and her great eyes gazing into mine.

"In the evening," I repeated.

"That's a dear John," and she gave a little hug and a little sigh. "Now I'll give you a great long long kiss for being good."

Presently we discovered it was awfully late, nearly midnight, and she jumped up to depart below. She seemed very loath to go

though ; and as she stood looking up at me in the starlight she sighed heavily once or twice. At last she said, very tenderly, " Good night, John ; good-bye, dear, dear John."

Then suddenly she said, " Do you really love me so much, John ? "

" Better than all the world ; better than life itself, my darling," I replied, putting my arms about her.

" John," she said, looking into my eyes with such a heart-broken look, " try not to think badly of me, for I love you very, very dearly." Then she gave me a long, clinging, farewell kiss, and disappeared before I could reply.

What's up, I thought, some disagreeable family skeleton which has to be revealed no doubt ; never mind, what do I care. I love Norah, and Norah loves me ; and as long as the old Doolans remain at the Cape they will not trouble us much.

Oh ! how happy, how over-joyed I was. Nearly all night I lay awake trying to recall her kisses to my lips, and murmuring, " My own Norah ; my own dear Norah."

Next morning early the *Rangoon* steamed into Table Bay, and within an hour the lighters were alongside and the disembarkation had begun. I was busily employed, and had very little opportunity of seeing Norah ; indeed, I had none, for she did not make her appearance until she came up with her family to go into the boat that was waiting to receive them. She looked very pale, I thought, and very red about the eyes, as if she had been crying, and her mother and sister seemed in a great hurry to get her away. However, she gave me a tender little pressure of the hand as she went over the side, and murmured, " Remember, not before to-morrow evening." Then the boat shoved off, and I watched them vanishing in the distance. I felt sad as I saw them disappear ; but, it is only a few hours till to-morrow evening, I thought, and then I will boldly claim my Norah, mine for ever.

The following day Twining went on shore. I knew he would go and see the Doolans, but I cared little for that now. All my animosity towards him was forgotten, and I felt quite happy and content. About five o'clock I donned my plain clothes and landed in the boat that went to bring off the officers who had already been on shore. As we neared the wharf I saw Twining standing there. I noticed he had a white, scared face, and as his eye met mine it seemed to express a sort of pity for me. However, I dismissed that idea as absurd, and said to myself, " No doubt, poor fellow, he has just been refused, and that makes him look so queer." As

I jumped blithely up the steps I again thought, by Jove! Twining does look queer. Poor chap! he has evidently been hard hit; but he will get over it somehow, I suppose. Then I brushed past him, and went gaily on my way to meet my love.

I had no difficulty in finding the barrack-master's house, and was shown in. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. This was not the sort of welcome I had anticipated from my warm passionate Norah, and a presentiment of evil fell like lead upon my heart.

At last Miss Kathleen came in with very much the same expression in her face as I had previously noticed in Twining's. After a few commonplaces I began to get impatient. "How is your sister?" I said. "I thought she did not look very well yesterday."

"She's very well, thank you," replied Kathleen, growing very white.

"But where is she? Can't I see her?"

"She's gone away, Mr. Oakham."

"Gone away! What do you mean? Gone where?" I cried turning pale as death.

"Gone to join her husband at the diggings. Oh, Mr. Oakham, she's behaved very badly. Pray, pray don't take on so about it."

"Gone to join her — what?" I repeated; for I could not believe my ears.

Then Kathleen poured out the whole miserable story. How Norah had been married to a worthless fellow some three years before, and how, after trying one thing and another he had gone off to the diamond diggings, leaving Norah in Ireland to be supported by her parents. How he had at last had some success up there, and had written for his wife to come out, but had sent no money to pay for her journey. Then had come her father's appointment to the Cape, which entitled him to a free passage for his wife and family. But Norah? As she was the wife of a civilian, the Government would certainly refuse to take her. They could not leave her behind without means, and they could not afford to pay her passage out. What were they to do? Then, in their dilemma, they determined to practice a slight fraud upon the Government; the officers going out were all strangers to them, and there would be very little risk; Norah should resume her maiden name, and go out as Miss Doolan to rejoin the husband she had long ceased to love. "But, really she shouldn't have gone on as she did," concluded Kathleen; "and I think she's behaved very badly."

Yes, thought I, as I took it all in in a dazed way. Yes, much worse than you think; but how badly she has behaved neither you nor anyone else shall ever know. Pull yourself together, John Oakham. You have had a facer; but hide your wounds, and bear it like a man.

Presently Kathleen came over and sat down beside me. "Were you very fond of Norah, Mr. Oakham?" said she, archly.

"I admired her very much," I replied, wincing.

"You'll soon forget her, Mr. Oakham."

"Perhaps."

"There's other girls in the world besides her," says Kathleen, blushing.

"No doubt," said I absently. My brain was still whirling with the shock I had received.

"There's some can love much truer than Norah," says she, getting very close to my shoulder.

"I hope so," said I wearily.

"I've a feeling heart for those that's in trouble," continued she.

Then I roused myself up. "No, no, Pain Killer, it won't do," I thought; "I have had quite enough of your confounded family," and I took up my hat to go.

Kathleen accompanied me to the door. As I was wishing her good-bye, I said, "When did your sister go?"

"About twelve o'clock to-day," replied she.

"You'll come again soon, won't you, Mr. Oakham?"

"Oh, with pleasure," says I. "If I do I'm d——," I thought, as I clapped on my hat and went down the steps. "No thank you. I hope I shall never meet a Doolan again."

I did not stir out of the ship all the time we lay in Table Bay. But Twining went on shore pretty often, and no doubt was kindly received by the fair Kathleen. He and I soon made it up, but we always carefully avoided the subject of the Doolans. I saw he looked at me with curiosity now and then, but as I made no sign, I suppose he thought I had not been so hard hit after all. I kept my secret, and no one ever knew what I suffered. It all happened years ago, and I am fast drifting into old bachelorhood; but the sight of happy lovers or the sound of the Irish accent brings back the pain even now. I daresay I shall marry some day, but I know that never again in this world can return to me the trust and the joy that I felt in that one short dream of my youth.

About a year after the *Rangoon* paid off I received the following letter :—

Charing Cross Hotel.

MY DEAR OAKHAM,

We have just arrived here from the Cape, where I was married six weeks ago. Do come and dine with us to-morrow at 6.30. When I tell you my wife's name is Kathleen you will know you are going to meet an old friend.

Yours ever,

C. TWINING.

So Twining had taken the "Pain Killer" after all.



The Railway to Samarcand:

ITS RAPID CONSTRUCTION.



AN article in the December number of the Russian *Voyenni Sbornik* provides us with a detailed account by M. Andreieff of the way in which the Samarcand section of the Transcaspian military line was so rapidly constructed. The accelerated system employed owed its efficiency (1) to the delivery by steam of the working materials to a point as near as possible to the scene of operations; (2) to certain contrivances of detail for the rapid transport of materials to the very spot where they were required, and (3) to the greatest possible economy of labour in the process of laying the line.

The first of these postulates was satisfied by forwarding trains with materials not only to the end of the finished line of rail, but as far as possible along the way which had just been laid down. The second was attained by transferring the rails, which formed the heaviest material to be conveyed, by means of special contrivances from the trucks to trollies, from which they were discharged at the exact spot where they were to lie, so that it was never requisite to lift these cumbrous articles from the ground. The sleepers were likewise unloaded as near as possible to where they were wanted, and so travelled in carts but very short distances. In order to economize labour as much as possible, the workmen employed in laying the line lived in a special "working train," which advanced according as the line progressed, and was never more than ten versts* in rear of the foremost working parties. As a rule, after advancing from seven to ten versts, a fresh siding was constructed, to which the "working train" was at once transferred, and the labourers brought close to their work. The newly opened station immediately behind the "working train" was called the "advanced station." On this siding, or "extra line,"

* A verst = $\frac{1}{363}$ of a mile, or about two-thirds.

stood the "working station," and the duty of its *personnel* was, having received the various trains which arrived from the "advanced station," each laden with materials sufficient for two versts of railway, to redistribute one of them into two trains of material sufficient for the construction of one verst of railway, and despatch them as required to the front for use.

The labour of the day was executed in two reliefs, each comprising one half of the working staff of the station: that is to say, one company of the Transcaspian Railway Battalion supported by a certain proportion of day-labourers. Starting an hour before dawn, and arrived at the extremity of the line, they unloaded their train and sent it back to the working station to make way for a fresh one loaded with materials for a second verst of rails. If they managed to lay these before 9 A.M. a third verst was usually sent for and laid down, but in any case, when it drew near to noon the whole party entered the last empty train and returned to the working station. On their arrival the second relief started, having previously dined, and on reaching the end of the line worked till sunset, and usually succeeded in laying down from two to three versts of rails before returning to quarters. Next morning the second relief of the previous day became the first relief, so that each party alternately had the advantage of twenty-four hours complete repose. In this way from four to six versts per diem were easily accomplished.

The rail-laying was carried out by the 2nd Transcaspian Railway Battalion, who operated upon a permanent way which had previously been constructed, including the requisite bridges. Each train containing materials for one verst was made up of five trucks of rails, fifty-nine in each, eight trucks of sleepers, 164 on each, one truck of fixings, and a proportion of telegraph poles at the rate of sixteen to the verst. The trucks with sleepers were at each end of the train, the rails being in the centre. The locomotive was in rear, and pushed the train in front of it, being followed by a large vat of water on a truck behind the tender. On arrival at the extremity of the line the train stopped, in order to arrange the special mechanism for accelerated rail-laying. This consisted of a long, narrow, horizontal framework, which was supported on brackets projecting from the right side of each truck containing rails; the framework extended two feet beyond the end of each truck, and was furnished on its upper surface with cast-iron rollers having minute flanges on the circumference of their ends. This apparatus having been fixed the train was

brought to a standstill near the end of the line, when the rails were lowered one by one from the trucks on to the framework at their sides by a gang equipped with crowbars and iron hooks, and thence passed by hand along the cast-iron rollers to the head of the train along its entire length. Here another special contrivance was in waiting to expedite the descent of the rails into a trolley which was to convey them to their site. It consisted of a wooden framework in contact with the first; and it was furnished with wooden rollers without flanges, and was supported on ordinary trestles. From one side of it geniculated iron bars sloped down to the trolley on which their ends were supported, and along these rollers, and down the bars, the rails were in turn moved to the trolley, the speed being easily regulated by hand. A dozen rails having been thus deposited, the gang which manned the trolley started away in order to lay them. Four powerful labourers, seizing a pair of rails with tongs, dragged them out of the trolley till they fell upon the sleepers prepared for their reception; they were placed in their correct position; the trolley advanced so as to bring its weight to bear on them; and they were then spiked, and the joints bolted, the operation being then recommenced with a second pair of rails. The trolley, having discharged its entire load, hurried back along the rails recently laid, and, immediately on reaching the finished line, was overturned in order to allow another loaded trolley to pass to the front; this effected, it resumed an upright position and departed for a fresh load.

While the rails were being discharged from the train on the right hand, the sleepers were being thrown out to the left; when packed into carts they were conveyed to the spot where they were to be placed in site. Seven one-horse carts, under the superintendence of a foreman, were employed at this work, and they also transported the wooden planks required for the roadways of the bridges, whose piers had already been erected. The telegraph posts were thrown out opposite the holes dug for their reception. After unloading one truck of rails the train was moved forward for the space of 200 yards, and thus, after the whole five had been discharged, the required distance of a verst should have been covered.

The "working station" consisted of the extra line, and a switch connecting it with the main line. This "extra line" was long enough to contain a working train of forty carriages, with a material train of thirty-four trucks and two locomotives, the former occupied the end, leaving the anterior portion free for shifting and redistributing the contents of the material trains. Every evening

the empty rolling stock was sent back to the advanced station, and every morning two trains, each containing materials for two versts of railway, arrived from the same quarter. As before stated, the working station removed to a fresh site when the rail-laying party had worked about ten versts ahead, in order to save time in the transport of men and material.

The construction of the telegraph proceeded constantly *pari passu* with the laying down of the rails. Immediately a new working station was occupied the travelling telegraphic office in the working train placed itself in connection with the wire, and opened a new telegraphic station. The working train itself was adapted in a special manner for the accommodation of the officers, staff and workmen attached to it. On the iron roof of the ordinary goods van was constructed a second story six feet in height, to which was added an iron roof and a wooden floor. Access to this story was obtained by means of an iron ladder attached to the side of the van. Twelve soldiers or fifteen labourers were lodged in the upper story. Plank-beds were provided for their accommodation, and in winter time small cast-iron stoves were supplied. The lower story was also fitted with two rows of plank-beds with a passage between them, in which a cast-iron stove faced with bricks was placed in the winter: it was calculated to accommodate twenty privates or twenty-five hired labourers. Besides the vans appropriated as quarters, there were kitchens, a hospital, store-rooms, offices, &c. The supreme guidance of the works was entrusted to the officer commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Transcaspian Railway Corps. As soon as twelve versts of the new line had been ballasted, it was handed over as a finished section to a surveyor duly appointed for the purpose, and thenceforth subjected to the ordinary routine of inspection and repair, after which the officer in charge of the working parties was relieved of all responsibility in the matter. The following table shows the exact composition of the working train:—

Commanding Officer	-	-	-	-	-	1 Van
Officers	-	-	-	-	-	3 Vans
Officers' Mess	-	-	-	-	-	1 Van
Officers' Kitchen	-	-	-	-	-	1 „
Sick Receiving Room	-	-	-	-	-	1 „
Telegraph Office	-	-	-	-	-	1 „
Depôt of Artisans	-	-	-	-	-	1 „
Workshop of Depôt	-	-	-	-	-	1 Truck
Store	-	-	-	-	-	1 Van

Orderly Room	-	-	-	-	-	1 Van
Forge	-	-	-	-	-	1 Truck
Rank and File (32 in each)	-	-	-	-	-	18 Vans
Hired Labourers (40 in each)	-	-	-	-	-	10 „
Reserve of Bolts, &c.	-	-	-	-	-	1 Truck
Water Tank	-	-	-	-	-	1 „
Company Kitchens	-	-	-	-	-	1 Van

Total - 40 Vans

Of these : Covered two-storied Vans - 36

Trucks - 4

Including four Break-vans.

THE EDITOR.



The Tales of Ensign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. ROSEBERG.)



II.

THE TWO DRAGOONS.

Steel was one called, to the other
 Had the name of Lead been given;
 Both with equal strength and courage
 Had in battle striven.
 Saimen's shores, the self-same hamlet,
 Had their childhood nursed;
 In the same house had they squabbled
 As relations first.
 Then they as dragoons enlisted,
 Both upon the self-same day;
 Faithfully had shared in danger,
 Whereso stood the fray.
 Yet they squabbled on as comrades,
 Jealous though in fight,
 Struggling to surpass each other
 Daily in exploit.

And full soon their reputation
First in all their squadron grew ;
Not a man that dared to name him
 Braver or more true.
Corporals were they both promoted
 By the Colonel soon,
But they squabbled on together
 To the same old tune.

That which egged them on as privates
Left them rivals as before,
Still the one was like the other,
 Like, and nothing more.
From their common object distant
 Equally they stood,
And when Lead won approbation,
 Steel was just as good.

Frowned at last upon one Fortune,
Triumph was the other's lot,
Lead thro' every fight went scatheless,
 Steel received a shot.
Doomed to idleness, in silence
 Lay he in his pain,
Sick in hospital : his comrade
 Meantime fought again.

Many a month of care and anguish
Thus had dragged its weary length,
Ere the gallant fellow came back
 With recovered strength.
But no more was he a hero
 As he was before ;
Many another was his equal,
 Lead a medal wore.

And he saw his comrade's fortune,
Heard how wide his fame was spread ;
What he thought I cannot tell ye—
 Not a word he said,
Nor allowed a look or gesture
 Envy to betray ;
Till upon an expedition
 Both went out one day.

All they had to do was finished,
And 'twas time to turn them home,
When a cloud of dust announced that
Cossacks swiftly come.
Lead began : " Turn, useless danger
It is wise to shun ;
Comrade, there are five against us :
More than two to one."

Steel replied with scornful laughter,
" What you say is true enough ;
If we stay some one might hurt you,
Thus far you've got off.
Go, and I will meet them singly
Ere a foe arrives.
Men with medals on should really
Take care of their lives."

Said, and brandishing his sabre,
Started he with haughty look,
Never deigned to glance behind him,
Since his mind he spoke.
For his comrade's furious gesture
Cared he not a jot ;
Followed he, or played the laggard,
Mattered to him not.

Fighting was his game, not waiting,
Forward for his man he went ;
One foe hath already fallen,
By his sabre spent.
Shots resound and groans of anguish.
Friends for vengeance call,
Steel, however, in the scuffle
Towers above them all.

Fortune finally betrays him,
Vanquished is the victor now,
Horse and rider are together
Prostrate laid and low.
Rolling in the dust the champion
Battles still amain ;
Four bright spears are pointed at him,
Stretched upon the plain.

Dumb with rage his foes surround him,
Not a moment is to spare,
Is there no hope of assistance ?

Yes, for Lead is there !

He is come ; the ring is broken
Which his friend surrounds ;
All forget the wounded warrior,
Strife again resounds.

One man out of four hath fallen,
Lead receives a cruel blow,
Every instant now is precious,
Fast his blood doth flow.
See, his arm grows slack and nerveless,
Vain the hope to win ;
But just then, his feet regaining,
Steel again cut in.

Brief the battle Rumour tells us,
Self-same Rumour also said,
That at eventide to Sandels
In his hut came Lead ;
Bearing in his grasp the medal.
Sauntered in at ease,
Saying, " Give to Steel another,
Or take mine back, please."

H. S.



Two Military Executions.

By DR. W. CURRAN.



HOUGH military executions differ only in their greater solemnity or significance from civil ones, yet are they necessarily much rarer, so rare, indeed, that many who have grown grey in the service have never seen one, and the general surroundings are otherwise striking and impressive. The writer has also seen several natives disposed of in the same way and under circumstances which enabled him to study the *modus operandi* of the process from a standpoint that is not always open to the public. Moreover, the mode of putting our murderers to death is again cropping up, and the time is otherwise opportune for some remarks on the speediest, most effectual, and withal least painful method of taking away the life that is forfeited by law to the State.

The first of these was a private in a cavalry regiment which was stationed, at the time here referred to, at a place called Sydon-Bowlee, about midway between Attock and Rawul-Pindee, and the second occupied a similar position in an infantry corps that was stationed at Peshawur. The former, though quiet and tractable at ordinary times or when left to himself, was yet of an irascible disposition, and so apt to take offence at trifles as to lay himself open in, it is to be feared, undue measure to the gibes or taunts of his rough and unfeeling comrades. His associates looked upon him, in short, to use their own expression, as a "bit of a softy," and they bantered or badgered him accordingly. It was to one of these pieces of horseplay that the crime for which he suffered the last penalty of the law was due and I believe that, next to intemperance and its not unnatural outcome, insubordination, this practical joking is responsible for much of that outlay that the enforcement of discipline through military prisons necessitates in our army.

Anyhow there are scores of men in our army and navy who would make excellent soldiers and sailors if they were not interfered with or molested by their comrades. They are, however, the subjects of some infirmity of temper or peculiarity of manner that lays them open to the criticism or censure of their unsympathetic fellows, and these latter often drive them by their cruel taunts and crueller actions to the very verge of madness. The vicious practice of practical joking is in a word responsible for much of the insubordination and crime that disfigure the records of our naval and military administration, and this poor man's fate is a very painful illustration in point.

It appears that a corporal of his company who, though of the same creed and country—they were both Irishmen—was yet for some unknown reason or other "down" on him, tried his patience more than once by imposing some frivolous or objectionable duty on him, or by sending him on some silly or bootless errand. The poor private was known to have resented these foolish pranks, and he was said to have threatened more than once that if they were continued or repeated he would be quits with his persecutor. It may be as well to observe here that the non-commissioned officers of a cavalry corps in India have many more opportunities of worrying their subordinates than officials of the same rank have in a foot regiment, and this corporal would appear to have availed himself of these privileges to his heart's content.

He overdid his part, however, when he contrived to introduce some articles into this poor man's "kit," during his enforced or factious absence, that did not belong to it, and by subsequently having him "confined" on a false charge of theft. This imputation, everywhere a disgraceful one, is particularly so in the army, and it preyed with enhanced severity on the silent, stubborn, and withal vindictive mind of our subject. He complained bitterly of the insult that had been put upon him by one whom he could scarcely regard as a superior, and his resentment was not mitigated by the sneers or jeers of his comrades. He brooded over the offence till it became a kind of monomania with him, and determined on revenge.

He watched his opportunity accordingly, and finding his victim asleep one afternoon on his cot—no uncommon occurrence in that climate—he took a deliberate aim and shot him through the head. He was taken "red-handed" in the act and sent to the guard-room. Charges were sent in in due course against him. He was sent up for trial by a general court-martial to Peshawur,

where the writer saw him, and as he made no attempt to deny or, indeed, even extenuate his offence, he was, of course, found guilty of murder and "cast for execution."

By some error or omission on the part of the local authorities he was sent back, after the trial but before its "finding" had transpired to the head-quarters of his corps as above, and thence returned by superior order, or *pour encourager les autres* back again to Peshawur. His escort and he marched both ways on foot, and, strange to say, he was the liveliest of the lot on both these journeys. He not only smoked in handcuffs and conversed on the usual familiar terms with his escort, but he "chaffed" passing natives, and joined heartily in some choruses with which the party endeavoured to beguile the monotony of its almost funereal march. Nor was this composure the result of indifference or bravado, he must have known that his days on earth were numbered, and that he was even then walking towards an open grave.

It need scarcely be observed that his every wish or want was complied with—if they had not been anticipated—as soon as they were known, or that, by special grace of the colonel, he was allowed to spend his last night on earth, *more Hibernorum*, in a kind of rough rehearsal of his own "wake." Tobacco, lemonade, tea, and, "tell it not in Gath," some canteen-rum were dispensed at this not altogether unconvivial gathering, and meanwhile the rapping and hammering of those who erected the temporary scaffold hard by could be easily heard in his cell. But these preparations did not disturb him in the least, on the contrary, he conversed with his guests as usual, and even indulged in a mild joke or two, and when the latter left him he resumed his devotions as before, and performed such ablutionary or other offices as his situation called for. When summoned a few hours later by the adjutant of the corps to the parade-ground he rose at once from an attitude of prayer, and, seizing the attendant priest by the arm, said firmly, but without any affectation: "Father, let us go to Calvary."

On arriving at the scene of execution, and while the proceedings of the court-martial were being read or other formalities were complied with, he prayed without the slightest appearance of fear or flinching with the priest; and when the latter was told that all was ready the prisoner shook hands with him as well as with one or two sergeants who stood by, and then, touching his forage-cap, walked towards the scaffold as coolly as if he had

been executing some simple movement on parade. He allowed himself to be pinioned without any protest or murmur on the edge of the rickety scaffold, and then ascending the platform he helped the "sweeper" as well as he could to finish the remainder of his "toilet." He was turned off without, so far as this writer now remembers, any manifestation, sympathetic or otherwise, on the part of the native crowds who witnessed the scene. This writer saw what remained of him a few minutes afterwards in its shell, and a more composed or less disfigured corpse he has not seen before or since. As soon as his death was made known—i.e., certified—the shell was hastily lifted on the shoulders of a small but sturdy fatigue-party, and disposed of in the usual way, in a few minutes, in a neighbouring grave-yard.

Our second case was an Englishman and a Protestant; but his theology had, it was well known, hung loosely on him, and he was cast in a far sterner, or rather more dogged mould, than his fellow in affliction. He was, in short, a *manvais sujet* of the first water, who had given his superiors no end of trouble, and yet it would almost appear as if he was as much sinned against as sinning. For some of his actions or utterances were so *outré* or irrelevant as almost to simulate those of a lunatic, and if he was not actually insane, the partition that separated reason from unreason or irresponsibility was indeed a narrow one. Be that, however, as it may, the majesty of the law had to be vindicated, and courts-martial do not often trouble themselves with questions of moral obliquity or the distinctions between emotional and involuntary impulse. His offence occurred in this wise.

Taking his rifle with him one Sunday morning and, of course, contrary to the regulations thereanent made and provided, he sallied forth in quest of game; but you might as well look for a ptarmigan on the top of St. Paul's as for game in the vicinity of Peshawur, and so, with the apish hankering after notoriety and mischief that is so common in persons of his brutal nature or obtuse understanding, he diversified his "shikar" by a promiscuous fusillade at all comers, his own regimental pursuing party included. He was wise or blind enough, however, to miss these, but, unwilling to return empty-handed, he brought down a poor native; and, though he afterwards declared that he had no such intention at the time, the law decided otherwise, and he was found guilty after the usual fashion.

To recapitulate the further events of his career would be to go over much of the ground we have already traversed, and this I

must decline to do. Suffice it to say that he appeared to be almost indifferent to his fate, or it might perhaps be truer to say that he was really incapable of realising the horror of his position. He responded mechanically to the exhortations of his chaplain, and spent most of his time in rehearsing the trivial incidents of his life, or in frivolous conversation with his visitors and guard. He asked for, and obtained, a champagne dinner for his last meal of that kind, from the mess of his regiment, and he betrayed no fear on the way to, or after arriving at the place of execution. On the contrary, he wished to improve the occasion by making a speech from the very scaffold, but his efforts in this direction were cut short by a gesture from the brigade-major of the day, and he was turned off in the usual way. I saw the corpse a few minutes afterwards, and noted the same pallor and lividity, the same composure and absence of evidence of any struggle or suffering, as characterized the face and expression of the other. The former was, however, more bloated or puffy, while the conjunctivæ were slightly more blood-shot or suffused than those of our first victim; but then he was the older as well as the heavier of the two, and I do not think the neck was broken in either case.

As to the best, speediest, and most effectual method of taking away human life now known to science or civilization, a word only must suffice. The methods at present in use are—for we need say nothing about the old Jewish, Roman, or Mediæval practices—hanging as above, and decapitation as in France, &c., and the methods suggested instead of these are narcosis, poison, and electricity. Of the first, which includes Richardson's lethal chamber, we need say nothing, for the process is neither certain, uniform, nor always expeditious, and its general enforcement would require such an amount of cultured intelligence and preparation as might not be always procurable. The poison-cup would appear to be as repellent to our notions of right as it is to our conception of religion, and the idea of forcing arsenic or opium, henbane or mandragora, by means of a gag, down the throat of even a doomed murderer is too odious to be even entertained. So also is the Hari-Kari of Japan. The Thugs of India were wiped out by General Sleeman and his followers, and so we are reduced to a choice of evils, to, in a word, a choice between hanging, electricity, and the guillotine.

We are unfortunately but too familiar with the former, while our knowledge of electricity is even now very imperfect. So far, however, as it has been tried, accidentally or otherwise, it has

proved itself by far the better slayer of the two. It slew its man at Manchester as well as on board the *Liradia* in a few seconds, while its victims at Hatfield and in the Health Exhibition, succumbed at once, and it has thus proved itself as painless as it is undoubtedly instantaneous. All that is wanted is to get the victims to touch with both hands the conductors, or, failing this, so to place him as that by a simple mechanical arrangement these latter are made to enclose or infringe on two exposed parts of his person. The rest follows "quick as thought," as a matter of course; and the apparatus required for the generation of this force might be packed away in an ordinary travelling-trunk. It is a pity the thing is not tried,* if only by way of experiment on some of our lower congeners, whence it may be transferred to the higher region of the murderer of the period; and assuredly anything would be better than the horrible tragedies that were lately enacted at Galway, Liverpool, and Exeter. . . .

* It has, I learn, been tried with somewhat negative results on sheep, &c. Some of the animals thus experimented on have, I understand, been resuscitated after *apparent* death, but such is our horror of live-burial that certainty must be insured on these painful occasions. This can only be compassed, so far as we at present know, by Jack Ketch or Monsieur de Paris—*Verb Sat.*





MR. GEO. HEAD.

Naval Obituary.

MR. GEORGE READ, R.N., (LATE) CHIEF OFFICER
OF COAST-GUARD.



ON Sunday morning the 19th day of August, 1888, there passed away at his neat though unpretentious house in Deal the subject of our memoir, whose epitaph might well be expressed in the words of our great northern bard :

Farewell to thee
Pattern of Old Fidelity.

Mr. George Read, R.N., Chief Officer of Coast-guard, was truly a man of mark, one who considered his duty demanded of him his best and most untiring energy, which he gave with equal earnestness and pleasure. With him it might be truly said, "Nought was done whilst aught remained to do," presenting a brilliant example of praiseworthy self-help and energy.

He entered Her Majesty's navy as a boy before the mast, and in 1840 first saw service under Admiral Sir Richard Stopford before the walls of St. Jean D'Acre ; he was present at the operations at Sidon and Beyrout, for which he received the medal and clasp. He served in the Baltic under Sir Charles Napier in H.M.S. *Princess Royal*, Captain Lord Clarence Paget ; and was in the trenches before Bomarsund at the reduction of the Aland Islands. From the Baltic he proceeded to the Crimea, and took part in the operations in the Sea of Azoff, Kerteh, and Kinburn, and the fall of Sebastopol, receiving the medal and two clasps. He, at the close of the war, rejoined the coast-guard, and transferred his energy of mind and active habits to the duties of his station. How well he did those duties, and in what estimation he was held by his superior officers, and also with those his duties brought him into contact with, will be found in the few testimonials (out of many) we append to this notice. He will be missed by many, for he was a general favourite. At the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, as the Queen of this

mighty empire passed to the dais through the serried ranks of her subjects from all climes and nations. Her Majesty stopped for a moment opposite to Mr. George Read and addressed him in a few gracious and well chosen words upon the subject of his numerous medals and decorations. Doubtless this was one of the proudest moments of his well-spent and useful life.

Mr. George Read, as the inventor of the helm indicating signals, for use either by night or day, was brought prominently into communication with some of the first men in the land, and he was awarded three gold and four silver medals at different exhibitions for his inventions. He also had five war medals and four clasps, and a splendid gold medal from the President of the United States, for gallantry in saving ship-wrecked American citizens. From flag-officers in his own service he received gratifying testimonials as to the utility of his steering signals, and was awarded £200 by the Lords of the Admiralty when his system was adopted in the Royal Navy, where it has been used ever since, and may be said to form part of a ships "furniture." If adopted in the Mercantile Marine, it would do much to avert loss of lives and vessels at sea through collisions; no practical seaman would deny this. Collisions at sea, or rather the fears and chances of them, would be robbed of a great amount of their danger did the officers in charge of the approaching ships know for a certainty how each had got or intended to put their helms. "Read's Helm Indicator" does this *automatically*, by night or day. In the approaching conference to be held on life-saving apparatus at sea Read's Helm Indicator ought to occupy a front rank place, bracketed with Barker's Fog-Signals; and then we conceive that human ingenuity will have done its utmost to avoid collisions at sea. But to return to the subject of our memoir. His racy humour, accurate memory and enthusiasm made him a pleasant companion, and his shrewd remarks with his graphic accounts of his adventures by flood and field were not unworthy of Captain Marryat's pen. His devotion to his old officers was intense, and he enjoyed their goodwill and esteem in return.

When his mortal remains were laid to rest in Deal Cemetery, on the 23rd day of August, the coffin was covered by the Union Jack, meet pall for such a true sailor. This flag, the gift of a friend, Lieutenant, now Colonel Whalley, commanding the 4th battalion King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, was given to Mr. Read upon his leaving Morecambe Bay coast-guard station, some twenty-five years ago, and was much valued by him. It was his particular wish that he should be borne beneath it to his grave.

His pall-bearers were the present writer, with whom he had served in H.M.S. *Princess Royal* as coxswain of his launch ; Captain Charles Percy Bushe, who had been his last commanding-officer ; and two chief officers of coast-guard, Messrs. Sayers and Mahoney. Peace be to his ashes.

He leaves a widow and family to mourn his loss ; and we may here remark that though Mr. Read's invention brought him much praise and honour, yet he derived very little pecuniary profit from it : might not, therefore, the Lords Commissioners represent to the Treasury that in this *unique case* his full pension might be continued to his widow, who is sparsely endowed with the goods of this world ?

Upon the occasion of Mr. Read's being promoted from the Rhyl station to the charge of the Lytham station his friends and fellow-townsmen presented him with a handsome regulation sword and belt, who, as the *Cameron Herald* puts it, "wished to mark their sense of his repeated acts of bravery and devotion in lending a willing hand to succour the shipwrecked and distressed."

T. Batty, Esq., of Liverpool, in presenting the sword, said, "I consider it a privilege to pay tribute to whom tribute is due, and honour to whom honour is due. If we linger over the pages of history we find that the true-born Briton displays heroism and bravery in early life ; it clings to him from youth to manhood, from manhood to the grave ; this fact can be proved by the medals and decorations that gleam on his manly breast, and well have those honours been won : and last, though not least, his volunteering his services together with the crew of the Lytham life-boat in saving the lives of twenty-one souls, the crew of ship *Anne E. Hooper*, wrecked on the Horse Bank, off Lytham. It is such men as brave and gallant friend Read that has raised Old England to her present pinnacle of might and glory. We are glad he has been recently promoted to a higher station at Lytham ; but we regret his departure, for we always found him a good neighbour—a man of high integrity, with an extensive mind, and a benevolent heart. Then is it not fitting that we should present him with this handsome sword which I hold in my hand, as a small token of regard and of the high estimation in which he is held by the whole of this large assemblage, the inhabitants of Prestatyn and neighbourhood." The following is the inscription engraved on the sword :—

"Presented to Mr. George Read, in charge of Lytham station, by the inhabitants and friends on leaving Prestatyn, in recognition of private worth and noble bravery."

In regard to Mr. Read's Helm Indicator, he was requested to give a lecture on it at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, and at its close Admiral Sir Frederick Nicolson, Bart., C.B., the Chairman, thus expressed himself—"I will, in your names, thank Mr. Read for the very ingenious apparatus he has brought before us. We are all aware, at least those who navigate ships are, that it is a great desideratum to be able to know what the ship you are meeting is about to do. If you could be always certain that she would put her helm the right way, then I think that many collisions that now take place would be avoided. And I am quite sure that many collisions would be avoided if we had some simpler apparatus such as Mr. Read has brought before us."

There are also testimonials from Admirals Sir William R. Mends, K.C.B. ; Sir Francis W. Sullivan, K.C.B. ; Sir Richard V. Hamilton, K.C.B. ; from Sir Luke Semithel, (late) manager of Royal Mail Packets ; Captain J. A. Boxer, late Harbour-Master at Folkestone ; the Superintendent of Marine Service Association, Liverpool ; and from many others of professional reputation ; whilst the Trinity and Cinque Port Pilots expressed their opinion as follows :—

"We, the undersigned Trinity and Cinque Port Pilots, having examined your 'Helm Indicator,' are unanimous in our opinion that it is the most efficient and practicable invention, in conjunction with the present system of lights, ever brought before the public for the prevention of collisions at sea, as it is at once trifling in its cost, simple in its working, and not easily liable to get out of order, and that it can be placed at the 'fore-stay' or any other convenient place when there is not sufficient room between the fore-yard and the mast-head light. We are sure that your invention must meet with the hearty approval of all practical men as the one thing long needed, for by the mere movement of the helm you at once communicate your intentions to any approaching ship, which fact must materially reduce the risk of collisions.

"We sincerely wish your invention the success it, in our opinion, so richly merits, and trust that we shall shortly see it added to the present system of lights."

COPY of a RESOLUTION passed at a meeting of the Vice-Presidents and Directors of the Dover Sailors' Home, at which a number of nautical and scientific gentlemen were present, a model of Mr. Read's invention having been examined, John Cow, Esq., in the chair :—

"That in the opinion of this meeting the principle of Mr. Read's

invention is sound and practicable, as far as steamships are concerned, and that with some modification it may possibly be applied with effect to sailing vessels. The meeting cannot but respectfully recommend the serious consideration of the invention to the Board of Trade for general adoption by British shipping."

He received the thanks of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the aid he and his crew rendered to the Russian frigate *Sretlana*, when she got on the Goodwin Sands. We close this notice with two out of many testimonials of his; the first is from the Collector of Customs at Deal, and the second is the last official communication he received from the Admiralty; they both speak for themselves, and need no word of comment from our pen.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the zeal and activity invariably displayed by Mr. George Read in the performance of his important duties as Chief Officer of Coast-guard at Deal, in which I have found his co-operation most useful in checking the malpractices of boatmen and wreckers and in securing the due delivery to me of derelict property. Mr. G. Read's place will not be easily filled at this station.

" (Signed) JOHN J. HEAD,

" Collector of Customs and

" Custom House, Deal,

" Receiver of Wreck.

" 7th February, 1876."

H. BERKELEY, R.N.

Wanderings of a War Artist.

By IRVING MONTAGU.



ANCE like a dervish, and yell like a lunatic, dear boy."

The suggestion came from O'Donovan of the *Daily News*, as we were hurrying down the now exceptionally brilliant Alameda on the occasion of the celebration of a Republican victory, which was to be signalized not only by an illumination with many-coloured Japanese lanterns in the principal streets, but by a "Toro Fuego," or "Fire Bull," in the Plaza de la Constitucion. This, be it understood, is a curious construction, the body, a sort of long wicker basket, is filled with fireworks; to supply, not only the wants of the fore-legs (*i.e.*, a man wearing the mask of an infuriated Toro), but those of the hind-legs too, which are represented by yet another lord of creation, whose artificial tail protrudes erect from between his shoulders, the whole is disguised by flowing drapery from which the extremities only emerge. So far so good, but alas, on this great occasion the fireworks were conspicuous by their absence, and thus, the sham bull-fight, which the people had crowded together in thousands to see, had to be vaguely postponed till the next victory. It was at this moment of supreme disappointment, when sadder, though certainly not wiser, the crowd were about to disperse to seek pleasure elsewhere, that O'Donovan, ever to the fore in an emergency, made use of the remarkable words with which I have opened this chapter.

"Dance like a dervish, and yell like a lunatic, dear boy; the poor people of San Sebastian mustn't be disappointed."

What in the world did he expect? Were we to take the head and tail of the offending, and constitute ourselves a sort of Toro Fuego without the squibs? I was perfectly at a loss as to what that erratic brain was conceiving. As quick as thought he tied a knot in his handkerchief and proceeded, in the most approved juggleresque fashion, to drive back the expectant multitude, who, seeing that something was afoot, flocked and gazed in open-mouthed wonder around us, jostling each other in their excited efforts to get a glimpse of the two *Inglases* in the centre of the huge

circle they had formed. Escape, had we wished it, would have been impossible, the die was cast.

"A jig, dear boy, an Irish jig; it's the only thing in the world to pacify the cravings of a disappointed people."

In a moment he had suggested an appropriate air to the bandmaster, and the next O'Donovan was wildly revolving and shrieking in true Hibernian fashion, while I, determined to play my part too, and not, certainly not, understanding the jig proper,



O'DONOVAN ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

indulged in a terpsichorean effort which was more fantastic than correct; so, from time to time as that Emerald Islander displayed really exquisite skill in the legitimate dance, was my running accompaniment no doubt looked upon by many as something quite *de rigueur* at the Court of St. James.

Never was a jig danced with such mad enthusiasm, and never had we, either of us, had such an appreciative audience; the yells and screams of laughter, the frantic applause which echoed throughout the Plaza as again and again we were vociferously

encored, was, to say the least of it, encouraging. Sheer exhaustion at length compelled us to make our final bow, the people who had come to see the Toro Fuego being well satisfied with the, to them, far more novel experience of an Irish jig.

The evening, however, of our successes at Seo D'Urgel ended less pleasantly than it began.

In a bye street we were jostled by some Republican soldiers, who were drunk with more than victory, and who, for reasons best known to themselves, took O'Donovan and myself for Carlist sympathisers. The *Daily News*, however, was not to be easily trifled with, and we both remonstrated with no little energy.

"Down with the Carlist spies," was the retort we met with, till affairs waxing warmer, one burly fellow making furiously for O'Donovan, received a blow which sent him reeling back amongst his comrades. Instantly the scrimmage became general, though unequal; indeed, it can only have been the fistic reputation of Britishers, which, for some little time enabled two, active it is true, but anything but Herculean individuals to keep so many at bay; the actual weight of numbers however, was not enough for them, for they were not long in bringing the butt ends of their muskets into play.

Being totally unarmed and hedged in on every side by the crowd that had by this time gathered around, we soon fell victims to their brutality, not however before we had showered blows on the attacking party all round. O'Donovan was the first to fall, struck down by a musket butt at my feet, and then all was oblivion; I knew nothing more till the night-watch, a Sereno, flashed his lantern in my face to ascertain if I were dead or alive. I well remember looking up at him and gazing round me in that dark deserted street, for several hours must have elapsed. I soon realized that I was alone.

"Mea perdido amigo," said I, in Spanish peculiarly my own. I had lost my friend; O'Donovan was nowhere to be seen. The Sereno, supposing I was anxious about my cap, which was missing, proceeded to search for it in vain. At length, having succeeded in getting from me the address at which I was staying, he assisted me to rise from the gutter, and proceeded to guide me back to my door, for I was far too dazed, battered and bruised, to have reached it unaided.

The next day, though my head pained me terribly, and was much swollen from its contact with that Republican rifle, I was otherwise sufficiently recovered to inquire and search for



ALONE IN THE BAY!

O'Donovan. After much circumlocution, I at length discovered him languishing in a sort of cellar used as a slaughter-house for sheep and goats, the skins of which were tanned and made into military accoutrements. It was a gruesome shamble into which they had thrown my poor battered friend. I was thankful however, to find he had come to his senses, though he was still unable to move without assistance. This I speedily secured, whereupon we made our way to an ambulance, where his wounds were carefully dressed. The only reason for my not having been similarly treated was that, fearing O'Donovan had had a fatal blow, they had carried him off so that his end might not be inquired into immediately, whereas in my case, showing signs of life, I had been left to my own devices.

Days and weeks succeeded each other, each bringing incidents wherewith to ply the pictorial press, and swell the columns of those papers to which, in the double capacity of war artist and correspondent, I contributed.

One evening, when replenishing my tobacco-pouch, and worshipping at the shrine of beauty at a certain tobacconist's in the Alameda, to whom I have before referred, I was subjected to a rude awakening from those day-dreams which, at that time, made the heroine of that Biscay gale my bright particular star.

"Señor," she said, "you have always been interested in the story of my escape, and I may to-night add a little more to that interest by showing you the chignon I wore on that occasion."

And with this she produced from the box in which she carefully kept it, the hairy appendage to which she owed so much, made all the heavier by two bullets, which still rested in its midst; they had been spent balls probably, which might, nevertheless, with a little more force, have proved fatal.

"Indeed, Señor," she went on, "I think I may still further interest you when I tell you" (and she now blushed to the roots of her raven tresses) "that the captain of that coasting-steamer, who, you will remember, saved my life, and brought me to shore in a semi-conscious state the next morning, has asked my hand in marriage, and that, notwithstanding the terrors of the siege and the horrors of war generally, which now surround us, I'm perhaps at this moment the happiest girl in all San Sebastian."

I must confess that my congratulations were far from gushing, not being untempered by the fact that, however pleasant to her this bold sea captain might be, the edge of *my* interest in that charming brunette was somewhat blunted, and my dreams of—

but no matter: one may be forgiven for much in the twenties. She had, however, been most worthily won by her sailor lover, whose heroism she was never tired of quoting—how, at dawn, after that memorable night, tempest-tossed, in an open boat, alone in the Bay, she had been rescued by him, when death threatened her on all sides—naturally it was the one theme on which she loved to dwell; and I venture to think that the children of that Señora, if she has any, have long since learnt to prattle the story of that "Chignon of San Sebastian" to their little sweet-hearts in the Alameda.

I have often felt disposed to write an essay on "*Sang froid*,"



A SMOKE CORNER.

so innumerable and remarkable have been the instances I have seen. It has struck me that many grow so accustomed to danger, and are so disposed to imagine themselves specially destined to be untouched, that, to them, war is divested of half its terrors.

It was a common occurrence to come across several officers, discussing the situation, hidden away by a rocky elevation which formed a natural shelter-trench, the gaps in which were filled with sand-bags—as in my sketch—smoking cigarettes and chatting away as complacently as though in their mess-rooms at Madrid. And, after all, it is only their sitting position which saves them; at any moment one may rise, and fall as easy a victim to Carlist

bullets as he has who has just reeled backwards from the parapet into the arms of death, a few paces off: yet, do you suppose that this for a moment enters their heads as applying to themselves?

It was when passing some such groups as this when at the advanced posts one day that our conversation naturally turned on that curious nonchalance begotten of custom—that is, of course, by men who are, in some sense, born soldiers to begin with, and which led to O'Donovan's exclaiming:

"Look! Montagu. Do you see that statuesque creature standing over there quietly taking in the Carlist positions? Who on earth can he be? Shure, and it's no officer who would expose himself so needlessly no matter how much *sang froid* he was capable of."

"Eh, mon! but he's a cool fish that," said Aytoun, as, continuing our way, we saw on the gradual slope, which was capped by the fort of Oriamendi, a tall meditative figure, exposed to the scattered Carlist fire which his presence naturally attracted. "I'll bet a baabee he's doon in a minute."

As he spoke the meditative one turned and descended into the road up which we were going.

"It must be the veery deevil himself, for I'm sure the deevil is the veritable generalissimo of civil war."

"Too young for the Wandering Jew," said O'Donovan, joining in; "but here he comes."

A bend in the mountain path brought us face to face.

It was Maule the misanthrope.

"They must be awfully deficient in aiming-drill; I've given them every opportunity, goodness knows."

The voice was sepulchral, the sunken eyes and hollow cheek-bones lending emphasis to the disappointment from which it was evident he suffered.

"Look here," he went on, showing us the remains of an ugly wound on the back of his hand. "Been out through the whole campaign and have only this to show for it."

"This is an unexpected pleasure. We haven't met since we parted at Irun," I said, turning to him.

"Unexpected disappointment—to me," said he of the doleful dumps. "Do you forget what I told you at Behobie? Haven't I as much right to a hobby, which harms no one save myself, as a vegetarian has to live exclusively on split peas or Brussels' sprouts. Remember, a man with an unsatisfied hobby is a man with a grievance, and a man with a grievance is just such an unenviable

bore as—well, as I am. Will I go up to Oriamendi? Certainly not; it's not part of my scheme to keep unnecessarily under cover. I'm going down to Hernani now; fine open country all the way. I've a weakness for drawing the enemy's fire; I can do no more, surely."

"Hope to see you, nevertheless, in San Sebastian to-night," shouted O'Donovan as our morbid friend turned off towards the village which lay in the hollow a mile and a half away.

"Hope not," said he, as he disappeared amongst the brush-wood.

By this time we had nearly reached our destination; a sharp ascent and we should be in Oriamendi, a sheltered position curiously defended by guns of very mixed calibre, dating some of them as far back as the middle of last century. Our daily peregrinations could hardly extend farther than this, since the country beyond was alive with Carlists.

"Keep your heads well down!" said the officer as we entered; with which good advice we all promptly ducked and made rapid strides as we passed the embrasures, where those, for the most part, antiquated guns were blazing away at the enemy. Strange to say, at this point Aytoun was seized with an inspiration, as he put it—a fit of madness from our point of view—for, as quick as thought, he sprang on to the parapet, and sat there as complacently as if on a five-barred gate, his legs dangling in air, an aggravating butt for Carlist bullets.

"Eh, but that fellow 's right, I'm sure he is," said Aytoun, quite calmly, in his strong Scotch accent; "aiming-drill is not a Carlist accomplishment."

For several minutes he drew a rattling fusilade from the scrub below, then rejoined us under cover, with the remark, that he never had thought Carlist marksmen worthy of their salt.

That evening we returned to San Sebastian with an officer who had just been relieved, and when we descended from the fort, his quiet, unconcerned demeanour, as we attracted Carlist fire before we got under cover below in the main road, was, I remember, most enviable. Calm, courteous, utterly indifferent to the ping of the passing bullets which whistled around us, he was cool as the proverbial cucumber, while I, for one, was devoutly hoping for the protection he seemed in no hurry to secure.

"Sec," said he, as we at last reached an old wall which hid us for a short distance effectually from the enemy: "They are waiting for us to emerge again into the open at the other end."

On arriving there he told us to remain concealed, while he drew their fire. To do this he stepped beyond our shelter, and quickly drew back again, the spattering on the other side of the wall showing the danger to which he had exposed himself, and how they were on the *qui vive*, as he had said, for us.

"Eh, but that *was* smart of them!" said Aytoun; and he was about to try the experiment himself, had not the officer declared that, though he had a right to do as he liked personally, he was responsible for the safety of others, and thus, quietly but firmly, prevented him.

Strange though it may seem, memories of those vicissitudes come back through a long vista of years, pleasantly enough; perhaps again one sees through the rose-coloured glasses of youth, or its picturesqueness springs up to the exclusion altogether of those sensations of impending death, which, being human, we must all then have felt at the time more or less, however loath we were to admit it. Again, the mind's eye being artistic may make some difference, each incident presenting itself as a distinct picture on the tablets of time, painted by that luminous paint of remembrance which casts no shadows. There, lazily smoking his cigarette behind an unlimbered gun, is a muleteer guide, awaiting orders from the officers of that particular post to which he is attached; in his faded velvet jacket and tarnished embellishments, the very embodiment of what a Spanish mountaineer should be. Again, occasionally, having crept down from some up-country village home, a ministering angel would appear, who, having nothing better to give, came heavy laden with a pitcher of clear, cold spring water, wherewith to refresh those thirsty souls who were fighting her battles at the front.

Ah! there are some of those dead men's muskets being carried to the rear to which I have already made reference, and which supply all too often grave material for one's pencil. While Cupid, having crept into an envelope, is transfixing by a bayonet and gallantly carried by a comrade to someone's sweetheart in the town, affording an opportunity for the glorification of that military Mercury who, in all the excitement of war, finds time to interest himself in affairs of the heart. Nor must we forget, if we be up by times in the morning, to look out for the bold trooper who may generally be met with returning from a foraging expedition with a hare or a duck (not necessarily a wild one) or a brace of smaller birds wherewith to add zest to the Major's breakfast or his own; thus from day to day the pages of my sketch-book were stocked

with incidents, some few of which, with a view of giving my readers an idea of every-day life at the front, I here reproduce.

The foregoing circumstances remind me of an occasion on which I was very nearly responsible for the death of many good men and true, who might have been hurled into eternity through my instrumentality, had circumstances admitted of my gratifying a passing whim.

On many occasions had I rifles offered me in passing, that I might (for a peseta or two of course) have a shot at the Carlists, a not uncommon invitation to non-combatants on the war-path. But let me hasten to assure you, that if in this matter those rough-and-ready soldiers thought more of the wherewithal to purchase aguardiente than of human life, I did not, and that I never dreamt till now of exchanging shots with the enemy, and so being able to unworthily record active service with the Republican troops; but there was a certain battery where similar inducements had also been held out, and where, since they had been pounding away for some considerable time without doing any damage whatever, I was, on the occasion I refer to, within an ace of causing a catastrophe.

The gun, as I approached, had just been re-sighted; the officer in command, with a laxity which often existed, was elsewhere. On my arriving at the spot, a gunner, who knew me, intimated that there was an opportunity for distinguishing myself in big gun practice. Of this I hastened to avail myself; but happily I was too late, the gun was discharged before I arrived; it proved to be the first successful shot which for some considerable time had been fired, as was evident by an almost simultaneous explosion in the Carlist lines; nothing less indeed than the shattering to atoms of a powder magazine, which spread death and dismay on all sides. With our field-glasses it was easy to note the terrible end to which that shell had been discharged; writhing and twirling about in the agonies of death in all directions were those unfortunate victims who yet lived, while others who were motionless told too plainly how death had spared them the sufferings the others were enduring. Curiously enough I had felt so convinced from what I had previously seen and heard of the harmless efforts of the gunners in this particular case, that I supposed the same fraternal sentiments actuated them which the men in the gun-boat on the Bidasson previously assured me they had felt, when they so arranged that shells, on both sides, always fell just short of the mark; happily, however, I was too late, and so spared, what would

always have otherwise been to me the appalling reflection that of having been, at least mechanically, instrumental in spreading death broadcast.

* * * *

One evening, just as the sinking sun had left its afterglow on the hill-tops and the purple shadows in the valleys had begun to intensify, I had a memorable experience on returning to San Sebastian with four batteries of artillery.

It appeared the Carlists had got wind of our movements, for we could see them concentrating ominously along a range of hills which immediately commanded our position. Once in marching order we set off slowly at first, since no shots came to quicken our pace; presently, however, a long unprotected gap which we had to pass offered temptations too strong for those Carlists to resist. A rattling irregular fire greeted us as we emerged from cover, the immediate effect being to throw us into considerable disorder, since belching forth through the gathering darkness it took us aback not a little, our uneven route over precipitous rocks adding considerably to the terrors of the situation. We were soon, however, again under cover, when our side, from behind barricades of sandbags, blazed away at the Carlists, in return with persistent energy. The twilight and the excitement deepened simultaneously, the glow on those placid majestic hills grew fainter and fainter still, yet was it clear enough for the enemy to distinguish our movements, and be ready to take us again in flank at the next exposed spot. Our pace increased to a hand-gallop as we threaded our way, headed by an experienced guide, round that tortuous dangerous mountain path in the direction of San Sebastian.

Mounted on a more than ordinarily stubborn mule I crushed forward with the rest; it was like "Polo" on the war-path to experience that rough and tumble scrimmage, each ducking as he went to get well to the fore. "The devil take the hindmost," was engraven on every face as with dogged determination each strove to hold his own on that narrow road against the rest who were crushing, screaming, yelling, and swearing round about him. As we went further we fared worse, several men were unhorsed, several horses wounded, and one or two artillerymen killed, so that when we had to face the greatest unprotected gap, before descending abruptly into the town, our excitement knew no bounds.

True, our side protected what had become a disorganized retreat splendidly, sending their lead as far as one could judge straight home into the Carlist ranks; but they, on the other hand, were

not idle as we knew to our cost, now that in full view, trusting only to the fleetness of our horses and mules, we galloped after that sturdy guide, who waved a long ashen staff over his sombrero, yelling at the same time to us to keep together and follow him closely. What would have happened had we lost that guide, philosopher, and friend I know not; and really, judging from the reception they gave us from their vantage point the other side of that precipitous gorge, it is a marvel to me that the record of killed and wounded was not much greater. Order there was none. Those great lumbering field-pieces reeled first to one side then the other over the uneven ground; one could picture all too plainly how one might at any moment have been hurled into the abyss below. Officers and men strained alike every nerve to follow closely in the wake of that gaunt weather-beaten bespangled mountaineer who staff in hand still led the van.

Look! down below through the gathering mists may be seen the twinkling lights of San Sebastian, and as that disjointed troop hurry onwards they become every moment more distinct; farms and houses are now more frequent. Scared villagers rush out only to rush in again in terror as we dash past, till at last, finding ourselves beyond the reach of Carlist bullets, panting, breathless, we rein in, scoring yet another of those narrow escapes which are pleasanter far to remember than experience.

I had to pass through the Alameda to get to my quarters (of which, by the way, a fortnight afterwards not a brick was left intact), and in doing so I met O'Donovan, who had just returned from St. Marcos, near which an engagement had during the day taken place.

"We seem both to have been in the thick of it," he remarked, noting my grimy jaded appearance, as I did his.

"Indeed I've had an experience that will interest you; the knight of the rueful countenance whom we met at Oriamendi the other day—Maule, I mean—was with me; he at least should be happy now; he has achieved the one great object of his ambition at last, poor fellow!"

"How?"

"He was killed by my side this morning. We were a little removed from the main body, and I was persuading him to seek shelter, when the Carlists opened fire upon us, and the next instant he sprang into the air and fell dead, shot through the heart, at my feet. Evidently the bullet has not been cast which is to give me *my* quietus.



ARTILLERY RETREATING FROM ORIAMENDEZ.

"Poor Maule! a queer misanthrope, who, having lived to die, may have now died to live in some other planet, where his peculiar predilections will be better understood."

"I wish I could have unravelled the mysterious story of his previous life," said O'Donovan. "It can have been no ordinary circumstances which made him court death so eagerly; however, we shall never know that now."

Oddly enough, however, that strange story *was* revealed to me within two years of his death, and under such very peculiar circumstances that, when in the course of coming events I relate to you what transpired, you will be inclined to say with me that fact is indeed stranger than fiction. He was certainly not a man who had ingratiated himself with any of those with whom he had come in contact; but still, the very mysteriousness which surrounded him gave him an interest peculiarly his own, while his fate failed to elicit regret, since it had been the sole object of his life since he had first put in an appearance on the war path.

From a correspondent fresh from Hendaye, who dined with us that evening, we learnt also the fate of poor Maraquita, that heroic girl, who, it will be remembered, refused to leave the village in which her lover was fighting in the cause of Don Carlos, and whose life, after that lover was killed before her eyes, was ultimately saved by a young officer of the Republic.

He told us she had recovered from the wounds she had received, though she had entirely lost the use of one hand; but that the deeper wound, one beyond mortal aid, the loss of her Carlist *fiancé*, had been too much for her, and that her reason having given way, and being pronounced incurable, she had been removed to a lunatic asylum, where in all probability she would end her days.

* * * *

I was talking to an ancient mariner one day, near the natural harbour of Passages within a walk of San Sebastian. Talking—for he was a man of some intelligence—of the days of the Armada, when several of that invincible (?) fleet took refuge behind its rocks, he called my attention through the glass he carried to a piratical looking schooner yacht gliding along the sky-line.

From its peculiar nautical rig, its yellow funnel, &c., &c., it was unmistakably the celebrated Carlist cruiser, the *San Margarita*, which was (mind, I tell it in the utmost confidence, and in the slightest of stage whispers) none other than the well-known yacht, *The Deerhound*, remembered as having not only watched close in

the great Alabama duel off Cherbourg but also as having saved some of the crew. Yes, the *San Margarita* and *The Deerhound* were—"what's in a name?"—the same.

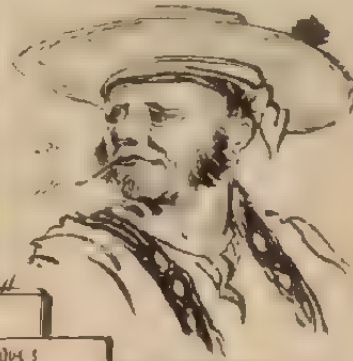
Could those creaking timbers have told tales of the briny how thrilling would they have been, for even then this skittish craft was ever buzzing, like a hornet, round the Republican coast-line, taking advantage of the preoccupation of those forces to land supplies. These, as a rule, were disguised as merchandize in sacks, bales, or barrels. A favourite point for running them in being the little village of San Madelena, where Carlist sympathisers, in defiance of the Republicans at Fuenterrabia, smuggled them on shore, when the troops of the Don were not long in conveying them to quarters inland.

It had some very narrow escapes in my time, had the *San Margarita*, specially when pursued by *El Aspirante*, by whose guns she was several times seriously damaged; she was manned almost exclusively by adventurous Englishmen, reckless, devil-may-care tars, such as our grandfathers glorified and our little ones emulate. Captain Travers, an Irishman, an ex-naval officer, wounded in the mutiny, was in command; he was a typical sea-dog of the old school, while the motive power of the whole concern was an Austrian (Count D'Albanie), who had seen considerable military service, and who, Austrian in title only, rejoiced in the exceptionally Scotch name of Charles Edward Stewart, being in fact a veritable great-grandson of the Pretender. I do not think there was an exception in the officers of that mysterious privateer from the Britisher point of view; those who were not English or Irish having come from "the ither side o' Tweed." By the time our mutual views were exchanged and our chat over, that now semi-phantom ship was making headway into oblivion, and when the ancient mariner and myself rose to go our several ways it was out of sight. He told me on separating that a certain annual fair was taking place at no great distance, which, in spite of "wars alarms," had lost none of its gaiety, and seeing I was on information bent, suggested my going there before returning to San Sebastian, since by making a slight detour I might easily include it in my day's peregrinations.

I have found the Spaniards always a curiously light-hearted people, dancing, as I have already said, to drive dull care away, when not otherwise occupied with the many manly games for which the Basque provinces specially are famous. I remember sending a sketch about this time to *The Sporting and Dramatic*

News, which cost me more than I anticipated; I was at the country fair to which the old salt had directed me, where the usual roundabouts peculiar to all civilized countries were supplemented, as elsewhere, with exhibitions of monstrosities and raffles for everything imaginable, from a melon to a mandolin; dancing as a matter of course supervening.

The two dances most patronized in the north of Spain are the jota



and bolero, these, in both cases are accompanied by castanets, or a bad imitation of these produced by the snapping of fingers. The jota is a most funeral dance, to which a sepulchral refrain is played on the guitar, fiddle, or flute, and none seem so relieved as the dancers themselves are when it is over. It appears rather more like a penance than pleasure, and the bolero which succeeds it is hailed with acclaim. Then come the athletic competitions of all sorts peculiar to the north; these

are followed in turn by various games amongst which is one not unlike English "fives" called pelota.

It was just when I had finished my sketch on that, to me, memorably hot day, that an unnatural drowsiness came over me, a sort of sleep which left me with scarcely sufficient consciousness to know what was going on round about me. I think I must have remained some time thus before I attracted attention, for when I did I had been carried by the peasantry to a neighbouring *venta*, where, my papers being examined, my identity was established, and I was removed to San Sebastian, where it was discovered I was suffering from sunstroke, and deemed advisable I should be placed on board the next steamer and conveyed as quickly as possible to England.

In all these arrangements I personally had little concern, since one of the peculiarities of the complaint appears to be a total indifference to surrounding events. To this day I am not quite clear how I accomplished the earlier part of my homeward journey, but I distinctly remember posing for some considerable time as an interesting invalid—back from the war—in the eyes of the family circle at home; in fact it was quite three months before I was myself again.

Amongst other letters which reached me was one from my old friend O'Donovan from whom, and my other friends at the front, it seemed to me I had been spirited away. After many sympathetic inquiries as to my recovery, &c., it ran somewhat as follows:—

"I don't at all know if this will ever reach you, it won't if you happen, as the Spaniards say, to be in the land of shadows; a reply will relieve us all of much anxiety, as it's a little difficult to realize that a man is in the flesh whose ghost walks the earth in the small hours, until you get a letter from him duly signed through the general post office. Such, however, is the case, old fellow, as far as *you* are concerned. You remember Mrs. Temple and her two daughters, and the flat where they resided here. You may also remember that the folding doors opened from the stone landing into a sort of ante-room, which led into their suite of apartments; well, a few nights since the eldest daughter dreamt that you had stopped at St. Jean de Luz on your way to England, and, there so rapidly recovered that you returned to the front, making the neighbourhood of Estella this time your basis of operations, and that there, unhappily, you were picked off while plying your pencil for the pages of the *Illustrated London News*,



MY OWN GHOST.

and moreover, in proof of this, that your ghost would appear to her : with this she woke feeling she had been startled by some uncanny sound out of her sleep. She listened attentively for some minutes ; when she heard distinctly three gentle knocks at those outer doors, which led on to the stone landing. 'Creepy, isn't it? Well, she was so alarmed that she actually aroused her mother and sister, telling them of her dream and the knocks she was certain she heard on awaking. They of course made light of the idea at once, though when the knocks in their hearing were distinctly repeated their jocularity ceased. They then proceeded to the folding doors, which, with much trepidation they flung open ; imagine their sensations if you can, when I tell you that all three declare they distinctly saw, standing there before them, a vapoury image of yourself, not with your 'beaver up,' as Shakespeare has it, but with your boina down in approved Spanish fashion, as you wore it many a time and oft in the Alameda. There now ! after that, tell me (if you have not gone over to the majority) if I don't deserve a letter from you by return post."

Thus did my second self appear, it seems, to that affrighted dame and her daughters in San Sebastian, while I, utterly ignorant of the interview, was in England ; certainly I was rather smitten by the many charms of the eldest Miss Temple, and felt that, having been dreamt about by her, there might be some small reciprocal feeling on her part, but the corroboration of those other two independent witnesses I never could make out ; indeed, I felt it rather an intrusion than otherwise, I should have much preferred the meeting to have been confined exclusively to our two selves.

At this point, I naturally experience a tinge of sorrow in bringing a period of my life to an end, and in concluding my Spanish reminiscences I do so with peculiar regret. A sojourn in a land so full of poetry and romance, under such exceptional circumstances as were brought about by civil war, had naturally many charms ; indeed, from my earliest youth, the land of the *Cid* must have possessed unusual attractions for me, since at the early age of twelve I am said to have composed the following lines :

Spanish lady list awhile
Thy sadness I would fain beguile,
The roses that I bring shall be
The pledge of our friends
My note's sweet strains shall render more
Than words have ever done before
Flowers and music, what can be
Fitter for one beloved like thee.

They were my first appearance in print, coming out in *The Lady's Newspaper*, manipulated, I feel sure, by the paternal hand (my father being then the editor) before they reached the compositor, though, to have even conceived so loving a stanza at so early an age, suggests the sad reflection that I must have been, even at that time, a precocious youth indeed.

And now for a fresh field of action: new scenes and incidents await us elsewhere, and so, sharpening pen and pencil for renewed efforts, let me venture to hope that our travels together, in terrible times, in that peninsula which is the home of poetic romance, may be remembered by you, as time not altogether unprofitably or unpleasantly spent.



Soldiers' Dress.

By ANDREW T. SIBBALD.



THE first actual uniform of which we read was that of the great king's body-guard—those Persian immortals, with golden suns flashing on their broad breasts, whom it was the proud boast of the Greeks to have conquered at Marathon.

The Greeks themselves—soldier-citizens, from the mounted dandy who fought on horseback, to the sober spearman, who left his shop to take his place in the front of the bristling phalanx—went to war, as they went to labour, in close-fitting tunic and greaves; and it must have been difficult, save by the device on the shield, to have known the militia of Argos from that of Athens, or the Spartan from the Theban. It was easy to point out the Roman legionary, laden like a beast of burden, shod with nailed shoes, and conspicuous by his tall helmet and long buckler.

The colours of the clan tartan, at Killiecrankie and Prestonpans, no less than when Agricola marched against the wild Scots, rendered it facile for one Celt, in the confusion of battle, to recognise a kinsman or an enemy; but during the long struggle on English ground between Danes and Englishmen, it was very difficult to tell friend from foe, so alike, at a little distance, were the peaked helmets and gleaming mail-shirts of the combatants. In strictly feudal times the same inconvenience was often felt. No one could, of course, pretend to give uniforms to a forty-days' army, the units composing which might very possibly, six months later, be arrayed in rebellion against the very monarch under whose standard they marched. Hence it became of the utmost importance to remember the personal badges of the principal knights and lords, since a falcon-crest, a dragon-shield, or a lion-broidered banner could alone serve as the rallying-point of regiments and brigades. As we enter on the gunpowder period, the time when

there were nearly as many arquebusiers as pikemen in the ranks of the infantry, we find white shirts, worn over the steel armour or the leather jerkin, in great request as a means of distinguishing the stormers, when a night attack was made upon a town. This was notably the case at Geneva, where mummers yet rehearse the all-but-successful escalade of the Papist Savoyards; while Scott has made picturesque use of the practice, in *Quentin Durward*, as an incident of the recapture of Liège by Charles the Bold of Burgundy. "Save me from my friends!" was the motto of assailants thus attired; nor was the precaution useless, for, even at Waterloo, blue-clad officers of British light cavalry were shot down as Frenchmen by one of our regiments. The Free Companies that, in mediæval Italy, earned their bread at the expense of the peaceful population, half robbers and half mercenaries, were too loosely held together by the bonds of discipline to be dressed alike. But the Swiss in the pay of Italian princes—those formidable hirelings, prized by their masters, but hated by the natives of Italy with a hate such as we in England, whose hearthstones have never resounded to the swaggering step of a foreign soldier, can scarcely realize—wore the quaint distinctive High German garb. The Pope's Swiss halberdiers wear it, slightly modified, to this day. The English bowmen—half of them supplied by the city of London—who won Agincourt, made no attempt at uniform. When they marched down Cheape no doubt they were decently clad, with flat caps, gray or blue hose and jerkins, arm-brace, bow, and quiver. But they were in rags, without cap or shoe, when their cloth-yard arrows turned the scale of victory.

The redoubtable Turkish janizaries—the "new soldiers," as their name denotes; long the finest body of disciplined troops in Europe or Asia—were perhaps the first to wear a regular uniform. The very sight of their high head-gear, decorated by a sleeve, in remembrance of Hadji Bektash, their founder, once carried consternation among the opponents of the Crescent, on the Danube or beside the Bosphorus. The Yammacks, too, a sort of Turkish marine, abolished by Sultan Mahmoud at the time of the massacre of their better-known comrades, wore a blue and gold jacket only too familiar to the unwarlike Levantines.

Presently, as monarchs grew richer, and power more centralized, certain colours came to denote the armies of various continental countries. The Spanish yellow, the Austrian white, the Swedish blue, were proverbial long before the Bourbons began to attire their grenadiers in white coats, and before anyone in England dreamed

of a permanent uniform. During the civil wars, Royalist and Parliamentarian dressed anyhow, and a field of battle must have been as many-coloured as an old-fashioned flower garden. Sir Byng's Greens, or my Lord of Derby's Blues, coming into collision with Harrison's Red Lambs, or the Hazlerigg Cuirassiers in salt-tinted cassocks. But what the officers of both factions wore, when they could beg, borrow, buy, or steal it, was the buff-coat, proof against sword-cut and spent bullet, worth some eighty to a hundred pounds of our money, and the loss of a specimen of which, in a lawless raid of pillaging cavaliers, the husband of Lucy Hutchinson so piteously bewailed. At last Cromwell's taste in military tailoring prevailed, and the red coat was definitely established as the wear of British soldiers. Our insular scarlet, first seen beyond the seas at the siege and taking of Dunkirk, had the merit of being unique. No continental infantry, with the exception of the Swiss regiments in French pay, wore red. The Scandinavian countries, then of greater political weight than they now are, dressed their troops in blue. The semi-disciplined host of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, or, as some began to style him, His Czarish Majesty, wore grey gaberdines, or greasy sheepskins. The far mightier Emperor at Vienna ordered white coats for Croat and Pandour, Bohemian and Illyrian. During the eighteenth, and the first few decades of the present century, the authorities at the Horse Guards appeared to regard the British soldier as a live doll, to be dressed so as to combine the minimum of comfort with the maximum of display. The pattern, to be sure, was a German one, but successive Commanders-in-Chief and their zealous subordinates were always trying to improve upon their model, to stiffen the spines, to tilt up the chins to a more unnatural angle, and to tighten the belts of the smartly-drilled defenders of their country. It reflects no small credit on our soldiers, that in strangling stocks, strapped, braced, and buckled to the uttermost, and excruciatingly tight about the knees, they contrived to sermble up the Heights of Abraham, and at Lincelle and San Sebastian found their way over breach and wall.

Ninety years ago, a young recruit whose hair had been carelessly cropped by the regimental barber was often unable to shut his eyes on account of the remorseless dragging back of the forelock to serve as a fulcrum for the artificial pigtail, without which he dare not come upon parade. Serious petitions at about the same date were presented to the King, praying that his Majesty, on account of the dearth of bread, would excuse the suspension of the general order that the army should appear with powdered heads, and entering

into elaborate calculations as to the amount of flour daily wasted in whitening the locks, not of the regulars alone, but of the militia, pensioners, fencibles, yeomanry, and the many regiments of red-coated volunteers which then converted England into the likeness of a monstrous camp. The gay Hussar uniform, and with it, for light cavalry alone, the moustache, were borrowed from the enemy during the long war with France, and the innovation was greeted with sneers, of which we may see some faint reflex in the minor poems of Sir Walter Scott. The experience of Waterloo augmented the picturesque appearance of our Household Cavalry by the adoption of the French cuirass. Gradually the light of common sense began to filter through the *chiaro-oscuro* of Horse Guards' tradition. First the pigtail was lopped off, then the hair-powder was brushed out, next went the tightness at the knees and the preposterous gaiters. Presently, in the heat of the Crimean struggle, and sorely in despite of sundry respectable Peninsula martinet generals, the sacred stock was tampered with, the belts loosened, and the upper lip, and for that matter the lower lip too of the foot soldier was exempted from the razor.

The New French Submarine Boat "Gymnote."



THE French press are jubilant over the reported successes of a new boat which, they claim, goes far to realise the dream of Jules Verne, and practically solves the question of submarine navigation. The details of construction are, of course, profound secrets. Almost every French invention is a profound secret; and unfortunately the secret is too often so well kept that no one is ever the wiser or the better for it. Foreign readers of the French newspapers will remember many discoveries during the last few years, which have served no other purpose than to afford material for self-congratulatory leading articles. It would be premature as yet to class the *Gymnote* amongst this category; but it would be yet more rash to take the confident assertions of our French contemporaries for granted.

The first plans for the construction of this vessel were elaborated by the eminent French engineer Dupuy de Lôme; but he was unable to carry them into practical working. The great difficulty he encountered at the outset was the want of a suitable motor; and it is somewhat curious that both aerial and submarine navigation should hitherto have split upon the same rock. M. de Lôme was aided in his researches by M. Zede; and, on the death of the great aeronaut, his friend continued the work which he had begun. The *Gymnote* of to-day is the result of M. Zede's courage and perseverance. A preliminary trial in 1876, with a system of accumulators designed by M. Rognier, failed at all points: but M. Zede pursued his researches with unabated zeal, if with indifferent success. He was joined a few years afterwards by M. Krebs, and the two inventors subsequently called in the assistance of three other scientists—MM. Commaclin, Bailhache, and Desmazures. The joint labours of this committee were rewarded by the qualified success of a series of trials in September, 1887, when the boat in which M. Rognier's motor had failed

was again used. Encouraged by the partial success of these experiments, the inventors, now assured of ultimate triumph, laid down an entirely new boat, adapted to the altered conditions of propulsion, and commenced the construction of a far larger dynamo than had hitherto been made on the Krebs principle.

In September last—one year after she was put upon the stocks—the *Gymnote* was launched from the yards of the *Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée*. Two months sufficed to install the necessary machinery and fittings. On the 18th November she made her trial trip as an ordinary torpedo-boat, and her performances, according to the reports of the French press, were wholly satisfactory. She had previously been subjected to a series of immersions with the object of discovering whether she was completely water-tight. It was found on this occasion that respiration in the interior of the vessel was by no means attended with difficulty, although the crew of the *Gymnote* while under water have no means of renewing the supply of air which the boat retains on diving from the surface. This last fact, however, must necessarily limit very narrowly the distance which the boat would be able to run without rising for a fresh air supply.

The motive power is derived from a Krebs dynamo, somewhat similar, probably, to that which the eminent aeronaut has employed for the propulsion of his "dirigible" balloons. The motor, which is of 60 h.p., weighs 2,000 kilogrammes, has a normal current of 220 ampères and a difference of potential of 200 volts. When at full speed it is capable of imparting 250 revolutions per minute to the screw. The current is furnished by a battery of 564 accumulators, constructed by M. Commelin. Each accumulator weighs 17·5 kilogrammes, giving a total of 9,840 kilogrammes for the whole battery. The energy is sufficient to maintain a speed of ten knots per hour during a six hours' run; and the accumulators are so arranged that four different speeds may be obtained. It is claimed by the constructors of the boat that, in proportion to weight, their engines give the maximum power hitherto obtained.

The principal dimensions of the *Gymnote* are as follow:—Length, 17·2 metres; diameter, 1·8 metres; displacement, 30 tons. The diameter is sufficient to allow the steersman to stand upright in the vessel. The depth of immersion is regulated, not by the introduction of varying volumes of water into reservoirs inside the boat, but by the operation of a system of horizontal rudders. The *Gymnote* is, in fact, a large fish torpedo propelled by electric power,



THE "GYMNOTE."

and capable of running several hours without intermission. All motive power required for the interior working of the *Gymnote* is supplied by electricity, and the vessel is lit by the same means.

The vessel is provided amidships with a small turret fitted with a series of reflectors, by means of which the officer in command is able to steer the vessel under water.

"The grand and decisive trials," still to quote our French contemporaries, took place on the 17th of November, at Toulon, in presence of Vice-Admiral Charles Duperré, the *Prefet Maritime* of the Port. On this occasion the vessel dived to a depth of 7 metres, ran 500 metres under water at a speed of from 9 to 10 knots, answered her helms admirably, and behaved throughout in the most satisfactory manner.

If now we take the success of these trials for granted, and assume that the French have the key to submarine navigation, the question naturally arises, to what military use can the discovery be applied? It is claimed by the inventors that a few of these boats would render a blockade—already sufficiently difficult—all but impossible. Let us suppose, they say, that an enemy comes within sight of a port in which one of these vessels is stationed. The boat is in communication with the shore, and is signalled that the hostile squadron is within striking distance. Alternately diving and reappearing, she would approach the enemy's ships, and, descending to a sufficient depth, would attack them either with spar or automobile torpedoes. The next question is, what would become of the submarine boat; and this has not, as yet, been satisfactorily answered even by the optimist French press. The well-known naval journalist, M. E. Weyl, fully admits the difficulty. If the boat rose to the surface to avoid the shock of the explosion, her relatively small speed would expose her to certain destruction by the enemy's machine-guns. If she remained below, it is difficult at present to forecast her probable fate; but as the slightest leak may throw the whole diving machinery out of gear, there is at least ground for grave doubt whether she would ever rise to the surface again.

However, despite these objections, if the success of the boat be confirmed in subsequent trials, the French have obviously made a very great stride towards that period of scientific progress when man will be equally at home in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth.

C. J. L'ESTRANGE.

Military Problems.

We submit to our readers monthly a few problems on service subjects for solution. These will be kept within the reach of those who possess ordinary professional attainments: scientific officers are therefore warned off. Solutions of these problems, with all necessary diagrams, will be published in our issue next following their first appearance.

Two prizes will be given twice a year to successful solvers, viz.: a first prize of £3, and a second of £2. A certain number of marks will be allotted to each problem, and the solvers making the greatest aggregate scores will be considered the prize-winners. The marks will be awarded by the Problem Editor, against whose final decision there will be no appeal.

Solvers may use a short *nom de plume*, but must (in confidence) send their names and addresses to the Problem Editor.

Solutions of these problems should reach the office of this Magazine not later than the 15th of each month.

Suggestions for the enlargement and improvement of this scheme, subject to the condition of the problems not being made too scientific, will be gladly received and considered.

All communications on this subject should be addressed to

THE PROBLEM EDITOR,

Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine,

13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

N.B.—The current series will conclude in April, and the prizes be awarded in May.

No. XIV.

The following cipher message was sent in through the outposts by a spy.

The key thereto is something which is, or ought to be, so familiar to everyone that no book or other reference is necessary for the interpretation of the message.

APOSTLES 13 1 89.
 2 X 1 2 3 3 2 7 1 X 2 3 1 1 2 2 10 10 X 2 10 X
 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 X 1 2 X 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 X 1 2 X
 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 X 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 X
 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 X 2 2 2 2 2 2 X 2 2 2 2

No. XV.

The advanced guards of an invading army, finding themselves in the vicinity of the outpost-line of a defending force, an officer from each advanced guard is ordered to make a reconnaissance report and sketch of that portion of the outpost-line which is in his front.

Imaginary reports and sketches are required with full details of how this duty was performed.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM XII.

Let A be the side of square on map to be copied

x be the side of square on copy ;

then by terms of problem

$$x^2 = 2 A^2$$

whence

$$x = \sqrt{2} \times A$$

$$x = \frac{\sqrt{2}}{2} = \frac{1.414}{2} = .707 \text{ inches.}$$

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM XIII.

The *true* meridian should be drawn on each of the two sketches.

The sketches should then be cut with their E. and W. sides parallel to these meridians.

Their boundaries, on the side where they were to join should have slightly overlapped, so that no portion of the ground be lost in cutting the sketches.

The fact of their magnetic meridians not being parallel is obviously unavoidable.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS XII. AND XIII.

Names	Scores.	
	(Possible Score 50 each.)	
	XII.	XIII.
F. Long	50	45 = 95



Reviews.

The Captain-General. By W. J. Gordon. (London and New York: Frederic Warne & Co. 1888.)

THIS is, in many ways, a remarkable book. It tells the story of the Dutch expedition which, in 1629, attempted to colonize Australia, or New Holland as it was at first called. It is remarkable as combining varied excellencies. It is a good tale written in picturesque language; it is instructive considered historically, and a mine of naval antiquarian research; finally, it is a cutting satire on socialistic tendencies. Commodore Pelsart starts from the Texel with a squadron belonging to the Dutch East India Company, but there are "radicals" among his crews who have already determined on mutiny and the seizure of both ships and cargoes. The ethics of these interesting creatures may be summed up in their ring-leader's opinions. Cornelis, the future rebel Captain-General, thus expresses himself confidentially in the presence of a comrade: "That's what I say, Heyndricks. All men are equal—until you get out of the crowd. Everything ought to be in common—until we can get a bigger share than anyone else for ourselves!"—phrases which carry in a nutshell the creed of the communist everywhere. They put to sea, not *via* the Mars Diep, which we here learn was not then opened for navigation, but round the northern extremity of the Texel. A violent tempest overtook them in the Indian Ocean, and the flagship was wrecked on the Abrolhos Group of coral reefs, whence the captain was forced by the crew to depart for the mainland in search of fresh water. During his absence the crew and colonists mutinied, committing every kind of enormity. But we shall not touch upon these scenes, nor anticipate the underplot, which throws an air of romance over the recital. Suffice it to say that the Commodore, having made his way to Batavia, returned with a man-of-war to the Abrolhos, where he restored the "game of law and order," which had previously, to use the language of a modern politician of unstable temperament, been abandoned as "all up." The mutineers were hanged, and thus the marriage of the interesting couple, whose destinies had all this time been hanging from a thread, was brought within "measurable distance." Tragically, indeed, the attempt to colonize Australia with Dutchmen was brought to a close! It was not to be, and the omnivorous Briton was to devour the coveted territory.

Powder, Spur, and Spear: A Sporting Medley. By J. MORAY BROWN, late 79th Highlanders. (London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.)

This volume will, we doubt not, find a ready acceptance among the votaries of sport who are so conspicuously present among the officers of the army. As its explanatory title gives us to understand, it is a mosaic of sporting notes, which range from the shooting of tigers and the spearing of bears down to the wholesale massacre of innocent "bunnies" in an ordinary English field of barley. Here and there a good anecdote crops up, such as that which describes a day's shooting the author enjoyed with a comrade on the banks of the Indus. After splendid sport they were too late for their steamer, and the "braw Scotsman," her captain, was inconsiderate enough to start without them. However, after enduring fatigues and privations which the travelled reader will readily appreciate, they got safely on board again. Perhaps, after all, the "braw Scotsman" was, after the manner of his kind, impressing a useful lesson of punctuality on these rising young officers. While fully recognizing the merits of this volume, we think the writer should have abstained from Latin phrases. We know not, for instance, what it is to be in "*paris naturibus*." Again, let us not qualify the British public as egregious asses when we are indirectly appealing to their pockets by printing a book. What if that section of mankind does occasionally play the fool in respect of *baboon* masquerading in this country as "native gentlemen"? We all have our weaknesses.

A Guide to Stretcher and Company Bearer Drill. By Staff-Sergeant W. K. WATKINSON, 1st Div. Vol. Med. Staff Corps. (London: W. Clowes & Sons. 1889.)

Nothing demonstrates the advance of civilization so emphatically as the care which is devoted now-a-days to the sick and wounded in war. Down to quite recent times, European armies—for instance, the Russians in the Crimea—were not ashamed to abandon their wounded to the compassion of a victorious enemy. After the battle of Inkermann the defenders of Sevastopol did not even send a flag of truce to inquire after them, and many a skeleton was subsequently discovered in ravines and out of the way corners denoting where a wounded Russian had dragged himself to die. Now all this is changed; and as much attention and care is devoted to the succour of soldiers mutilated in action or struck down by disease as is bestowed upon the fighting organisms of the army. No better illustration of this pleasing truth could be found than this little manual, which describes in detail every branch which has to do with hospital practice in the field: the duties of the Medical Staff Corps, with appendices setting forth the appliances at their disposal and plates to aid them in their camp duties; the drill of Bearer-Companies, which comprises the disciplined management of stretchers

and ambulance waggon for the transport of patients to the rear. The use of mules, litters, and cacolets is explained, also the formation of the common "hand-seat" when mechanical appliances are wanting; while the various methods of employing the ordinary triangular bandage brings the treatise to a close. We congratulate the Volunteers on this publication by one of their number.

James's Naval History. Epitomized in one Volume. By ROBERT O'BYRNE, F.R.G.S. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)

About half a century ago outlitters were fond of impressing on the minds of innocent parents of sucking Nelsons that *James's Naval History* (in five thick volumes) was a necessary component in a naval cadet's outfit. We wonder how many naval men have ever mastered the details of all the successful and unsuccessful boat-actions, of all the decisive and indecisive single-ship actions, of all the squadron actions, and of all the great naval battles from the capture of the *Cleopatre* on the 17th June, 1793, by Captain Edward Pellew to the same great seaman's (Admiral Lord Exmouth) destruction of the Algerine forts and fleet on 27th August, 1816? For those two events are the *alpha* and *omega* of *James's Naval History*. In addition to this mass of close detail there is to be found in these five volumes, year by year for twenty-two years, a full account of the exact strength of the English and French navies. All British sailors are, or should be, anxious to become acquainted with the history of their glorious profession, but we can well imagine even the most studious seaman recoiling before such a long tale of many obscure and forgotten skirmishes and now useless records of statistics. Mr. O'Byrne has met this want by epitomizing James's valuable history in one handy volume. He has done this by omitting all statistics, and by only recording the actions for which medals have been struck or clasps issued. We notice a few unimportant misprints such as *Ile Bourbon* (p. 114) for *Ile Bourbon*, and *Belle Poule* (p. 307) for *Belle Poule*; but the book is a faithful and readable condensation of a work admitted by French naval officers to be honest and true, describing the heroic deeds of the seamen, before the mast and abaft the mast, who preserved the freedom of our little islands when every other European nation was at the foot of the great Corsican conqueror. As such we commend this epitome to the officers and seamen of the royal navy.

At the Play.

At the ADELPHI Messrs. Sims and Pettitt have been more than usually successful with their new melodrama, "The Silver Falls." The story shows some refreshing divergencies from the established routine of Adelphi romances, and is altogether stronger and better put together than anything of the kind we have seen lately. The performers are, most of them, old favourites at this theatre, headed, of course, by Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward; but Miss Olga Nethersole is a new-comer, and is admirably suited to the rôle of the adventuress which is entrusted to her. The scenery is specially well painted, and the mounting excellent.

At the COURT Mrs. John Wood, in addition to the evening bill, has produced in the afternoons, a children's piece—chiefly acted by children—called "Little Goody Two Shoes," which is written by Miss Filippi—one of her company—and is capitally suited for the purpose for which it is produced.

COVENT GARDEN is again converted into a circus, and is occupied by Hengler's troupe. An equestrian bear who performs on horse-back with much gravity is the chief novelty; but there are plenty of attractions of the usual kind besides.

At the CRITERION Mr. Wyndham has revived "Still Waters Run Deep," with Mrs. Bernard Beere as Mrs. Sternhold, and himself as John Mildmay. Notwithstanding a certain old-fashioned flavour, the piece is still effective, and Mr. Wyndham's Mildmay, which has been seen at a *matinée* previously, is excellent. Those who remember Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan in the two chief parts will not allow that those actors have been surpassed, but the performance is full of merit. Mr. H. Standing is not very well suited to Hawkesley, and we have seen several better Potters than Mr. Blakeley, but Miss Mary Moore looks charming and acts sympathetically as Mrs. Mildmay.

DRURY LANE is the only West End house that provides a pantomime this year. "The Babes in the Wood" is not only as gorgeous as any that Mr. Augustus Harris has given us, but it tells the story much better than has been usual of late years, and is better suited to young people. The procession of toys is both cleverly managed in itself and just what would amuse children. There are some objections no doubt to the parts of the babes being given to low comedians; but it has the advantage of relieving the tragedy of the conclusion, and besides Messrs. Nicholls and Campbell

really do act the parts with a good deal of humour and appreciation of childish ways.

At the GLOBE Mr. Mansfield's illness has necessitated the withdrawal of "Prince Karl," and until the doctors will allow him to reappear, when Richard III. will be produced, the stage is occupied with a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Mr. Lionel Brough in his well-known rendering of Tony Lumpkin, and Miss Kate Vaughan as Miss Hardcastle. It cannot be said that the latter performance is altogether satisfactory; but the play has a fair even cast, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq is good as Mrs. Hardcastle.

Next to the production of "Macbeth" perhaps the most interesting theatrical event has been Mr. Beerhohn Tree's appearance as Falstaff in the matinees of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," now being given at the HAYMARKET. This is another of Mr. Tree's successes, and shows more clearly than ever what a versatile actor he is. His make-up, too, is excellent; and we can scarcely fancy we are looking at the slim "Captain Swift" when the fat knight is on the stage. The cast is exceptionally good and even, Miss Alice Lingard having been engaged for Mrs. Ford, and Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Vellaire, Mr. E. Righton, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Fuller Melish also taking parts. Miss Rose Leclercq appears as Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Tree, who took the part of Mrs. Ford in the experimental performances at Brighton, now takes that of Anne Page, then filled by Miss Cudmore.

At the JOCKRELL one wonders whether a theatre *can* exist for long with such a name! a piece called "Bob" has been produced for the purpose of exhibiting Miss Patti Rosa's various talents. She is certainly very lively; but the play is of the most seriously melodramatic nature, and is, we presume, designed as a foil to Miss Rosa's pranks; it has no other merit. It is preceded by a short farce called "Apollo, M.D.," from the pen of Sir Randall Roberts.

The LYCEUM production is, of course, the event of the winter season, and will continue to be talked of and differed about for many long days to come. It may be safely said that the play has never been "staged" as we now see it since Shakespeare wrote it, and that it would have been impossible to put more thought and care into the details of scenery, costumes, grouping, and effects; and as there are no characters in the play that rise above the third rank, with the exception of the two central figures, the performance of all the minor personages may be considered adequate. Indeed, in this respect the play is well suited to Mr. Irving's method which has always led him to emphasize the chief parts at the expense of the secondary. In the conception formed by Mr. Irving and Miss Terry of the chief parts we must own that we consider them entirely mistaken and rather feebly and unconviningly bolstered up by Mr. Comyns Carr; and it appears to us a sign of weakness in Miss Terry that she should so evidently have sought to work out a Lady Macbeth suited to her own method, and in which she could make points in her own way, instead of setting herself to represent the character that Shakespeare drew. The witches' scenes are

specially well managed, and it is a distinct advantage entrusting the parts of the weird sisters to actresses.

The OLYMPIC has been taken by Mr. J. Pitt Hardacre for the production of "East Lynne," with Miss Kate Reade in the chief part; but the performance calls for no special comment.

At the OPERA COMIQUE Mrs. Oscar Beringer has produced her play, "Tares," which was lately successful at a *matinée*. The story is unpleasant and somewhat improbable, but is well acted by Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Kingston, Mr. Canninge, &c.

The PRINCE OF WALES's having got rid of "Dorothy," who has betaken herself to the LYRIC, has reopened with the comic opera of "Paul Jones," in which Miss Agnes Huntington, Miss Wadman, Miss Phyllis Broughton, and Mr. Frank Wyatt appear together with other members of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company. The book is by Mr. Farnie, and the music by Planquette.

At the PRINCESS's "Hands Across the Sea" has to give way to the reappearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake, who, after a few performances of "Hamlet" and the "Lady of Lyons," will appear in a new drama in four acts, by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Barrett called "Good Old Times." Shortly after this "Now-a-days" will be produced at the same theatre, a domestic drama by Mr. Barrett, in which the author and Miss Grace Hawthorne will have parts.

At the VAUDEVILLE Mr. Thorne has produced a whimsical play, by Mr. Robert Buchanan, called "That Doctor Cupid," which was very well received, and is capitally acted and well put on the stage. The idea is quaint and the dialogue is good, and Mr. Thorne's own performance of Doctor Cupid is full of humour.

Pieces already noticed and still running.

AVENUE.—"Nadgy," comic opera, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Tapley, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mdlle. Vanoni, Miss A. Halford, &c.; and "Quits."

COMEDY.—"Uncles and Aunts," farcical comedy, Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. W. Draycott, Mr. Lestocq, Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss M. Daly, &c.; and "Fennel."

COURT.—"Mamma," farcical comedy, Mr. Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Filippi, &c.; and "Cox and Box."

GAIETY.—"Faust up to Date," burlesque, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. George Stone, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Fanny Robina, Miss Jenny McNulty, &c.; and "First Mate."

GERMAN REED'S.—"The Bo'sun's Mate," musical comedy, Mr. Alfred Reed, Mr. E. Laris, Mr. W. Browne, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Kate Tully; and "A Day's Sport," Mr. Corney Grain.

HAYMARKET.—"Captain Swift," drama, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr.

Allan, Lady Monckton, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, &c.; and "The Duchess of Bayswater & Co."

LYRIC.—"Dorothy," comic opera, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Furneaux Cook, Mr. A. Williams, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss E. Chapuy, Miss F. Perry, Miss Amy Augarde, Miss H. Coveney, &c.; and "Warranted Burglar Proof."

ROYALTY.—French plays, under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer.

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c.; and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. Prince Miller, Miss Victor, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Blanche Horlock, &c.

TOOLE'S.—"The Don," farcical comedy, Mr. Toole, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. Westland, Mr. Lowne, Mr. Lytton Grey, Miss Kate Phillips, Miss E. Thorne, &c.; and "Deaf as a Post."

Foreign Service Magazines.

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire; Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) December, 1888.

The Cavalry and Three Years' Service—Murat, by General Thoumas (*concluded*)—Cavalry Bridges—Notes on Service in the Field (from the German) (*continued*)—Our Horses.

LE SPECTATEUR MILITAIRE. (Paris: 15, Rue Saint Benoit.) 15th December, 1888, and 1st January, 1889.

Our Schools for Non-Commissioned Officers (*concluded*)—The War Budget of 1889 (*concluded*)—The History of Europe during the French Revolution (*concluded*)—The Organization of the Army—Reforms in Cavalry Regimental Cadres—Substitution.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 30th December, 1888.

The Distribution of Troops in Austria-Hungary—The Greek Army: its Changes since 1882, and its Present Organization—Recent Theories on Fortification (*concluded*)—The Egyptian Army in 1888—The Invasions of India (*continued*).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. Le Yacht. (Paris: 50, Rue Saint Lazare.) December 15th, 22nd, and 29th, 1888, and January 5th and 12th, 1889.

The French Littoral—The U.S. Cruiser, *Texas*—The 34-cm. Gun of the *Admiral Duperré*—French War-ships in Commission on 25th December, 1888—Spanish Torpedo-Boat Manœuvres—The English Cruiser, *Australia*.

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES, REVUE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) December, 1888.

The Delimitation of the Chinese Frontiers—The Action of Cavalry against Infantry—Notes on the Reorganization of the Army (*continued*)—The Artillery Horse—The Organization and Command of Troops (*continued*)—Field Artillery Fire—Notes on the Regulations for Artillery Manœuvres—Fire Tactics of the French Infantry (*continued*)—Our Military Schools from 1682 to 1793 (*continued*).

REVUE D'ARTILLERIE. (Paris and Nancy : Berger, Levrault et Cie.)
January, 1889.

Organization of the Technical Departments in the Manufacture of Arms—Artillery Studies in the Higher Military School.

MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM GEBIETE DES SEEWESENS. (Pola : Druck und Commissionsverlag von Carl Gerold's Sohn in Wien.)
No. XI. 1888.

The English Naval Manœuvres in 1888—The Italian Naval Manœuvres in 1888—Normand's Twin-Screw Torpedo-Bout—The Submarine Boats *Gymnote* and *Peral*—A New Dynamite Gun—The Largest Quick-Firing Gun in the World—The Don-Volga Canal—The Launch of the Danish Cruiser, *Falkyrien*.

MITTHEILUNGEN UEBER DIE GEGENSTAENDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIE-WESENS. (Wien : Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. von Waldheim.) No. XII. 1888.

The French Infantry Rifle—The Tarentum Canal—The Organization and Equipment of the French Artillery—The Artillery and Engineer Arms in Bulgaria—The Fortification of Bucharest.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Roma : Tipografia del Senato.) December, 1888.

The Conquest and Loss of Cyprus—Cryptography (from the French) (*concluded*)—Submarine Signalling—The German Colonial Army—The Haight-Wood Automobile Torpedo.

RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Roma : Fotografia, &c., del Ministero della Guerra.) November, 1888.

The Use of Mortar in Fortification—Disinfecting Apparatus—Machine-Gun Tactics and Equipment—The New French Repeating Rifle—Russian Fortifications on the German Frontier—The Repeating Rifle in Denmark.

RIVISTA MILITARE ITALIANA. (Roma : Voghera Carlo, Via Nazionale.) December, 1888.

Cavalry in the Field—Methods of Laying Guns in Action—The Use of Artillery with Irregular Troops in Africa—The Campaign of the Duc de Rohan in 1635.

EL EJERCITO ESPAÑOL—PERIODICO DEFENSOR DE LOS INTERESES MILITARES. (Madrid : Libertad, 23.) Daily. December 15th to 31st, 1888, and January 1st to 15th, 1889.

The Reform of Our Army (21st December, 1888)—French Tactical Studies (22nd December, 1888)—Our Reserve Infantry (4th January, 1889).

JAHRBUECHER FÜR DIE DEUTSCHE ARMEE UND MARINE. (Berlin : R. Wilhelmi.) January, 1889.

A Word about the Navy—The Battles and Combats of the Crimea (*conclusion*)—Ever Briskly Forward : a Cavalry Notion—Project for a New Field Artillery Exercise—The Abolition of Bayonet Instruction.

LA REVUE D'INFANTERIE. (Paris : Henri Charles, Lavauzelle, 11, Place Saint André-des-Arts.) January, 1889.

Notes on Infantry Cadres—The New Theory of Infantry Manœuvres—The War School—The Theories of General Drogiromoff (*concluded*)—Autumn Manœuvres (*continued*).

THE ENGINEER JOURNAL. (St. Petersburg.) November, 1888.

Boring Machine with a Stream of Water—Construction of the Suram Tunnel of the Railway from Poti to Baku—Works in the New Port at Rochelle.

REVISTA ARMATEI. (Bucharest.) November and December, 1888.

Anniversary of the Taking of Plevna—The Voyage of the Training-Ship *Mircea* in the Spring of 1888—Observations on the Military Code—The Russian Troops in the Field—Concerning Losses in Action—Infantry Tactics, and the New German Regulations.

MILITARY MAGAZINE (*Voyenni Sbornik*). (St. Petersburg.) January, 1889.

The Origin of Standing Armies and the State of the Military Art in the Age of Lewis XIV. and Peter the Great, by Gen. Puzyrevski—The Erivan Campaign of 1877-78 (with Plan), by B. Kolubakin—Fire Discipline in our Army, by Capt. Nikolaieff, General Staff—The Construction of Shelter-Trenches by means of Surface Materials (with Sketches)—The Military Statistics of the Japanese Empire.



Notes.

The last few numbers of the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine* contain three papers descriptive of the battles of the Crimean War which are, in most respects, worthy of that periodical's high reputation. They err, however, in too confidently relying on the French versions of events; in extravagant laudation of Russian prowess and in an undue depreciation of English performances, more especially at the Alma. The writer, Major H. Kunz, of the German Army, censures the delay which took place in our advance on the morning of the memorable 20th September without assigning its true cause, viz., the outbreak of cholera and the necessity of transporting our sick for miles to the sea, whereas our Allies were close to it. Again, unconsciously no doubt, he garbles the proceedings of the day to prove that its success was due exclusively to the French. First he insinuates that the British were late in moving to the attack; the truth is that, the advance being in echelon from the right, Lord Raglan was awaiting the development of the French movement before commencing his own. Nor is the narrative of our share in the actual fight in accordance with known facts. He makes no mention of the advance of the Guards and Highlanders as having decided the fortunes of the fray, but informs the reader that eighteen French guns and five English, opening suddenly on the rear of the Russians when they were on the point of victory, turned the scales against them. Such is the explanation he gives of the momentary halt of the second line caused by the Light Division passing through its ranks, and thus the smartness of Lord Raglan in bringing a battery up to enfilade the enemy is ignored. The remark that "without the French the English would hardly have been a match for the Russians" seems to us an empty truism, the inverse of which is just as self-evident. Nothing, in fine, can obscure the

- fact that the Russian right was the key of their position, and that it was stormed by the British army at the point of the bayonet.

The rest of the narrative is not so open to objection from an English point of view. From the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava the writer draws a novel conclusion. After comparing it to the heroic conduct of the Prussian horse at Mars-la-Tour, with this exception, that the latter exploit was undertaken to attain a distinct strategic end which far outweighed prospective losses, he infers from the episode, not that the day of cavalry for action in the open field against the other arms has passed by, but that good horsemen, well led, can accomplish prodigies in the open field. Here, he says, a few squadrons, after being raked by a cross-fire of artillery, broke into the enemy's guns in front of them, sabred the gunners, and routed a mass of cavalry stationed in their rear. What if they had been followed by a second and a third line of equal strength !

At Inkermann, he declares, we maintained our ancient reputation for valour, but assigns the palm, even in this respect, to the Russians, chiefly on account of the enormous losses they suffered. But these are sufficiently accounted for by their dense formation and the *Minies* with which our troops were armed ; while the writer admits, with disapproval, that the twenty Russian battalions first engaged never returned to the battle-field after being repulsed. Our position at Inkermann is compared to that we held at Waterloo ; in the one case we were saved by the French, in the other by the Prussians. Thus, it follows, the Prussian main army was " saved " by the Crown Prince's at Sadowa. Our chiefs, it is said, were loath to accept French assistance, but " need breaks iron and also English pride and obstinacy ! " The French, as stated by Major Kunz, pursued the routed enemy vigorously ; but Sir John Adye, in his excellent Review of the War, tells us that, when this course was proposed by Lord Raglan, Canrobert hesitated till it was too late. No mention is of course made of the bayonetting of our wounded, nor of the heartless way in which the Russians abandoned their own.

Major Kunz is of opinion, and we entirely coincide with him, that with a little more enterprise and devotion, the Russian fleet could

have frustrated the disembarkation of the Allies near Empatoria, which lasted five days. This is an important admission which affects the question of a sudden descent by a hostile army upon our own shores.

Last November we printed a brief outline of General Cassola's proposals for the reorganization of the Spanish army. It is the misfortune of Spain that even in such momentous questions as the national security, faction still finds pretexts for continuing the bitterness of party strife, and the present crisis has formed no exception to the general rule. The Radicals have espoused the cause of military reform, and are much incensed at the retirement of General Cassola from the War Department. The Conservatives and even the Liberal Government, supported by a military clique, find the measure far too democratic and far-reaching in its scope. An attempt at compromise is in progress, General O'Ryan having taken his predecessor Cassola into his counsels; but failing this, it does not seem that the country will long escape the injury that a military *pronunciamiento* would inflict on its prestige and credit, for, last October, a violent demonstration against Señor Cánovas del Castillo, the Conservative leader, took place. The quarrel now seems to lie between the officers of the line and the scientific branches including the staff, who have hitherto monopolized the good things of the service. The former are, it would seem, distinctly supported by popular opinion.

Those of our readers who perused the articles entitled "*Vive l'Angleterre*" which we lately published will not be surprised at the disclosures regarding French naval affairs made by M. Bourde's recent publication. The name of this author is an unfortunate one for a reformer, it is true, and very seductive for the wag; nevertheless, what he asserts has ere this been announced with some iteration in the French Legislature, and there is no reason to question his veracity. Still we ought to bear in mind that the naval establishment whose extravagance he denounces would tend to efficiency in time of war, more especially as its first outbreak, as has so often been pointed out, would find our own fleets short-handed. The dilatory construction of ironclads is, however, a serious blot in the naval administration of the Republic, by reason of which so large a proportion of French vessels are already obsolete.

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The "bayonet question" appears at the present moment to be attracting considerable attention in the German army. There being no time, it is asserted, to instruct the recruit in what we should term "bayonet play," it is proposed to substitute for it a simplified variety of the bayonet exercise. We cannot believe that there is any thought of abolishing the latter in our own army. Apart from the fact that our troops are frequently called upon to use their bayonets against semi-civilized foes, our "bayonet exercise" is a splendid muscular exercise which cannot but improve the physique of troops. It is also singular that this question has arisen at the moment when tacticians seem to have agreed that properly defended earthworks cannot henceforth be carried except at the point of the bayonet.







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No. 3

MARCH 1st, 1889.

Vol. I.

Paskiévitch.*



ATELY there appeared in these pages a brief outline of the career and exploits of one who was certainly the greatest of Russian generals, and perhaps stands among the foremost military commanders which the world has produced. We refer to Suvóroff. It was related therein how, shouldering a musket in early youth, in spite of many and serious physical disqualifications, he worked his way from the ranks to the traditional "marshal's baton," obtaining an exalted place among the grandees of his native land. His career was long and brilliant, though obscured by misfortune at its close and, in spite of the numberless detractors who, blinded by ignorance or race hatred, have assailed his memory, it will remain to all time one of the most interesting and admirable which history has to disclose. There has just been published in St. Petersburg the first volume of the life of an officer who occupied a place second only to Suvóroff's in Russian military chronicles, and

* *Field Marshal Prince Paskiévitch: His Life and Actions.* Compiled from unpublished documents by Major General Prince Steherbetteff. Vol. I. With 23 Maps and Plans. 1782-1826. St. Petersburg: V. A. Berezovski. 1888.

who, though not a genius of the first order, climbed the pinnacle of fame as high as was possible with only talent, common-sense, and character to aid him. In many respects the life of Prince Paskiévitch reminds us of Wellington's. Far from labouring under the disabilities, physical and social, which fortune had imposed on Suvóroff, he was of aristocratic descent and noble presence. Entering the Corps of Pages as a boy, and from the very first initiated into Court circles, he soon became aide-de-camp to the Emperor Paul. Like Wellington, the leading features in his character were sterling honesty and rectitude of purpose—qualities which in each case attracted the admiration and warm friendship of the Emperor Nicholas. Humanity and innate love of justice, care for the well-being of the troops committed to their charge, combined with a cool and deliberate valour in the field which has never been surpassed, commended both these heroes to their sovereigns, and raised them, after their martial deeds were over, to the highest civil posts which the State had to bestow.

A Cossack by descent, John Feodorovitch Paskiévitch was born in the year 1782, at Poltava in Little Russia, the scene of the famous conflict where Peter the Great finally crushed his rival Charles. At ten years of age he entered the Corps of Pages, and five years later the following remarks were appended to his name by the tutor who superintended their education ; "*Parlait françois en entrant, un des premiers dans le style russe, comme aussi dans les traductions du françois en russe et de l'allemand en russe, est un des meilleurs sujets du corps, aime la lecture, doux, honnête et vertueux.*" In the dazzling Court of Catherine he must have met Potemkin, Rumantsoff, Suvóroff, and all those celebrities who crowned the edifice which had been founded by Peter the Great. After the decease of the great Tzarina he became body-page to the Emperor Paul, a dangerous if distinguished post about the person of so fickle and arbitrary a monarch. The handsome accomplished youth pleased, so that in 1800, at eighteen years of age, the Tzar promoted him lieutenant in the Preobrajenski regiment of Guards at the same time appointing him his aide-de-camp. Terror then reigned supreme in the Russian capital ; a short passage at p. 10 suffices to explain why Paul met so horrible an end. Day and night the Feldjäger's *droschkis* were to be seen galloping along the road to Siberia with their doomed inmates, so that, when a man visited the palace, it was customary for him to cram his pockets with money in dread of being sent straight away into exile without being permitted to return home. Never, however, even in his

most expansive moments, was Paskievitch known in after years to allude to the last days of his imperial master's reign.

Paskievitch retained his post at Court under Alexander I., and, in 1805, was appointed to the staff of General Michelson, who was in command of the Russian Army of Reserve on the western frontier. This leader had hoped to conduct the campaign of Austerlitz, but was supplanted by Kutuzoff, whose success at Krems had established his credit with the Tzar. Thus Paskievitch missed the great battle in Moravia, and, in the following year, was transferred with his chief to the army about to operate beyond the Danube against Turkey: in a war which, prepared by French intrigue, was destined to last till the Treaty of Bucharest set free the Russian forces to assist at the catastrophe of the Berezina. Into the details of these campaigns the space at our disposal permits us not to enter, except by a single incident to illustrate our hero's promising qualities. Twice already had he been sent overland on a mission to Constantinople, a dangerous enterprise in those days, but his third expedition was marked by the most extraordinary and hazardous adventures. The occasion was as follows. After the peace of Tilsit, negotiations had been opened between Turkey and Russia at Jassy, but, hearing that an English envoy was at Constantinople, the Tzar directed Field-Marshal Prozorovski to send an officer thither bearing the intimation that unless the intruder received his passports in forty-eight hours the conferences at Jassy would not be allowed to proceed. This ultimatum was forwarded by the hand of one Hitrovo, an aide-de-camp, but, meeting with an accident on the way, this officer transmitted it to its destination in charge of a subaltern officer. Prozorovski, on hearing of this, called Paskievitch into his presence, and entreated him to ride after the messenger, relieve him of the momentous despatch, and hand it in person to the Turkish Government. Paskievitch rode post to Varna in order to take ship for Constantinople, for even high Turkish officials dared not at that epoch cross the Balkans without a strong escort; on a former journey he had nearly been murdered at Adrianople by the Janissaries. On reaching Varna, though a fearful tempest was raging, by means of a bribe of 200 ducats he induced the captain of a merchant-vessel to undertake the voyage. The wind, however, becoming more violent, our Turk seemed inclined to repudiate the bargain, when Paskievitch, though amid a hostile and fanatical populace, by threatening to arraign him before the Kadi, made him comply. Nevertheless, on

some pretext or other, the Turk contrived to linger on shore till Paskievitch had put off in a row-boat; doubtless intending to keep him a close prisoner on board till the return of fair weather. But the Russian saw through the artifice, and, drawing his sword, ordered the oarsmen to return; when, though they hesitated to obey, the people on shore, remarking the dispute, compelled the captain to recall the boat and also to embark and execute his contract with the stranger. The gale having by this time become a hurricane, no sail could be carried. Paskievitch sank unconscious on the deck from sea-sickness. That night the vessel drifted 200 miles, and when, on awakening next morning, he asked in plaintive tones where they were, he was told that Constantinople was already in sight. In the evening he presented himself at the residence of Latour-Maubourg, the French ambassador, while the overland courier did not arrive till next day. England, however, was the victor in this diplomatic contest. Turkey declared war against her hereditary foes, and Paskievitch had to escape as best he could. No ships were leaving for Odessa during the vernal equinox, wherefore, with the subaltern and a Tartar servant, he was constrained to make his way, rowing and sailing along the shore in a small boat, to Varna, while all the way bandits were seen "sitting like cormorants" on the rocks waiting to pounce upon them in case of shipwreck. Even at Varna all danger was not past. Had the firman declaring war against Russia reached it? If so, they were dead men; they would have been torn to pieces by the fanatical populace. "I was prepared for the worst," wrote Paskievitch in his memoirs. "On my jumping ashore they rushed towards me asking what news I brought: was it peace or war?" The firman had plainly not been received.

The above incident gives us a fair specimen of the life led by Paskievitch in the stormy years between 1806 and 1815. Like a blade of proved and matchless temper, he was always snatched up for use in any pressing emergency. If a column of troops went astray in a snow-storm, the young staff officer of five and twenty set them right again, and remedied shortcomings when the faculties of others seemed paralysed by adversity. If a detached corps got into difficulties, Paskievitch was sent to remove them, not unfrequently saving the commander from humiliation and unmerited obloquy. Men like this are invaluable; by oiling the wheels of the machine they make its parts work harmoniously, and thus contribute better than their more pretentious comrades to the general success. They seem to possess a peculiar tact, which

acts like a magnet in binding men together in a common effort for the common weal. In April, 1809, Paskievitch was severely wounded in the head at the unsuccessful assault on Brailoff, where the Russians—a not unusual occurrence at their sieges—attempted to escalade the fortress, but appear to have forgotten the ladders!

Paskievitch was not fated to participate in Kutuzoff's victory near Rastchuk, which, bringing the war with Turkey to a close, enabled the Russian troops on the Danube to operate against the retreating hosts of Napoleon in 1812. Promoted to major-general at the early age of twenty-eight for distinguished services, he was transferred in January 1811 to Kieff, there to organize and train a new infantry division, in anticipation of approaching invasion from the West. One of his regiments was already formed, but the other, the Orloff regiment, was to be incorporated from four garrison battalions, which at that time, we are told, consisted almost exclusively of officers and men expelled from the ranks of the active army for misconduct. In this consisted the difficulties of his allotted task: for, as the biographer aptly remarks, "it is easier to construct than to reconstruct." Nevertheless, out of these unpromising materials were organized the troops who paved the great redoubt at Borodino with their bodies, as we shall presently describe. Their commander was nearly missing the train of events which crowned him with so much glory. He fell sick of a "nervous fever," nearly succumbed to it, and did not recover till the January of 1812, when he was appointed to the command of the 26th Infantry Division. Never had there been such a youthful divisional commander; "but eleven years had elapsed since he occupied a school-boy's form among the pages." His services had been unsurpassed, and, in addition, he enjoyed the favour and esteem of the gallant Bagration, who had witnessed them in the field, and to whose army (called the 2nd) the 26th Division was now assigned.

The brilliant march from Slutsk, *en* Bobruisk, to Mohileff, by which the Prince frustrated Napoleon's rapid manœuvres to cut him off from the main Russian army, is perhaps too well known to admit of repetition. Suffice it to say that his troops performed on an average thirty miles a day, though the excessive heat which overwhelmed them was made still more intolerable by lack of drinking water. Still the losses sustained by the 26th Division, owing to the wise precautions adopted by their chief, were no more than half those incurred by the other divisions of the 7th Corps. Paskievitch, in his memoirs, modestly ascribes this to "luck"; but,

though it is true that his division led the way, and thus occupied the most favourable position for the men composing it, we are inclined to agree with Prince Stecherbátóff, that, because this "luck," like the Duke of Wellington's, never failed him during his entire career, it must have consisted of a provident care for the health and necessities of his soldiers, which is not often met with in authentic military history. Davoust having already occupied Mohileff, pushed on to Saltanovka, a village where, on the 23rd June, he was attacked by Raievski with the 12th and 26th Russian Divisions. He succeeded in repulsing them, but Paskievitch, who had been endeavouring to turn the enemy's right, was nearly cut off owing to the premature retreat of the 12th Division. Next day the 2nd Army crossed the Dnieper at Novi Bykhoff, covered by the 26th Division under Paskiévitich, while the French retreated to Mohileff expecting a renewal of the attack. On the 24th, Platoff, crossing with a flying column higher up the stream, so distracted the attention of Davoust, that Bagration with the 12th Division was enabled to reach Smolensk on the 29th, *via* Mstislavl, the 26th Division forming his rear guard. Barclay de Tolly, with the 1st Army, was already at that rendezvous, and thus the calculations of Napoleon were defeated.

Then followed a period of vacillation in the counsels of the Russian head-quarters. Toll, the Quartermaster-General of the 1st Army, proposed a forward movement in order to pierce the French strategic front. The Russian armies were accordingly removed to the right bank of the Dnieper, when, alarmed for the safety of his right, Barclay de Tolly suddenly wheeled and marched northwards. Equally sudden was the intelligence that was received that Napoleon, having crossed the Dnieper at Itassassana, had routed Neverovski's feeble division at Krassnoe, and was in full march on Smolensk with the mass of his forces. As Paskiévitich expressed himself in his memoirs: "all these marches, first to Rudnia, then to Paretehe, exposing our left flank and the road to Smolensk, well nigh proved the destruction of our armies." Bagration, however, was equal to the occasion, and sent the 7th Corps by forced marches to Smolensk with orders to support Neverovski in advance of the town, where that commander had but a single infantry division and one regiment of dragoons to oppose to the French. Paskievitch headed the march with eight battalions. "Well aware," he wrote, "that there would be a fight around Smolensk, I examined its fortifications thoroughly. Continuing the advance for two miles, I met an aide-de-camp of General

Neverovski's with five guns which had escaped the enemy's cavalry. From him I learnt that Neverovski had lost half his troops, but had retired in good order, and was now about four miles off on the Smolensk road." In this position being relieved by Paskiévitch, he rejoined Raievski, who was two miles to the rear. The right flank of the 26th Division now rested on the Dnieper, but the left was wholly unprotected; and, early on the morning of the 15th August, Paskiévitch perceived that the enemy was preparing to turn it with heavy masses of cavalry. Raievski, with 15,000 men, was preparing, in the exposed position where he lay, to offer battle to Napoleon at the head of 50,000; that had been resolved upon in a council of war which assembled at midnight. Paskiévitch, on joining it, strenuously opposed this, and, notwithstanding his youth, the generals yielded and were induced by him to retire into Smolensk, where, on the 16th August, the great battle was fought which dealt so heavy a blow at Napoleon's combinations. It is interesting to note the reasoning by which he enforced his conclusions. "You occupy," he said, "a position exactly similar to mine two miles in front of you. The right flank is covered by the Dnieper, the left is completely exposed; behind you is a ravine quite impracticable for artillery. The enemy has turned my flank to-day, to-morrow he will turn yours; and even if you succeed in repelling his front attack, he will occupy Smolensk in your rear, and cut off your retreat. You will be obliged to retire into the arms of the enemy. If you succeed in breaking through to Smolensk and the bridges across the Dnieper, you will not be able to bring your artillery along with you. Better to accept battle in Smolensk itself. Perhaps we shall be able to hold our ground there. In any case, we shall gain time and make it possible for the main army to come to our assistance."

By the light of the moon Raievski with his young general of division proceeded to inspect the fortifications. Situated on the left bank of the Dnieper, the town was surrounded by a wall built in the time of Boris Godunoff (*circa* 1600), which was from 25 to 40 feet high, and had a thickness of 10 to 18 feet. The ramparts were flanked by seventeen polygonal towers, and on the western side defended by a big earthwork of irregular tracing dating from 1611, the epoch of Sigismund's invasion, and therefore bearing the appellation of the "Royal Bastion." Near this work Paskiévitch with his division was stationed, and upon this point the French concentrated their blows. Ney, at the head of his columns, dashed forward to seize it; but his headlong

career was arrested on the glacis by Paskiévitich, at the head of that Orloff regiment which twelvemonths before had cost him such pains to discipline, but which now rewarded his industry by displaying prodigies of valour. Supported by the Ládoga regiment, they hurled the French battalions into a ravine which obstructed their retreat, the glacis of the Royal Bastion being strewn with their dead and dying. "My friend," wrote Bagration to Raievski, "hold out, I am coming; would that I had wings to fly to your aid." By about 11 A.M. Napoleon could distinguish both the Russian armies beyond the Dnieper approaching Smolensk. "Ce grand coup avait manqué!"

During the ensuing night Raievski's corps was relieved by that of Dokhtúroff, after which the Second Army made its way to Darogaboosh, while the First covered its retreat, barring the passage of the Dnieper. The sanguinary day of Boródino arrived. Paskiévitich with the 26th Division defended the "great redoubt" in the centre of the Russian position. This "great redoubt," it appears from his memoirs, consisted of a lunette thrown up some days before the battle at his own initiative. Raievski, having occupied the tumulus on which it was subsequently constructed with a battery took credit after the battle, for having fortified the spot. The historian Bogdanovitch, however, attributes the inspiration to the general staff, though it might be thought that such a commonplace act as entrenching so important a topographical feature might have passed without dispute as to who originated it. Paskiévitich thus relates the circumstances: "In the Second Army a great friendship existed among the young generals, *i.e.* Saint Prie, Vorontsoff, and myself. After dining on the 4th September with Prince Bagration, we all three went to look at our positions. I came to my division and found it stationed about 300 yards behind the tumulus. I reported to General Raievski that if this tumulus were occupied by the French we should be unable to resist an attack. Raievski replied: 'Very good; but we cannot depart from general instructions.' I replied, 'I think this is absolutely needful.' 'Do as you think fit,' said Raievski; 'but mind, on your own responsibility.' I moved forward to the tumulus and began to entrench myself. I saw a group of generals, and, thinking it was Kutuzoff, galloped up to them; but it was Bennigsen. I respectfully explained what I was doing. 'Vous avez bien fait, parfaitement bien fait,' he replied." Prince Stcherbátoff a little sarcastically explains these discrepancies by the fact that in war "accomplished facts

are often, after a battle, attributed by head-quarters to their own sagacious dispositions."

The importance of the great redoubt lay in the circumstance that it lay at the salient of the obtuse angle formed by the Russian line of battle. The right half of the army, resting its flank on the precipitous banks of the Moskva, had its front covered by the Kalotcha as far as the village of Boródino, above which rose the tumulus where the 26th Division was entrenched; thence the Russian left trended away in rear of a ravine to beyond the old road from Smolensk to Moscow, resting its extremity on a ravine. Stationed with his division, 8,000 strong, at the spot described as the "key of the position," Paskievitch, when the Russian left was overthrown by the joint efforts of Davoust's corps, supported by Ney and Junot, performed inestimable services to the army. Battered by eighty guns in position near Borodino, he repulsed the assault of fifty-two battalions which the Viceroy of Italy, crossing the Kalotcha, led to the assault. "The Second Army," wrote Barclay de Tolly, "through the absence of the wounded Prince Bagration and other generals, was thrown into the utmost confusion; all the field works with a part of the artillery had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The 26th Division alone maintained its position around the tumulus in front of our centre; already it had repulsed the enemy twice. This took place at about 11 o'clock in the morning." About noon Eugene once more renewed the attack, and this time with success; but, with the aid of a couple of horse artillery batteries, Paskievitch was able to reconquer his redoubt, though his division was almost annihilated in the effort. In the fierce *mêlée* which ensued two chargers were killed under him, while he himself did not receive so much as a scratch. By this time the two divisions of the 7th Corps were reduced to a mere handful, some of the battalions of Paskievitch not mustering more than seventy-five men apiece, and Barclay de Tolly, "the grand figure, which at Borodino constantly turned up wherever danger was most pressing," luckily coming upon the scene, ordered them back into the reserve, bringing up the 24th Division to occupy their place. The Orloff regiment behaved like heroes, and were nigh exterminated.

During the evacuation of Moscow Paskievitch with his division protected the rear of the army; also during the celebrated change of base from Riazan to Kaluga, which made Napoleon evacuate the Russian capital. After Boródino the 26th Division counted under arms no more than 1,200 men, but, during the halt made

at the camp of Tarutino, it was reinforced by the arrival of over 4,000 recruits who became in an incredible short time fit for service in the field. The course of instruction adopted comprised nothing more elaborate than target practice and the simplest movement required on active service. Firm and gentle handling, the recital of recent glories and hatred of the foe who had trampled their country under foot, defiling its holy places, soon made them worthy of falling in beside the veterans of Eylau, Friedland, Smolensk and Boródino. This proves how rapidly, if the raw material be good, infantry soldiers may be formed under the supervision of good officers, especially if patriotic sentiment and hatred of the invader is there to expedite the work.

When Napoleon strove to turn the Russian position at Tarutino, by the new road to Kaluga, the 26th Division was prominent in the battle which ensued. On that memorable 24th October the 7th Corps was sent under Raievski to assist Dokhtúroff, who was sustaining with his army corps all the weight of the blows delivered by the Viceroy on Malo-Yaroslavetz. This action proved to Napoleon that the Russians, so far from being exhausted by their recent efforts, were prepared for a vigorous resumption of hostilities, and, further, that the hope of retreating to Poland by the hitherto untouched provinces of central Russia must henceforth be relinquished. The Russian position in rear of Malo-Yaroslavetz having been reported impregnable by Marshal Bessièrès, nothing remained for the French Emperor but to retire across the wasted solitudes which had witnessed his advance. On the 26th, Kutuzoff, still fearing for his left, retreated towards Kaluga, when, summoned to his presence, Paskiévitch was required to proceed in the direction of Modyn with his division, a battery of six guns and a brigade of cavalry, to reconnoitre the march of the enemy. Napoleon's disorganized masses were just then passing through Moshaisk by the high road to Smolensk, and Paskiévitch, recognizing the impossibility of reaching them by direct pursuit, proposed to march across country to Gshatsk, moving along the chord of the arc which the enemy was describing. This step being approved by Milaradovitch, who had meanwhile arrived on the spot, the 26th Division, on approaching Gshatsk, actually descried Davoust's Corps in the act of entering the town. Paskiévitch wished to attack without delay, but was not permitted to do so owing to the darkness of night which was rapidly thickening, and the French Marshal was able to make his way unmolested to Viazma. There he stood fast; but Paskiévitch, dashing into the town at the head of his division,

expelled the defenders, taking 700 prisoners, who were left to garrison the streets. "All who stop behind are prisoners," he shouted to his troops, as the enemy opened fire from the windows; nor would he allow them to reply or pause till the market-place had been reached.

Next day Paskievitch rejoined the main army, which had reached Viazma by a still shorter route, and where, much to his disgust, Kutuzoff caused the 26th Division to rejoin the 7th Corps. But at Yelnia, while executing the celebrated parallel march on Krassnoe, the Commander-in-Chief allowed it, at the intercession of Milaradovitch, to return to the advance-guard, and, on the 15th November, with his own brigade of rifles and a regiment of Hussars, Paskievitch had the satisfaction of pursuing the French Guards as they moved from Smolensk on Krassnoe, and captured six guns and 700 prisoners. Next day, in company with the Prince of Wirtemberg, he attempted to cut off the Viceroy's corps from Krassnoe; but the latter, by skilful manœuvring, was able to break through and rejoin Napoleon, but left his artillery with the Russians. On the 17th, when the French Emperor by a splendid effort rescued the corps of Davoust, Kutuzoff, cowed by his adversary's renown, refrained from attacking him in full force. Paskievitch took part in the action with Ney, which occurred on the 18th. The French Marshal's partial success and ultimate escape are attributed by the Russians to a thick fog which concealed his approach, and, after being repulsed, prevented him from being pursued. While Ney, at the head of a chosen few, was making his way across the half-frozen Dnieper to Orsha, the Russian cavalry deemed his troops dispersed. After Krassnoe, the 26th Division headed the advance-guard, and, on the 27th November, though they had reached a point only twenty-five miles from Borissoff, were too late to take part in the terrible catastrophe on the banks of the Berézina. On the 10th December the 26th Division arrived in Warsaw, where, General Raieviski falling sick, the command of an Army Corps devolved on Paskievitch at the age of thirty years.

During the earlier part of the campaign of 1813 Paskievitch was in command of the forces blockading the fortress Modlin, built at the confluence of the Bug with the Vistula, not far from Warsaw—an important strategic point which has constantly played a decisive part in Polish warfare, notably in the campaigns of the Swedish Kings, Charles X. and Charles XII. Paskievitch tells us in his memoirs that Daendels, the Dutch Commandant of the fortress, agreed to betray it for a million francs, but that the news of the

armistice of Pleswitz put a stop to the treaty. A Dutch soldier of fortune need not, indeed, be credited with any great attachment for the decaying fortunes of Napoleon, yet it must be borne in mind that the apparent treachery of this officer may in reality have been merely a ruse to gain time.

On the resumption of hostilities the 26th Division was incorporated with the army of Poland. Russia's second line of defence which was being concentrated under Bennigsen's orders at Kalisch. "On the 22nd June," wrote the young major-general, "the Lord delivered us from our protracted sojourn near Modlin. They began to organize the so-called army of Poland. It consisted of two corps, our own, the 7th, which I handed over to General Dokhturoff, remaining in command of the 26th Division, and the Militia Army Corps of Count Tolstoi. The reserve army of Prince Labanoff-Rostovski relieved us in the Duchy of Warsaw. Our joy was indescribable; they were sending us by Kalisch to the Grand Army. My division was 8,000 strong under arms: a plucky, healthy lot. In the fight with Kozecki (at Modlin) I had learnt to trust them. But the survivors of the campaign of 1812 were the best of all. I cherished them as the apple of mine eye." From Kalisch the army of Poland, moving *via* Breslau, entered Bohemia, and on the 8th October approached Dresden, which was then occupied by the Corps of Gouvion St. Cyr. It was reinforced by the junction of Prince Stecherbutoff's corps and Bubna's division of Austrian cavalry, while Tolstoi's militia had already proceeded to join the Grand Army in the vicinity of Leipzig. Bennigsen at this juncture received an order from the Tzar which enjoined him, leaving 30,000 men to invest Dresden, to proceed with the remainder of his army to join head-quarters near Leipzig. To protect this movement Paskievitch was ordered to occupy the suburb of Plauen, situated about a mile from the walls of Dresden, which commanded the road which leads to Leipzig. In this position he was assailed on the 12th October by St. Cyr with two divisions, and, after successfully maintaining it for the whole of that day, on the following morning he evacuated it, and retired in the footsteps of Bennigsen. The Army of Poland missed the first day's fighting of the "battle of the nations," but its arrival on the field during the 17th was practically destructive of the hopes and fortunes of Napoleon. On the 18th this army attacked the plateaus of Balsdorf and Holzhausen, driving the enemy before them to Steteritz, and thence to the gates of Leipzig itself. About 1 p.m., Paskievitch, at the head of the Orloff regiment, dashing through the

streets reached the banks of the Elster and Pleisse, and it is surmised that the sudden appearance of this body of troops occasioned the premature destruction of the bridge which was so disastrous to the fugitives. Such is the opinion of Paskiévitch, recorded in his memoirs; but he adds that the sappers who kindled the train were acting in strict conformity with their orders. "All that night," he wrote, "the soldiers gave us no rest; they kept hauling Frenchmen out of the Elster, crying: 'Here's a fine sturgeon,' meaning the body of some drowned officer, on whom they found money, watches, &c." Here and there these memoirs betray considerable dislike and contempt for the Austrians and their troops. Count Giulay met him after Leipzig, and hot with the excitement of battle, cried out, "*Quelle fameuse journée, général—on dit que notre Klenau s'est beaucoup distingué!*" Paskiévitch, who adds that the Austrian had lain all day inactive at Lindenau, replied, "*Tout le monde a fait son devoir, monsieur le comte,*" and passed on. Indeed, if we were to accept his statements as deliberate expressions of opinion, he considered the Austrian troops as little better than poltroons; a remarkable instance of the way in which national prejudice may warp great natural intelligence and sincerity to absurd conclusions. On the 7th December the Army of Poland was sent to join the Swedes in blockading Hamburg.

Paskiévitch, promoted lieutenant-general for distinguished conduct at Leipzig, was shortly afterwards transferred to the command of the 2nd Division of Grenadiers. Bennigsen, unwilling to lose him, threw hindrances in the way of his departure, till at length, losing all patience, the junior abruptly demanded leave to go, and, obtaining it, joined the Tzar near Chaumont immediately after the battle of Brienne. The division to which he was appointed having somehow fallen into a wretched state of discipline, Paskiévitch had been called in as a noted disciplinarian to heal the disease. The evil, he soon discovered, was due to nothing but starvation; the supply department had been shamefully neglected, and the men driven to plunder in order to support life. Instead of having recourse to stern repressive measures, as most of his contemporaries would have done in his place, he looked after the men's meals, and this, together with his popularity and tact, sufficed to restore discipline in a very short time. But the officers remained to be "organized." The state of the division resembled that of a modern British expedition in *partibus infidelium*; suffering from a redundancy of officers, the usual friction and

unpleasantnesses ensued, thus verifying the ancient and homely adage about cooks and the confection of broth. Not only was the regiment commanded by general officers promoted after the battle of Kulm for distinguished service, but many officers of the same exalted rank were attached to it without specific duties. Squabbling, with concomitant duels, was the result. The young lieutenant-general was urged to deal sharply with the malcontents, who were without exception very much his seniors in age. He steadily declined, saying, "that he was waiting for an opportunity to prove his title to command." This he was able to do at Arcis-sur-Aube, and again under the walls of Paris, on both of which occasions he appeared to advantage at the head of his Grenadiers.

While they were bivouacked in the Bois de Boulogne an incident occurred which illustrated both the arrogance of Count Arakcheieff, Alexander's minion, and the independent spirit of Paskievitch. The regiment of which the Count was titular chief, having served under Paskievitch during the assault of Paris, was visited by him. Haughtily riding through the division without answering or even noticing a salute, he stopped in front of his men and thanked them for the valour they had displayed in the late action. On the divisional general presenting himself, as in duty bound, to the supercilious courtier, the latter darted a furious glance at him and departed without saying a word. Lambert, the Corps commander of the Grenadiers, afterwards explained that it was usual for generals, under whom Arakcheieff's regiment had been engaged, to send him an extravagant laudation of its behaviour immediately afterwards, when Arakcheieff would condescend to behave graciously. "He need not expect this from me," blurted out Paskievitch. "In my opinion everyone behaved well yesterday: Arakcheieff's regiment did not particularly distinguish itself, but the Little Russians did, and I shall report accordingly to you." In Paris the subject of this biography was presented to the Emperor Nicholas, then Grand Duke, and the foundations of their life-long friendship were laid.

In February, 1816, after the return of the 2nd Grenadiers from France, Paskievitch, summoned from his quarters at Smolensk, was commissioned by the Tzar to inquire into the riots which had arisen among the Crown serfs of the Smolensk Government. These originated from the inequitable distribution of the relief conceded by the State for the benefit of the peasantry, who in 1812 had suffered most from the ravages of the invader. The blundering stupidity of the civil authorities of Smolensk had

brought things to this pass, that the troops were called out, and were on the point of coming into collision with the people; but Paskievitch, being sent to the seat of disturbance, by the exercise of a little soldierly common-sense, soon discovered that the peasantry had real grievances to complain of, and that the tax-gatherers had been guilty of gross cruelty and extortion. In this sense he reported direct to the Tzar, with the result that these poor folk, instead of being shot down for rebels by the magistrates, were pacified by his timely mediation. Paskievitch ascertained that a certain bailiff had caused the wives and children of poll-tax defaulters to be flogged to death. "What confidence," he might indeed ask, "can people have under these circumstances in the rectitude of *tschinovniks*?" To the Finance Minister, Count Gurieff, who urged that relief would prove detrimental to the real interests of the peasantry by making them less self-reliant, Paskievitch rejoined, "that an act of humanity and compassion had never hitherto proved injurious in its consequences." Though this may be dubious it is satisfactory to know that the combined effects of material assistance, the postponement of arrears, and the dismissal of the Smolensk revenue officers, restored quiet to the district.

In 1717 Paskiévitch, now wedded to a second cousin of the poet Griboyedoff's, was called from domestic bliss at Smolensk to the Court at Peterhof, having been selected as governor to the Grand Duke Michael during his travels in Russia and abroad. On his arrival at the palace, a review was in progress, and Alexander, passing through the vestibule to mount his horse, greeted him with the curt salutation, "How quickly you've come." The manoeuvres began. Toll, we are told, conducted them skilfully, but when the turn came to Diebitch, the future hero of the Balkans flew into a passion and made a mess of it. Afterwards the Emperor received Paskievitch with flattering condescension, saying he was the best general in the army and fit for anything. But Paskievitch did not trust the Tzar's sincerity: he had experienced his fickle ingratitude on a former occasion. On this one he recorded in his diary the following pregnant remark:—"It pains me much that our system of government is ever the same: to dazzle a man with fine words if his services are wanted, and to show proportionate ingratitude; at the slightest seeming irregularity to outrage and persecute him without previous inquiry and with the utmost severity."

The surveillance of the Grand Duke was no sinecure. Like

most youths "born in the purple," he was violent and capricious in disposition, and it required all the firmness and tact of which Paskiévitich was master to keep his pupil within the bounds of propriety and reason. The prince was afflicted with a mania for drill, which his mentor had been instructed by the Empress to repress; but this task, he at last reported, was simply impossible of fulfilment. Paskiévitich, therefore, confined his efforts to insisting that war-worn veteran officers should be treated with due respect by the overweening stripling in his charge. They visited Great Britain in company, and Paskiévitich, though he admired our free institutions, prosperity, and national characteristics, was intensely bored by our social life. At Warsaw they were present at the first Diet assembled by Alexander I. under the constitutional *régime* which he had inaugurated, and Paskiévitich clearly perceived the consequences of what most Russians regarded as an exaggerated deference to Polish susceptibilities. And here is a remarkable prophecy: "What will all this lead to?" he asked of Count Ostermann, at a review.

"To this," was the fierce rejoinder, "that in ten years time you will be storming this place at the head of your division!" The prediction was verified thirteen years later, and Paskiévitich was at the head of the army which accomplished it. Again, on an expedition to Modlin, the Tzar invited Paskiévitich at dinner time, as he had commanded the forces, to narrate the story of the blockade. In spite of the black looks of the Grand Duke Constantine, anxious to avoid offending the Poles who reigned supreme around the festive board, Paskiévitich without hesitation began the recital, after which the Grand Duke always cut him. The sequel showed the fatal consequences of undue subserviency to popular clamour.

The present volume, which carries us down to 1826, when Paskiévitich was appointed to the Caucasus, the scene of his future glories, is replete with matter valuable in a military and historical sense, while social incident is not wanting to attract interest and contribute to amusement. We wish we had more space for an anthology. For instance, in 1822, Paskiévitich was in command of the First Division of the Imperial Guards, the Grand Duke Nicholas being in command of one of the brigades. The division was then quartered at Wilna, an army having been concentrated on the western frontier in view of the revolutionary movements which had broken out in Spain and Italy. How gravely the prevalent spirit of revolt had infected the officers of even the Russian

army is shown by the fact that there was an actual mutiny in the brigade commanded by Nicholas. A captain, Noroff by name, having been reprimanded by the Grand Duke for neglect of duty, without more ado resigned his commission, whereupon the officers of his regiment, assembling in a body, called upon their Sovereign's brother to give satisfaction to the offended officer in the usual way. After this we can well understand how incompatible is revolutionary doctrine with the military spirit.

This volume is amply supplied with maps and plans to illustrate the actions in which Paskievitch took part. It would have been advantageous had explanations been vouchsafed of the general movements on a field of battle, say, for example, that of Boródino, instead of supplying them in the case of the 26th Division only. By a curious mistake, the plan of the battle of Bar-sur-Aube has been inserted instead of that of Arcis-sur-Aube.

THE EDITOR.



A Ride in Asia Minor.

By ADMIRAL H. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM.

II.



THE beasts looked fresh, and we rode out amidst a motley group of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, in their respective costumes.

Leaving the once stately hall of the Cæsars on our right, the road led to the river, which was crossed by an old Roman bridge; the route then tended towards the Cæcus, in the direc-

tion of the town of Soamar. For miles a well cultivated valley lay stretched out before us, but was so shut in on either side by high mountains as to render the heat almost intolerable. Our shipmate, the doctor, lagged some hundred yards behind, sitting his horse like a jockey in mid-race, but from different intent, whilst Christopholo, thoroughly disgusted with rum as a beverage, recommended it to the Hakim Basha for exterior application.

By this time we had been six hours in the saddle, which—according to Turkish computation—would mean that the party had got over some twenty miles of ground; but the fact of our being unencumbered by baggage enabled us to do a much greater distance.

The country now became undulating, and the road dwindled down to a mere track, eventually disappearing altogether. The scenery was very beautiful; foliage appeared in abundance, fine fir woods clothed the sloping hills, while here and there some pretty little village, with its tall minaret, would peep out from amongst the trees. A range of mountains lay on our right hand with verdure reaching half way up their sides: in the hollow, on our left, ran a river, with weeping willows arching its clear waters. Vines, with their bright budding leaves, grew in profusion all around, and, to add to the general loveliness, the setting sun was shedding his golden hues over hill and dale.

It was twilight before we reached Soamar, apparently a large town, by the number of its mosques, and situated on the mountain slopes. We rode wearied and hungry into a fine large khan, the cleanest and best arranged we had as yet seen, but were much surprised when a Greek traveller informed our guide that he had been resting here two days and could get nothing to eat. This was said in the very presence of fine broods of ducks and chickens feeding in the yard. To these we called his attention, but he only shook his head while looking mournfully at the khanjee. This, on our part, could not be put up with, so a general chase was called; never before, I should imagine, had been heard such an uproar in a Turkish khan. After a severe run, the feathered bipeds were surrounded, and two couple of their number captured before the khanjee could come up. He looked perfectly horrified at our audacity, but we had learnt that a bold front was the only way to settle a Turk, so on finding himself treated with the utmost nonchalance, he strode away muttering numerous "Mashallah," and evidently booking us in his own mind as madmen.

Whilst our invaluable guide was preparing the booty for cooking, we employed a Jew to show us about the town. He appeared to have a great dread of the Turks' quarter, and, with much reluctance, took us to it. Seeing a *café* full of old green turbans, being those who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, we entered and made their acquaintance over *carraway* and cheboukes. These Hadji were polite, agreeable, and evidently pleased with the notice taken of them. With the same good intentions we were about to enter a khan appropriated by camel-drivers, when a general cry of Yahoudi (Jew), Giaour (Christian), arose from these dark-visaged, heavy-booted gentry, as they stepped forward to stay our advance. We were now to experience the good effect of always carrying pistols in our waist-belts; standing firm then, with hands grasping these weapons, we brought the assailants to a check, and they then slunk back growling out curses and casting every Turkish term of reproach in the teeth of the unbelievers. Not content with this they set on all the dogs and children, the latter pelting stones and rending the air with their shrill cries of "Giaour."

The unfortunate Jew was nearly dead from fright, and we were all glad to get back to the khan and dinner. Before dawn of day we were on our way to Ehhizzar, the ancient Thyatira, but even at that early hour the road was full of people, nor did we discover the cause of this unusual stir until arriving at Karakatch,

a considerable town situated in the most fertile district we had as yet passed through. It was here we learned, on inquiry, that the principal fair of the season was being held. The streets were crowded, and a most busy scene was before our eyes. In one place cattle were being slaughtered, and in another spot hundreds of horses were arriving with the produce of the country on their backs. In the midst of all rode brilliant cavalcades of horsemen, handsomely dressed and superbly mounted; their showy beasts—as they curveted through the narrow streets—drew as many comments from the people as would be heard in the paddock at Newmarket.

Thinking that we should be in the way on such an occasion, it was agreed to postpone breakfast until reaching the next village. Every road was blocked up with gay parties hastening to the fair, and a finer collection of "pakai atts" it would be difficult to meet with in any country.

There was much trouble in obtaining food at the village, as nearly all the inhabitants had gone forth. The little we did get was eaten in the street, with the remaining population of the place around us. The great attraction for them was our pistols. Lyons' double-barrelled pair excited great wonder and admiration. Detonators had not as yet found their way into Asia Minor. Huge flint and steel weapons—like our old horse-pistol of Dick Turpin's day, but generally much more ornamented—were still in use. The yataghan was their most formidable arm, and it required a good deal of skill to handle it properly. A direct cut or thrust is never made, but the blade being drawn with great rapidity backwards and forwards, its finely-ground edge gives a frightful wound at each touch to the person attacked.

We reached Thyatira early, putting up at a comfortable khan in the centre of the town. Strolling at random through the bazaars and filthy streets, we found ourselves at last in a burial-place with fine large cypress trees shadowing the tombs. Beside these, remains of pillars and old walls lay scattered about, marking a former civilization. Many of the ancient columns were used as supports in the construction of the modern town. Such was found to be the case with those mentioned in *Burgess's Travels*, as forming part of an Agora, for they seemed to prop up some old Turkish arches which are now in ruins.

Turning our steps towards the new Armenian church, our guide pointed out the remains of a Roman wall of immense thickness, and also several curious relics that had been dug up during the



QUINTAS, TOP: ANCIENT TIVATINA.

construction of the above edifice; these, with some old ruins converted into a hummum, are all the remnants now visible of the once flourishing Thyatira.

On making an attempt to enter a mosque we were repulsed with indignation by some young *mollahs* (priests).

Sleep soon visited our party after returning to the khan, but about the dead of night a most tremendous noise at the outer door roused us all up. Several pistol shots were fired by the intruders; these, mingled with their shoutings, made us prepare for action. At length the drowsy khanjee's voice was heard, the heavy door swung back, and, much to our relief, an enormous caravan stalked into the court-yard to deposit its merchandise, this being another use these inns are put to. Wishing camels, drivers, and all concerned in the hubbub, anywhere else, we snatched a couple of hours' more sleep, and then mounted for Sarc (the ancient Sardis).

The environs of Thyatira are prettily interspersed with trees, fertile hills rise in their vicinity, and a branch of the great Hermus plain reaches the town from another direction, giving us a peep at old Mount Sipylus, now wrapped in the blue tint of distance.

Mamara, three hours' distant, was our next halting-place. The country ridden through had a pleasing variety in it, for sometimes the track dipped into a plain, but immediately again would lead over some rugged mountain. We eventually kept by the side of a stream which Christopholo gave us to understand was famed for its fish; the proof of this lay in the breakfast, for better specimens of the scaly-tribe—a species of mullet—I should never wish to eat.

This town was becoming depopulated, nearly every other house being deserted; from what cause we could not ascertain.

A good road, through a hot valley, led to the Gygæan lake, an extensive shallow piece of water, full of high reeds, and inhabited by innumerable wild fowl. The milk-white swan sailed about in its deeper waters, whilst the shores were lined with duck of various species and plumage. Among the number, the "Pintail," of a bright red colour, with white breast and wings and pointed tail-feathers. They appeared to care little about the presence of man, and permitted our party to come within pistol-range. A general fire was opened on them as we rode along the banks of the lake, when they rose in a perfect cloud, filling the air with sounds of quacking and rustling of wings in motion, and then made off more frightened than hurt from our attempt on their lives.

Thousands of turpins, or water-tortoises, lay about the shores, and are said to be delicate food by connoisseurs in these matters.

We now ascended the range of hills which separate the lake from the Vale of Sardis, and on whose summit several tumuli were to be seen; the largest is noted as that of Alyattes, the father of Croesus.

Travelling with the uncertainty of procuring food at the end of the day's journey is not pleasant, but such was our case, and it can be easily imagined with what joy we hailed the appearance of a flock of lambs, with two shepherds in the act of skinning a couple of them. Not so, however, did our guide view the affair, having an instinctive foreboding as to their means of conveyance to Sarc. His usual beaming face assumed a most rueful aspect as we strapped the reeking carcasses over the bony haunches of his steed, who also shared strongly in his master's objections, and endeavoured, by kickings and switchings of his long-fagged tail, to prevent such proceedings.

The view of what was once Sardis from the summit of these hills we thought very striking, and the principal object observable amongst the general *débris* was the Acropolis. Its ruined walls could be traced on an eminence which, like many others in its vicinity, showed a red sandstone formation clothed with scanty brushwood. In the foreground flowed the Hermus through a plain cultivated by Turkomans, whose mud huts and black tents lined its banks; while beyond Sardis, Mount Tmolus and its lofty range reared their snow-capped crests.

An outline of the particular events that took place in Asia Minor before the Christian era would here be appropriate.

In Grecian history we find, "That about thirty years after the foundation of Athens some extensive troubles took place in Palestine, which caused a vast emigration of numerous bodies of Phœnicians. The greatest portion of the fugitives settled in Phrygia in Asia Minor.

"After the Trojan war (804 B.C.), Attica being over-peopled through the multitude of refugees, a colony was sent to Asia Minor. The coast of Asia, from Cyzicus on the Propontis to the river Hermus, had already been colonized by the Greeks. This tract was called *Æolis*, the settlers being mostly *Æolians* from the Peloponnesus. The emigrants from Athens occupied the coast extending southward from the Hermus. They founded twelve cities, of which the greatest was Ephesus. For a long time the greatest part of Asia Minor was subject to the kings of Lydia, an extensive region on the coast where the Ionian colonies were situated.

"Cæsus, the last of these kings, an able and popular but ambitious prince, had made tributary the Grecian cities of the Asiatic coast, and his power had become to Greece itself an object of fear as his wealth and splendour were of wonder. His prosperity, however, was not to be lasting. In all ages Asia has been remarkable for the sudden growth and rapid decay of mighty empires. The Median monarchy was now giving way to the rising fortunes of the Persians. Cæsus lent his aid to prop the falling power, and incurred the vengeance of the conqueror.

"Cyrus, the Persian, chief and founder of the Empire, having overcome the Medes, marched against Cæsus, subdued his kingdom, and made him prisoner in his capital of Sardis (546 B.C.). He next turned his arms against the Ionian colonies, driving them into exile, and eventually became entire master of Asia Minor.

"About 500 B.C., Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, incensed against his country, went to Sardis and persuaded the Satrap Artaphernes to make war upon it.

"The Athenians, enraged at the haughty command of Artaphernes to restore the tyranny of Hippias, sent a fleet to assist the Ionians. They sailed to Ephesus, and the forces debarking, marched to Sardis, a distance of about sixty miles. Artaphernes was taken by surprise, and fled into the castle, and the Greeks, unopposed, entered the town and fell to plunder; but a house being set on fire, the flames spread rapidly through the town mostly built of timber and reeds. The inhabitants were driven by the conflagration to assemble in the market and in the bed of the torrent Pactolus, which ran through it, in such numbers that they found themselves strong enough for defence; and the Greeks, retiring to Mount Tmolus, at night pursued their retreat towards their ships. Rallying under the walls of Ephesus they were defeated by the Persians, who shortly prepared to follow them into their own country. The subsequent defeats of Marathon and Salamis ended the invasion.

"A century later, Darius, feeling his Empire was weakened by its unwieldy extent, detached all the provinces bordering on the Grecian seas from it, and formed a separate kingdom for his son Cyrus, who held his Court at Sardis, and who became the means of overthrowing the fortunes of the great Athenian general, Alcibiades.

"But it was the entire conquest of Asia Minor, by Alexander, the Macedonian, that fully restored the Grecian colonies. History tells us his imagination was naturally lively; he was deeply tinctured

with the love of letters and reverence for antiquity. The *Iliad* of Homer was especially gratifying both to his poetical tastes and to his warlike propensities, and he is said to have made it his constant companion in his journeys and campaigns. But when he stood on the scene of his favourite story, his admiration of the poet and his heroes was exalted into passionate enthusiasm; and while his army passed the Hellespont unopposed, he was visiting the village and surrounding fields, where the fallen city had once stood, and sacrificing to the deities of the place and the chiefs and princes there entombed. He afterwards built a city on this spot, and called it Alexander Troas, the ruins of which may still be seen. He entirely defeated the Persians at the passage of the Granicus. This victory opened to him all Asia Minor, and Sardis submitted without resistance (330 B.C.).

"But in the year 210 B.C., the Macedonian power being on the decline, we find Asia Minor divided into separate kingdoms, and Attalus, the King of Pergamus, joining with the Romans to subvert the dominion of Philip, the King of Macedonia, and victorious by land and sea.

"Again, in the year 194 B.C., we find Eumenes, King of Pergamus, joining with Antiochus, King of Syria, and the exiled Hannibal, of Carthage, his adviser against the Romans, and landing an army at Chalcis, the bridge of the Negropont. But three years later he changed sides, and, in concert with the Romans, gained a great naval victory over the same Antiochus; and when the Romans had gained possession of the whole of Asia Minor, he craved a reward for his services and suffering in the war in which he had nearly lost his kingdom, and had been besieged in his capital of Pergamus.

"The Senate assigned to Eumenes all that had been taken from Antiochus in Asia, excepting a part of Lycia and Caria, which they gave to the Rhodians, and such of the Grecian cities as had not been subject to Attalus, which they declared independent.

"Eumenes visited Rome, and, touching at Delphi on his return, narrowly escaped assassination by orders of Perseus, King of Macedonia.

"In the year 87 B.C. a new character appears in the field. When nearly the whole of lower Asia had been brought under the immediate dominion of Rome, or under that of her puppet monarch, a rival power arose in Mithridates, King of Pontus, an able, brave and high-spirited, but cruel prince, who had much enlarged his kingdom at the expense of his weaker neighbours.

"War soon broke out between him and the Romans, wherein he

vanquished several armies, and quickly mastered Asia Minor with most of the adjoining islands.

"In his bitter hate of Rome he sent letters throughout Asia, commanding the people, on a certain day, to massacre all Italians in the country. The order was obeyed, and eighty thousand persons are said to have perished in the slaughter. But four years after his cruelties recoiled upon his own head. Ephesus and many other Asiatic cities revolted, and Sylla, the Roman Consul, passing into Asia, obliged him to give up all his winnings and pay two thousand talents. He eventually fell by his own hand, to escape being taken prisoner.

"From this time the power of Rome was no longer questioned in Asia Minor. It is true, that after the seat of dominion was transferred from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople) the sceptre came gradually again into the hands of the Grecian race; but still the story of the Eastern Empire may best be treated as a sequel to that of Rome. That Empire long sunk in debility and corruption gave way at last to the power of the Turks."

The question now arose as to how our party was to cross to the other side of the Hermus river. Not a vestige of a bridge was to be seen, and the swift waters looked swollen and muddy. Moreover, another evil had befallen the Hakim Basha which greatly increased his danger in fording. The *fennah att* (bad horse) that he bestrode, whether thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was being overworked, or that real weariness had overtaken him, would, at intervals, and without previous warning, drop down, and that in a manner most unique. One would hear a thump on the ground and then view the afflicted Hakim straddling the fallen carcass of his beast which lay doubled up like a reposing cat, but mindful of the food within his reach, cropping the grass, whilst the usually good-natured doctor looked on with a visage in which wrath and fear were strangely blended. Another one of the party there was who had great misgivings as to effecting a safe passage with such a weight of top hamper as did the poor "*pakai att*" carry.

After much delay, a Turkoman, on the consideration of a back-sheesh, volunteered to conduct the cavalcade across the river. Christopholo took the lead with much caution, and the Hakim, to ensure his own safety, brought up the rear, employing arms and legs incessantly on his wilful brute with the full determination of keeping him upon his legs until he gained *terra firma* once more.

Deeper and deeper grew the stream, and little by little the "*pakai att*" began to disappear. The once active tail now floated listlessly

on the surface, lambs and saddle-bags were in the same predicament, and all thought the much dreaded moment had arrived, when, like a magic wand, descended the formidable cow-cane ; with a snort and a struggle that must have shaken every nerve in his rider's body, the much-praised animal regained his footing, and emerged from his watery way looking all the cleaner for the dip.

The Christian population of Sardis is on the increase ; in addition to the miller's family—spoken of by travellers as being the only



CROSSING THE RIVER HERMUS.

residents there of that religion—some Greeks have erected a wine shop and stables, the former to benefit themselves and the Turkomans, who ignore that portion of Mahomet's injunctions respecting the disuse of vinous fluids, and are anything but good Mussulmans as regards sobriety. The stables combined accommodation for man and beast. The situation chosen by the founder of these buildings is one that well accords with the present lucre-seeking disposition of the Greeks. It is close to the ruins of the palace

wherein dwelt the wealthy Croesus of ancient history ; we found the stable a most disgusting lodgment.

The splendid remains of the once beautiful temple of Cybele were reached as the sun sank below the far horizon. Two columns of the Ionic order were still erect, and are stated to be the most perfect known at the present time ; half their original height is lost to view in solid earth, the accumulation of centuries of deposits from various causes. The capital of one of these is slightly displaced, and the columns themselves are somewhat mutilated in the endeavours made to abstract the iron used in joining the many sections of the rounded marble which forms the entire pillar.

The temple stands on a gentle slope leading down to the Golden Pactolus, which on this side separates the Acropolis hill from the neighbouring heights, and then empties itself into the Hermus.

The mill, to which allusion has been made, is set in motion by the former stream, and the ruins of a church are visible at no great distance from it. Remnants of ancient walls were to be seen on all sides, but darkness prevented our tracing or connecting them with any other known construction of the Grecian age.

The ruins, shown as having at one time formed a portion of the residence of Croesus, are the most perfect of their kind to be seen amongst the general wreck of masonry.

With difficulty our steps were retraced to the wine shop, which, much to our horror, was found to be full of drunken Turkomans belonging to a sect known by the appellation of "Candle Extinguishers," and who resembled the Bacchanals of old Rome in their morals and orgies. Armed as these brutal fellows were at all points, our prospects may be imagined as anything but cheering, nor did Christopholo disguise his delight at our return, and repeatedly warned us to keep our pistols in readiness.

We were reinforced by a little Italian leech-hunter, fortified with a huge cavalry sword and a brace of pistols, who had just crawled out of a place of concealment. He appeared to consider our party as a perfect godsend, and enlarged on the crimes committed by these nomads, who, with a better disposed tribe called "Hurookes," composed, for the time being, the surrounding population.

Our Greek host also seemed displeased at their presence and lengthened stay. This, together with a general onslaught made by a number of cats upon the now over-cooked lamb, put both his and our guide's patience to a severe trial.

It was extraordinary to witness the craving for strong drink in the persons of these semi-barbarians. Several times they quitted the house and reeled into their saddles, and as often, as though attracted by some loadstone, would dismount and quaff another can of crassie (country wine). At last, with loud shouts, and uncouth gestures, they galloped off, leaving us to eat in peace our hard-earned evening meal. We then took up sleeping positions among the crassie jars in preference to the stable, the effluvia of which rendered it most uninviting.

Rising before daylight, but little refreshed from the hard beds we had preferred occupying, a start was made for Casaba. The road followed the course of the Hermus for a short distance, and then turned up a beautiful valley, well cultivated with orange gardens and melon beds, the latter producing the far-famed Casaba melon, the most luscious fruit of its kind known to the world.

Arriving, after five hours' ride, at our destination, a room was secured at a picturesque khan, with a kiosk, or pleasure house, attached to it. This stood in the centre of an open space outside the town, and was a great rendezvous for caravans which, from this spot, take their departure for all parts of Asia Minor. The khanjee was a Greek who had acquired notions of cleanliness, an uncommon trait amongst the natives of his persuasion, but from which we reaped the unusual benefit of an undisturbed mid-day siesta (slumber).

Having seen a goose slaughtered for breakfast, it was proposed to stroll through the town, then spend the hours of heat at the khan, and afterwards continue our journey to Vimfi in the cool of the evening.

An old green-turbaned Turk, with a tray on his head, crying "Sweetmeats for the ladies," on the consideration of twenty piastres, gave up his occupation, and mounted for Vimfi to procure a konak (house) and dinner by the time we should arrive there. The streets of Casaba were no exception to those we had seen in other towns of Asia Minor, and, indeed, the Jews' quarter surpassed them in filthiness. Putrid carcasses of horses and dogs lay about vitiating the air, and quite accounting for the ravages made by the "Plague," at intervals of years, amongst the inhabitants.

We could not forego the luxury of a "humnum," although it was very second rate as compared with those of our previous experiences. An immense fellow, a kavash, or town policeman, was



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CIBELE, SARDIS.

my neighbour on the undressing ottomans, who, to my disgust, and much to the amusement of my companions, carefully examined every article of his apparel. The search proved very successful, and he became quite elated.

The environs of the town, especially that part about our khan, were well shaded with trees; under these we sat, after the morning meal, enjoying the cooling influence of sound from running water at an adjacent fountain, and listening to the arrival of the caravans. These goods trains of the East created more stir than their inanimate compeers would do at a railway depôt in Europe. The tinkling of the camels' bells, and shouts of the drivers as they compelled the more refractory beasts to kneel down that they might be relieved of portions of their burdens, the wrangling of the Armenian porters, who awaited their turn to be employed, and the general hum of voices all round, made quite a lively impression on the senses. This quiet enjoyment was broken by our guide announcing the advent of a most important individual, in the person of the judge of the district, who had expressed a wish to interview our party. He was surprised at our being without a dragoman (interpreter), and was much amused at our manner of communication with Christopholo. His first question to the latter was, "Who we were?" This troubled our guide considerably, for he had never interested himself about the matter, but had been content to rank us after his own imagination.

To Lyons, as the manager, he had given the high-sounding title of Bim Basha, literally captain of a thousand, or colonel, and would not be persuaded he was anything less. The learned gentleman of the law next endeavoured to find out what business had brought us to Casaba, and was equally unsuccessful as in his former question. He then put on an air of mysterious wisdom and smoked his chebouke in silence, gazing at us all the time with cunning and doubtful eyes, as much as to say, "I am not quite sure you are honest men." At last, shaking out his flowing robes, and adjusting his snow-white turban, he went from our presence, followed by a retinue of secretaries and kavashes.

Our shrewd guide, who had sat all the while in a very uneasy position of attention, with a put-on face of respect, now openly expressed his contempt for our visitor's want of discernment, and more than hinted that an endeavour had been made to extract a backsheesh from the party which he had foiled by declaring our poverty as shown by the absence of baggage.

The Greeks of Asia Minor have much the same character for

over-reaching as their independent brethren. Our khanjee proved himself a rogue by asking for more than double what was due to him. Luckily, experience, and the honesty of Christopholo, had taught us pretty well what the price of things should be, so we were able, without any scruple, to clip the Greek's bill of 140 piastres down to sixty, taking care to be in the saddle before payment. The rayah, as the Turks term their Greek subjects, in a fury at losing what he had made sure of, seized the bridle of the "pakai att." In another moment the cow-cane had descended upon his shoulders, causing him to fall back and wriggle in agony; but, suddenly recovering himself, he hurled a huge stone at the head of his castigatress, who rode off in convulsions of laughter.

Our road lay through a lovely valley, quite Nature's garden; aromatic plants joined their odours to the perfume of flowers as the first touch of the night dew fell upon the land. The sun, although sunk from sight, still crimsoned the peaks of the lofty mountains by which we were surrounded, and sent a reddened glare over every object. Whistling plough-boys and lowing herds winding slowly over the lea there were none, yet we came upon a scene equally worthy of a poet's pen.

In an open space, enclosed by luxuriant arbutus, and arched over by an old Roman bridge, which proclaimed it the dried-up bed of an ancient stream, a large caravan was taking up its night's bivouac. The camels, in little knots of five or six, lay sociably together, feeding from the same heap, whilst the whole formed one large circle. In the centre of this blazed a cheerful fire, and around it the weather-beaten drivers sat, cross-legged, discussing their evening meal in silent gravity. The intermediate spaces were filled up with the beasts' burdens, thus raising an impenetrable barrier to the prowling jackal or fox. Two wolfish-looking dogs gave warning of our approach, and we passed on with a friendly "good-night."

A halt was shortly called at a small hut, or rather shed, combining the two properties of a *cafenet* and guard-house. It was occupied by what the Turkish Government is pleased to call rural police. This force is mainly recruited from a tribe called "Zebeks" leaving their home in the mountains of Anatolia. They are perpetrators of nearly all the dark crimes committed in that country. By their hands a noble Englishman (Sir Lawrence Jones) met his death, and in accomplishing this murder they displayed their rapaciousness, cruelty, and its usual accompaniment, cowardice.

Sending a man, full of the vigour of life, suddenly into another

world, is nothing in their estimation compared to the value of a few piastres. With arms ever in readiness to be used, and without the most remote fear of detection, they have become the terror of travellers.

Such was the character of the men who now—assuming authority—declared it was impossible that we could proceed further that night. They stated the roads to be infested with clefties (*Anglicè*, robbers), and that it was as much as our lives were worth attempting to go on. Pointing to our pistols, to show them that we had means of defence, they laughed in our faces, and running behind a bush protruded their long guns through it, thus illustrating the method by which the unconscious traveller might be shot down by an unseen foe. Had we not known the foibles of our would-be friends, we should have been induced by their entreaties to have taken up our abode for the night in the wretched hut they occupied, and out of which, in all probability, no living one of the party would have ever come. With this knowledge of our danger, combined with the prospect of a good dinner and comfortable lodgings awaiting us at Vini, it was decided to continue our moonlight journey in opposition to the advice of the Zebeks. A warning "*bakaloume*" (*Anglicè*, we shall see) came from the deep-toned voice of their leader as we galloped away. Thoughts also came into our minds regarding the wisdom of dispatching the sweetmeat-selling messenger on before, and thus giving notice of our approach.

The situation of Vini itself is well adapted to become the retreat of lawless people, as it lies at some distance from the main road to Smyrna, and is in a mountainous district. The few houses composing the village are much scattered and embosomed in woods.

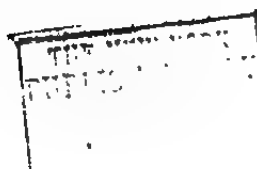
Our guide had an instinctive feeling that the safety of the party depended on their quitting the branch road leading to it, and therefore turned us into the partially dried-up bed of a mountain stream. This we followed in darkness and silence, as the overhanging foliage completely excluded the moon's rays, and the splashing and stumbling of the horses over the loose stones that had been brought down by the winter torrents quite precluded conversation. We had also the not very pleasing reflection, that if here attacked, our chances of escape were considerably lessened. However, after much toil, the khan at Vini was reached. It possessed little attractions, being lonely and dirty, with a miserable shed to do duty for a stable. Into this our tired animals had just

been put, when four ruffians, armed at all points, covered with mud, and breathless from haste, appeared at the khan door; a peculiarity in their nether garments—which instead of being made bagged fitted tight to the person—proclaimed them Zebeks. Without uttering a word they stalked up to the benches whereon we were sitting, and took up an unpleasantly close position to our own.

Christopholo got up with a scare on his face and screwed himself into a corner. A deep silence followed, which was at last broken by his putting some question to the nearest of their party, a fellow with a particularly villainous cast of features. He received a growling reply that seemed to have its rise in the stomach of the interrogated, and evidently sent a thrill through our worthy guide, who, afterwards, when asked as to the substance of it, shook his head, and expressed his disapprobation by repeating the word *fennah* (bad).

Once more all was quiet, save the keen searching eyes of the intruders, and each of us began to think within himself what may be coming next. Our close proximity to the rascals rendered it essential that instant action should be taken on our part to repel any assault, so every man's right hand was upon his pistol's grasp, a circumstance the Zebeks evidently noticed, paying marked attention to Lyon's double-barrel. In a short time two more villains, of the same stamp, came to the door of the khan, when our unpleasant neighbours arose and joined them in a low grumbling conversation. Christopholo took advantage of their absence to inform us, by all manner of mysterious signs, that the Zebeks were up to no good. To this conclusion we had already come, and awaited with anxious suspense the breaking up of the conference outside, in which, judging by the men's gestures and looks, we were the most interested party. What decision the meeting came to was, of course, not known to us, but at the close its members stole quietly away with unconcealed marks of disappointment on their savage faces.

With a feeling of relief our thoughts turned to the konak and dinner. Sending on some of the khan servants to the house with *narghais* (*Anglicè*, bubble-bubbles) for evening use, we followed at a few paces in their rear. The servants had not proceeded far before two of the late unwelcome visitors at the khan stepped out from concealment and stopped them. Naturally concluding that the others were close at hand, it was deemed advisable to be on the preparative; so drawing our pistols out and cocking them, we





RUINS OF THE PALACE OF CRESSUS SARDIS.

marched on, the Zebeks giving way as we approached. The night was now shrouded in complete darkness, rendering an attack more than probable; however, it was not to be. Whether the robbers considered the risk too great for the object to be gained, or had discovered us not to be the glittering prize their imaginations had created, we passed unmolested.

The konak was a house belonging to a Greek family, who hastened to make us as comfortable as their one little room would permit. An ample repast obliterated our recent troubles, and the only drawback to our evening's enjoyment was in viewing the arrangements for the nightly lodging of the whole family in the small apartment we were then occupying. Real weariness can put up with much that otherwise would be distasteful, so I was fain to be content with no closer approximation to the garlic-loving Greeks than an occasional touch of the old grandmother's foot as she lay with her head pointed in exactly an opposite direction to mine. The husband and wife, with a number of children, placed themselves in the same position as regarded my companions.

With the morning came our old green-turbaned messenger for payment. He looked horribly debauched, and it was soon discovered that he had been made purposely drunk by the rascally Zebeks, so that he should not be a witness to their intended proceedings.

The village of Vimphi, or Vimfi—but sometimes called by the Smyrniots, Nymphe—presented a most enchanting appearance as we viewed it on the road to Ismir. The fruit trees, in which it was embedded, were now in full blossom, and clustered so closely together as to form an unbroken sheet of white for a considerable distance. A fresh land-wind wafted their sweet scent towards us, thus adding to the charms of a bright sunny morning in the lovely country we were riding through. The high range of hills extending from Mount Tmolus, towered over this fairy spot, while lower down their slopes, and dominating the village, stood a ruined fortress, probably of Genoese origin. Its sombre walls appeared in bold relief above the blooming orchards which crested a steep incline leading down to a valley, with a sparkling stream flowing through it, and as—meandering on—the delighted eye following its shining course, new landscapes rose to view, until increasing distance threw its neutral tints over the constantly changing scene.

A range of mountains still lay between ourselves and the sea; the summit of these we gained just as the sun, which had been

obscured, burst out in all its splendour, lighting up the fertile plain of Bournabat with its pretty little villages scattered amongst vineyards and fig and olive groves. At the furthest extent of the plain the domes and minarets of Smyrna glittered like diamonds in the sunshine; but beyond this, and some ten miles distant, was an object that would have attracted the attention of few except those that do their business on the great waters. It was the white sails of a ship filling to a light sea-breeze as the vessel weighed from her anchorage in the gulf, and in a certain cut of a sail we recognized the *Aigle*.

Before our guide could be made to understand what was in the wind, he was hurried on at a great pace, expostulating at intervals, when he could gain sufficient breath, on what he considered to be another freak. The plain is cleared, and the narrow winding streets of Ismir dashed through, and we are once more on the Marina.

A Caique, with four stout Greeks await us. The horses are paid for at the rate of a dollar per day, but the last act closes with the "pakai att" and his master. The latter, standing at the head of his favourite, stared with a look of bewilderment upon our proceedings. At length, venturing to inquire by a significant gesture as to our further movements, he was answered by a little pile of gold pieces being placed in his hand; and thus he knew that the time for our parting had arrived, and in the fulness of his heart shed tears of sadness; he then repeatedly kissed our hands, and implored blessings on our heads. We were glad to hurry off to the boat; her light frame cleft through the *inbat** wave; the shore receded from view, but while a living object could be seen therestood Christopholo, with one arm over the neck of his "pakai att," apparently lost in profound meditation.

Our sudden embarkation had no doubt puzzled him, and where we were going he had not the least idea, for the *Aigle* was far out to sea by the time we had reached the shore, and with Smyrna his geographical knowledge ended.

With regard to ourselves we felt that, had not magnificent scenery, splendid ruins, and travelling excitement, amply requited our trouble and expense, we should at any rate have enjoyed the ride with such an honest, light-hearted, and faithful guide as Christopholo.

* The name by which the sea-breeze is known in the Gulf of Smyrna.

Our Indian Horse Supply.

By W. A. KERR, V.C., LATE SOUTHERN MAHARATTA HORSE.



THE important subject of England's horse supply, ventilated by earnest discussion in the House of Lords, and brought prominently to public notice by the far-reaching press, increases in interest and widens in scope. But unsatisfactory as is the condition of our home remount, the position of the British cavalry and artillery in India is, in the almost entire absence of suitable country-bred horses, grave in the extreme. The tension at present existing between the Russian Government and that of the Shah, arising from the opening of the navigation of the Karun River to the commerce of the world, thereby giving, as it does, a preponderating influence and a valuable strategic position to Great Britain in the south of Persia, and placing it in a position to cut Russia's road to Hindostan, reminds us of the legacy of Peter the Great, and warns us of the sinister policy of the Colossus of the North. If further evidence be needed that these projects are still in active preparation and progress, we have it in the fact just disclosed by Mr. George Curzon, M.P., that during the late revolt of Ishak Khan the Russian troops, in number five thousand, were concentrated upon the Afghan frontier ready to be precipitated into Afghanistan the instant tidings should be brought of the Ameer's defeat. Fortunately the Muscovite was balked then and now the Tzar has received a slap in the face from Nas'r-ed-Deen, and has been warned that what remains of the old empire of Cyrus is not a preserve of the Romanoffs, lying within the sphere of Russian influence. Irritated by their loss of *prestige*, and seeing in the opening of the Karun a gain of vantage ground for flank attack on a hostile army advancing on Western Afghanistan, the war party at Moscow would feign precipitate the inevitable and clamours for war. To successfully oppose the armies of the Emperor Alexander we should not only have to guard our North-West frontier, but would be called upon to give fibre to the forces of Abdurrahman. An Anglo-Indian force would probably move up from Mohammera and Ahwas to operate on the

enemy's eastern advance and to keep "the key of Afghanistan." Baloochistan must be firmly held, and our internal dominion, rudely assailed by emissaries without and *badmashes* from within, effectively maintained. A mere policy of "masterly inactivity" and border defence might, probably would, have the worst possible effect on the native mind, and to some extent jeopardise our position. We must, in the parlance of the prize ring, "go to our man and force the fighting."

To rout such levies and regulars as the Tzar would hurl against us it would be worse than folly to trust in our native soldiery alone. A back-bone of Europeans, even in the case of such staunch and brilliant fighters as the Sikhs, Punjabees, Pathans, Goorkas, and Maharattas, is absolutely necessary. With the exception of a few mountain batteries we have no native artillery. In eastern warfare large masses of cavalry have invariably played a prominent part, and it is in this arm that, in the coming contest, we shall find ourselves lamentably wanting. The old "death or glory" impulse that shone so conspicuously on the field of Waterloo and in the Valley of Death at Balaclava will assuredly be there, but, as usual, the numbers must be scant. But even the disproportionately few European sabres, lances, and guns an Anglo-Indian army may bring into the field will, strange to say, be mounted on and horsed by animals brought from over the sea. An army incomplete in all its parts, and without reserves of animal force, cannot be termed efficient. Though India can mount her native sowars and keep her light cavalry in the field, there are few, if any, horses within her wide territories possessing sufficient power to carry our stalwart dragoons or lighter hussars, or of sufficient weight to do effective duty in the gun-teams. Lately naval operations have clearly demonstrated the fact that without the numerous swift cruisers demanded by Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby—a requisition never likely to be complied with—it is hopeless to think of providing a navy sufficient in extent not only to overbear the war vessels of other nations, but to so especially watch or convoy the mercantile fleets of our own nation as to prevent a disturbance of commercial interests. On such a precarious source of supply as that drawn from the far-distant shores of Australia does the mounting of the Anglo-Indian army depend; and, to accentuate our weakness in that respect, the remounts drawn from that continent are unable to put forth their full powers and to adapt themselves to the exigencies of tropical service without first undergoing a careful and prolonged course of

acclimatisation. Such horses, straight from the ship, are, for campaigning, practically useless. Of late an attempt has been made to open up a horse trade between New Zealand and India, but with what result is not at present determined. The long sea voyage must, except in the case of high class animals, suited for officers' chargers and private trade, always operate as a great difficulty and swamp profits.

Our Indian army is mounted on Arabs, Gulf-Arabs, Persians, horses from Cabul, Central Asia, and Baloochistan—all classed as Northerners, Australians—or Walers, as they are termed, and country-breds—the produce of imported English thoroughbred stallions, and Hackneys and Arabs in union with the mares of India. For some reason, not very clear, but probably owing to the pagoda tree having been too well shaken, and to the reduced purchasing power of the rupee, the big, powerful Arab of some thirty years back, when the famous Bombay Horse Artillery was so magnificently horsed, is now seldom seen in the ranks. Those who remember the 10th Hussars landing in the Crimea will call to mind the favourable impression made by these admirable horses which, for military purposes, knew no superior; horses that made little of twenty stone, that could struggle and endure, and under all circumstances bore themselves bravely. The Gulf-Arab, generally a horse of not quite pure *azul* Nejd, or Anezeh blood, as now found in the Bombay market, certainly shows signs of deterioration, but for native light cavalry work is still invaluable. He has not the size, reach, or weight-carrying capacity needful for British troopers. The Persians, possessing a good deal of the Toorkoman and Arab blood have more size, and are, in respect of endurance and hardiness, little, if any, inferior to the Gulf-Arab. During the mutinies I, on a long and harassing forced march, lasting from October to the end of February, had daily under my observation a light field battery, horsed entirely by these Iranees, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves was beyond praise. The supply appears to be limited, and, at the Government limit as to price, averaging from Rs. 425 to Rs. 500, probably the best do not leave their own country. Now that our star is in the ascendant at Teheran, and British interests so well represented by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, advantage should be taken of this satisfactory and unexpected position to secure as many strong, active, young Persian mares as possible. The Persians, unlike the Arabs, have no objection to part with mares, and are well within the influence of the almighty dollar. A trusty agent at Meshed

could get together a fine batch of the Toorkoman type, those on the Baghdad border might be mistaken for big Arabs.

Formerly Herat and Cabul were the chief markets for Central Asian horses, and were well supplied. Our own operations in Afghanistan, and frequent internal wars and rebellions, have to some extent thinned off the supplies bred in the valleys beyond the Hindoo Koosh. Russian jealousy, dog-in-the-manger fashion, has cut off the foreign supplies coming from the westward. These Northerners are really good horses, though in some instances vicious, and every encouragement should be given to breeders in the dominions of the Ameer to extend their operations. In bygone days a large portion of the Indian army, European and native, was mounted on these Heratees and Cabulees. We might present the Ameer with some stallions. The Baloochistan mares have acquired a name for being able to make marvellous marches over a country where a goat alone should be at home; they are active, hardy, and wiry, but up to no great weight. Cashmere is a country in which a superior breed of horses might with certainty be established, and where English blood would have fair play. The Maharajah's loyalty has been of late placed beyond doubt, and the "Happy Valley" might, under judicious management, be converted into a vast breeding ground, second to none in Central Asia. Its geographical position as feeder for an army having its base on the frontier is all that can be desired, the climate is admirable, and the soil such as would grow an abundance of suitable and cheap fodder. Some scruples as to the admission of an industry supervised by Europeans might have to be surmounted and set aside.

In India there are no colonists or settlers save the indigo planters of Tirhoot, and the tea and coffee growers of the hills. The important corn-cane sugar industry looming in the immediate future will, in all probability, extend the old factory system, attract capital, and bring vast tracts of land under intelligent methods of tillage. The ryot is poor and needy, up to his ears in debt, and ground down by those cormorants the *soukars*, or cent. per cent. money lenders, and the village *buntahs*, or general providers. The planters are but birds of passage whose aim in life is to make their pile with all possible speed, and, having done so, to return to the old country. Yet some of these gentlemen have made strenuous attempts to improve the breed of horses, and, in some instances, have partially succeeded. Had their factories been established in the uplands of the Deccan, their tentative efforts would, doubtless,

have been crowned with success. It was from the Deccan that the clouds of Maharatta horsemen, mounted on their Arab-like Bheema Turrees, came to play so leading a part in Indian history. It was in the Deccan, too, that the Pindarees found their wiry untiring little horses. Under British rule, the whole country has undergone a vast change. Now the paramount power alone can make war: the population is disarmed except in the native states; commerce, manufactures, and agriculture have usurped the domain of incessant internal wars, looting expeditions, and general armed lawlessness. India for centuries was pre-eminently a land of mounted warriors, and in all its historic struggles masses of horsemen have ever played a leading part. As in the past, so in the future, large numbers of well mounted cavalry and numerous batteries of well-horsed artillery will be absolutely necessary in maintaining our Eastern supremacy. The field of operations may rest on our North-West Frontier, or be transferred to the banks of the Euphrates or Tigris, to Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, or even to Egypt. We may have an internal convulsion to deal with, but let the storm break where it may, we must be prepared not only to mount our Anglo-Indian army on horses suited to campaigning in lands of heat and thirst, and to find animals adapted to the heavier European reinforcements sent from home, but to have a large horse supply in reserve.

It is more than doubtful whether the present system of horse-breeding in India as encouraged by the Government will ever meet these requirements. That our Eastern army, on its peace footing, is well mounted cannot be denied, but we have nothing to fall back upon to meet the wear and tear of war. There must be crass negligence somewhere when it is officially admitted that the horses bred in the Bombay Presidency, the produce of Arabian sires and country mares, find their way into private slavery as two year olds, and are, as a matter of course, speedily crippled and used up. Surely economically managed depôts or nurseries might be established as at Radovitz, in Galicia, at which these young horses might be cared for, broken in, and drafted to regiments as required. These establishments would find employment for a large number of steady non-commissioned officers and sowars who had served their time. This Radovitz stud might well be taken as a model, and there are many districts in the Deccan, in Central India, and in other localities, where suitable tracts of land are available for similar stud farms. On this Austrian depôt oxen for agricultural purposes are also bred and reared, and the same might be done in India.

Joint stock, supplemented by private enterprise, might come to the rescue on the following conditions: (a) Free grants, or perpetual, alienable, heritable right of occupancy at peppercorn rental of suitable lands up to 10,000 acres. (b) The State to purchase all the three-year-old colts and fillies, passed by a Remount Committee assembling at the stud, for £50 each in time of peace, in war time at £75. (c) The breeders to have the preferential right of retaining ten per cent. of the stock for private sale; also, at their option, such of the fillies as may be selected for breeding purposes. (d) All the colts, except those reserved for stallions, to be handed over cut, the price to be paid by the State for these country-bred stallions to be £250. (e) Government to find approved stallions, thoroughbred and Anglo-Arabian, in the proportion of one horse to forty mares, and, when necessary, to furnish a change of blood. (f) All mares purchased as remounts to be returned to the stud free after ten years' service in the ranks, or when, by accident, incapacitated from active service. With reference to condition (b), it would be as well that the breeders should stipulate for the option of not having to part with any of the fillies till rising five year old, so that these young mares might leave each a foal behind them. In the case of remounts passed as suitable for officers' chargers an extra £25 should be paid. Great care would have to be exercised in the selection of locality, due regard being given to climatic conditions, facilities for irrigating a portion of the land, the soil itself, and its natural drainage. The management should be entrusted only to a gentleman of sound constitution and active habits, possessed of a thorough practical and scientific knowledge of agriculture, well versed in the highest types of farm stock, and its treatment in health and disease. The Husar depôt on the table land of Mysore may be taken as a model on which to work and amplify. Its 700 acres of home-like paddocks, well cultivated fields, carefully kept hedges, neat tidy village with good roads, charming bungalows, and well constructed lines or steadings, all testify to what can be done under efficient European direction. Every inducement should be held out to the sons and relations of our native rajahs and zemeendars to join such establishments as pupils. The lessons they would learn might yield good fruit by spreading abroad a vastly improved system of tillage, and by giving a stimulus to horse and cattle breeding. Steps are now being taken to train the *rajwarra* forces of the feudatory Princes so that they may act, in case of necessity, as a reserve to the Imperial forces. It is of

importance, therefore, that these irregulars should be well mounted. Already the Nizam is making considerable efforts, and has succeeded in breeding some really serviceable horses. Every nerve should be strained to resuscitate the famous Bheema Turee and Kattyawar breeds. To this end the Sirdars of the Deccan and Chiefs of Kattyawar should be informed that the Government would look kindly on an earnest and sustained effort in that direction. The Guicquar of Baroda might be induced to play a prominent part. The wayward Holkar, another Maharatta with a standing army and the possessor of vast territory, if deftly handled by the Governor-General's Agent at Indore, and provided he saw that the industry would pay, could, with his revenue, establish a very extensive *haras*. All the rajahs, nawabs, and chiefs of Central India, Rajpootana, the North-West Provinces, and of the Punjab might breed their quota. There is an *if* in everything, and in their case, as throughout India, the proviso is *if* they had a good and suitable class of mare to breed from. Now no country is more deficient in this respect. The country-bred mare is generally undersized, weedy, light below the knee, goose-rumped, but with quality. She is by no means the sort of animal a breeder would expect satisfactory results from. In the days of the Government studs some really good mares were to be seen, but now they are few and far between.

The General Superintendent of the Horse Breeding Department of the Government of India describes these "indigenous and improved mares" as follows, and is satisfied with there being "a grand structure for engrafting more power and size." "The majority of country-bred mares may be said to range in height from 13 hands 2 inches to 14 hands 2 inches, and some few are found as high as 15 hands; and in weight from 6 to 8 cwt. They are, as a rule, remarkably well bred, rather light in the barrel, not evenly put together, often of an angular and ragged appearance, with small but steel-like bone of joints and limbs, measuring from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches under the knee at the top of the shank bone. They have wonderful power of endurance under either tropical sun heat or intense cold. With a light weight, say from 10 to 12 stone in the saddle, or light draught, and after the hardest day's work are never off their feed, but always ready for it; moreover, they will continue doing work on the scantiest of food." With all due respect to my old friend Mr. J. H. B. Hallen, I am tempted to exclaim with the North countryman: "Wheears't use, oo can ya breed rats frae mice."

This problem is to be and is, it is asserted, being solved, by the use of half-bred horses of pure breed, viz., hackney stallions. The expression has a paradoxical ring about it. There is considerable diversity of opinion regarding the stock of this particular class of imported sire. Granting that in some instances the result of union may to some extent give an increase in size, bone, and substance, the quality must be very uncertain, and we have still to learn how this produce stands the strain of a campaign in a tropical climate. How our English horses went to pieces during the late operations in Egypt is a matter of history. They failed lamentably. A military remount, calculated to carry his rider or to serve in a gun-team must be of the hardest material. The comparatively cold-blooded horse cannot put forth all his energies when at times the sun's rays are almost vertical, and the atmosphere heat-laden as the blast from a furnace. My main objections to the modern hackney stallion for Indian stud service are that he is by no means of pure breed, but, on the contrary, is a mongrel; that his extravagant wheel-like trotting action is not adapted to military requirements, and militates against galloping; and that in many instances his shoulders are faulty, and his quarters short. Our Anglo-Indian remount should be the 15 hand 2 inch hunter, possessed of flinty bone and horn, of muscle tough as catgut, sinews and tendons like steel, and boasting of a constitution hardy as that of the proverbial tinker's dog. That the modern Hackney can lay claim to strains of Arab barb and thoroughbred blood cannot be denied, nor can it be contended that in the maternal line the tap root was other than that of "a strong common-bred mare." This coarse plebian element will crop up when little expected and least desired. Heredity and atavism are too occult and far-reaching factors in live stock breeding. For service in the tropics, the stallion should be of unsullied pedigree, free from taint. Impressiveness comes alone from long and pure lineage or from inbreeding. Assuredly the Government will have cause to regret the introduction of this uncertain Hackney element. In days when half-bred racing was in vogue here, the most successful performers were those whose strain was on the dam's side: this is the case also with famous steeplechase horses, past and present, not thoroughbred.

In the Bombay Presidency the Arab and thoroughbred sires are being displaced by these half-bred English horses. Put to the country mares, the former are said to produce stock "very handsome in top and pretty in carriage of head and tail, lamentably

deficient in bone and sinew of limbs, leggy, and wanting in girth." If this be true then deterioration has set in with a vengeance. And yet it is asserted that many of the animals so bred find their way into the Bombay dealers' stables, and are there sold as Arabs. Very different material this from the famous and now almost extinct Bhesma Turree horse of the Deccan, the best remount for native cavalry India ever possessed. This essentially military charger was by the imported Arab and the Deccanee mare. In the Southern Maharatta Horse the mares were put to Arab stallions and none of this peacocky legginess, with want of bone and power, was noticed in the progeny. The brigade was disbanded as a reward for good and faithful service rendered during the mutinies, and with it ceased the demand for the useful class of horse which executed some of the longest and fastest work in the annals of war. But the Superintendent of Indian Horse Breeding is hardly consistent, for, in addressing an audience at Simla, he says, "No man values blood and enduring powers more than I do. Many dear friends and companions in the hunting field I have had, and still have, in India, know well that I am generally to be seen when hog-hunting on an Arab, or a half-bred Arab country-bred, as from their blood, powers of endurance, and steel-like quality of limbs, I know they are, though small in stature, well able to carry me safely, and will last under my heavy riding weight of 14 or 16 stone during a long day under a tropical sun." Surely if this class of country-bred can race over a rough country under such a welter weight he can well carry the ordinary British dragoon in a campaign? Pig-sticking is a crucial test of speed, cleverness, courage, and stamina. Mr. Hallen clenches the whole case against himself by registering this decided opinion. "The Arab, by his breeding, life, and history, is by far better qualified to impart blood, toughness of sinew, compactness of bone, hardness of constitution, with power of endurance, even on the shortest of forage, than any other sire. His size is his only weak point as an army horse; but when a really hard campaign ever comes off, and but little grain or forage is to be had, the cavalry, mounted on horses possessing Arab and country-bred blood, will be found more enduring and efficient and more suitable than any other for really tough work." And yet, in the face of this, the clean hard blood of the desert is to be discarded for the descendants of Shales or Shields horse, the son of a common rough mare of no breed whatever. The Arabs now brought to the Indian market appear to be smaller than those imported some years back. Rupees are not so plentiful with

service men in India as they used to be; the purchasing power of silver is much reduced, and the buyers for the Hungarian, Italian, and French studs, who are not to be baulked by price, take the pick of the Anezeh steeds. The demand is for army horses of greater size, bulk, and power. There must be weight in the gun-team, especially in the case of wheelers, and the mounted man, be he dragoon, lancer, or hussar, likes to be well above his foe; still, my firm impression is, that for Eastern warfare no horse should be above 15 hands 2 inches high. In nine cases out of ten anything above that will, under continuous short commons, give way and "cave in."

In addition to what is urged against the Arab, the English thoroughbred is made answerable for still further evils, and yet in the stud days he stood high in favour, though some of the stallions sent out were tall, flat-sided weeds, devoid of muscular power and propelling machinery. The price, I believe, is limited to £350, and, in the face of the extensive demands from all parts of the world for well-bred and sound blood horses, we cannot expect much for that modest sum. A thousand guineas would be not one penny too much for a young sire worth breeding from. The progeny of thoroughbreds in India are said to fall off on the coarse Indian fodder, and to be wanting in stamina. If this be the case, which I do not admit, it may fairly be asked how it was, as undoubtedly was the case, that stud-bred horses, after many years of continuous service, including the two years of downright hard work of the Mutiny campaigns, were, so late as 1870, still to be found in our artillery teams? That some of our home breeders do their level best to produce tender stock is not to be denied. The system of keeping yearlings separate in small paddocks, of shutting them up for twenty hours out of the twenty-four in close hovels in absolute idleness "cribbed, cabined, and confined," of forcing by overfeeding, and of laying on blubber in lieu of hard flesh and muscle, cannot be too severely deprecated. It arose in those rich pastures at Middle Park, where the herbage was better adapted for fattening a bullock than rearing a race-horse. The Cobham Stud Company found that a heavy coating of fat concealed defects, and Mr. Gee, at Dewhurst, had more experience of the pantry and the larder than of a well-managed stud-farm. Men who breed for sale are prone to bring their blood stock into the ring more fit for Smithfield than Newmarket Heath, but private breeders who breed to race are cautious to keep their yearlings in such hard, clean condition, as to go at once into training without tumbling all to pieces. There is nothing

of the fatling about the hard, healthy Bend Ors, and others, sent year after year from Eaton Hall to Kingsclere, and in selecting sires for Indian service care should be taken to give the coddled up animals a wide berth. In France, where they have some of our best blood, selected with great care and with an eye to staunchness, symmetry, bone, and hereditary soundness, they have had the shrewdness to estimate the value of room for ample exercise and development of lung power. It is to their fifty-acre paddocks, abundance of fresh air, and open hovels day and night, that the French race horses, though proportionately few in number, last longer than ours and often inflict upon us signal defeat. When a horse fresh out of training can winter—as was the case with Allow Me—on that part of inhospitable Dartmoor, known as Wallingford Down, he cannot be accused of want of constitution. This weather-beaten little hero, after this arctic outing, became the most famous hunter stallion of the century in North Devon.

For many reasons the stallion best suited for Indian service is the thoroughbred, strengthened and hardened by a fresh infusion of the purest Arab blood. I would not breed from one, no matter how good-looking, with a bit of coarse hair on him. As weight and size—we must not have anything above 15.2 under the standard—are desired, the increase of bulk should come through the mare. The success of Moodkee, the first-prize taker in the hunter stallion class at the Royal Agricultural Show, Dublin, must have removed any doubt we have entertained as to the Arab's ability to get size. This horse is by an Arab out of a Solon mare, and his brother carried Colonel Gore, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, brilliantly throughout the campaign in South Africa, that officer's other chargers, well-bred Irish horses, succumbing to the strain. In the State *haras* under the French Ministry of Agriculture, there are 124 Anglo-Arab stallions and 505 mares. The Bernais, who breed extensively, prefer the sires of this strain to any others, finding their stock easier to rear and, from their good looks, better to sell.

The model sire for the East is the long, low, active, weight-carrying blood hunter, with the fine quality and "grit" of the Anezeh Arabian of purest ancestry. My impression is that these Anglo-Arabs can best be bred in that half-way house, Cape Colony. In that dry, health-giving resort, the Karoo, the climate of which possesses such curative powers that rank roarers regain the free use of their "pipes," all the conditions of soil and climate necessary to success are present. Experience has taught us not only

that South Africa can furnish a first-class general purpose horse, but that it, with the Arab, Persian, and Central Asian importations, from the first takes kindly to the Indian climate, requiring no acclimatization. There are those who can call to mind the excellent service rendered by the Cape horses in 1857-58-59, and antecedent to those days of trial. Owing to there being little or no trade between India and the Cape, and the alteration of the furlough regulations by which officials could spend their long leave at home, the South African horse trade fell off, and, consequently, breeding was neglected. The horses I write of were compact, sturdy, big-boned, hardy, in the highest degree docile, and good-looking withal. Though not generally much above fifteen hands high, they were strong enough to carry our heaviest troopers, and to take their place as wheelers in the gun-team. They got through an enormous amount of hard work on scant and indifferent food, and always bore themselves handsomely. It has been stated that the 7th Dragoon Guards, when serving under Sir Harry Smith—the hero of the decisive cavalry action of Aliwal, when the “Red Lancers,” taking no denial, rode clean through the Sikh square—on the Orange River, were better mounted than any regiment in the whole service. Lord Charles Somerset, when Governor, did much to improve the original Spanish and barb stock by judicious importations from England. Numerous Arabs were introduced from India, and so an admirable race of horses, especially fitted for military operations, was established. With lack of demand came deterioration, but though the class of animal so common some thirty years back has dwindled down in numbers, some are still to be met with, and what remain are described by Mr. F. Duck, late Inspecting Veterinary Surgeon in South Africa. This officer registers his opinion of the horse found in the ranks of the Bechuana Field Force thus: “He is active, courageous, will travel long distances day after day upon limited allowances of grain and what he can pick up on the veldt. From early training he can safely be turned loose to graze, thus dispensing with the transport of hay.” Since commencing this article I have met with a gentleman whose experience in carrying troops, horses, and elephants by sea is second to none. Those who can call to mind Balaclava Harbour in 1854-55, Bushire in 1857, and Calcutta in 1857-58, will remember Captain Stephen Whartons and the fine ship *Belgravia*. This officer informs me that in 1857 he on two occasions carried horses from Table Bay to Calcutta, in both instances having 208 horses on board, with no attendants save a superannuated coachman.

With rough weather up to St. John's, including a hurricane, he landed all of the first batch save eight, and of the second except eleven, and these died in the Hoogly from excessive heat. All the rest were handed over to Colonel Apperley, the Remount Agent, in excellent condition. No horse died at sea. So much for the Cape horse as a sailor.

Those who have seen Mr. Melk's special breed will readily admit that, with due exercise of selection, the Cape Colony can produce a superlatively useful and peculiarly sound horse. It appears to me that the Indian Government should, by showing a preference for the Anglo-Arab stallions bred at the Cape of Good Hope, encourage colonial breeders to make this blend their study.

The Indian Government studs failed mainly on the score of expense. They turned out some very useful horses, though at inordinate cost. A remedy for the extravagance might have been found without making a clean sweep of these useful institutions. The appointments eagerly sought after were given to men who, in many cases, had no qualifications for the work, and in all to those who had no practical experience of tropical agriculture or of horse-breeding. The whole machinery and organization was on an expensive scale. Still horse-breeding is not to be encouraged without some expenditure. In the administration of the national Austro-Hungarian studs the sums annually expended are—Austria, £80,000; Hungary, £116,500. Prussia, inclusive of £45,000 for buying fresh blood, is debited with £80,000 yearly over her fifteen establishments; and France annually makes a grant of over £269,720. The Republic keeps 12,000 stallions, many of them of very inferior stamp, for the service of 600,000 mares; of these horses 2,500 are State property.

The Indian studs should be revived, but under totally different administration, serving the double purpose of breeding establishments and remount depôts, at which young and freshly landed horses can be handled, backed, and partially broken in. Established in suitable districts, within easy reach by rail of stations permanently occupied by British troops, these farms might, advantageously to the Commissariat Department and to their own balance-sheets, supply the European soldiers with meat rations of a superior quality. The live-stock, sheep especially, so constantly pasturing on and being fed off the land would tend not only to keep it sweet and free of taint, but would yield abundant cereal and fodder crops for home consumption. There is vast room for improvement in the beef and mutton supply of Tommy Atkins. It

is, moreover, of some moment that attention be directed to the creation of a breed of powerful active bullocks for heavy artillery draught and for transport. For tropical service no bullock can compare with the magnificent trek oxen of Tembu Land, East Africa. These cattle are famed throughout Natal and Cape Colony, and are much sought after, being active, excellent in draught under a burning sun and scant water-supply, of great weight, and equally advantageous to the butcher. This breed might be advantageously introduced into India, and bred, pure or crossed, with the blood-red Sussex bull. It has been conclusively proved that even the first cross from an English bull on the cow of a tropical clime shows no tenderness in great heat.

The Sussex bull has much to recommend him. He comes of a hardy breed, surpassing all others on the poorest pastures of his native country, imparts firm flesh, and transmits his rich cherry colouring. Masterful to a degree, he crosses well with any breed. Arthur Young, a staunch believer in the ox as a beast of burden, was a great admirer of the Sussex, which has been aptly described by John Hutton as :

Up the long slope, and o'er the rounded brow
Of the high Sussex downs, the oxen tread :
Yoked two, and two, and two, and lightly led
By a young child, who gently turns them now,
And with slow, measured step, their loads they bow
To breast the slope again : and so for hours
That lengthen into days, they lend their powers
Patient and meek to draw the heavy plough,
And when the stall so well deserved is won,
And gone the galling yoke, they hold their heads
Erect : and happy eyes, beneath their horns
Of mighty span, look out their work is done.
Resting their huge frames on their amber beds,
Their quiet grandeur the low shed adorns.

Mounted Infantry is an arm certain to be extensively brought into play in future wars. Officers who served in the Transvaal described our Mounted Infantry as poor inefficient cavalry, and pronounced their foes, the Boers, as being as nearly as possible the perfection of Mounted Rifle-men, their marked superiority not being ascribed so much to the men as to the manner in which they were carried. No one could fail to admire the business-like and expeditious manner in which the Afrikanders rode up on their well-trained, hardy, and docile ponies, and went into action. It should have taught our people the lesson that Mounted Infantry should not ape cavalry, and that their horses are intended solely as a means

to one end, that end being locomotion. Colonel C. E. Walton, who was Director of Remounts during the Boer War, says: "Our Mounted Infantry bent their whole endeavours to procuring highly-bred, sixteen-hand horses, and if I did find them some Boer ponies, they speedily destroyed their utility by putting them through the usual course of cavalry drill, riding them at a high trot on the curb with a cavalry bridle, never permitting them to remain untethered or without a man to hold them; and, in fact, doing the utmost to neutralize the animal's individual intelligence." Such false training militates against the efficiency of the arm, and keeps five-and-twenty per cent. of the men from using their rifles. The *beau idéal* mount for such troops would be the famous fifteen-hand Hackneys such as were seen in hundreds, fifty years ago, on the Great North Road; hardy, active animals, that, day after day, and all day, carried at an even walk, trot, or canter, not only their rider—rigged out in heavy jack-boots, leather breeches, and broad-skirted box-cloth coat—but his cloak, saddle-bags, and clumsy holster-pistols. In India we have nothing approaching to this useful animal, and without a strong dash of Eastern blood he would be useless. The *tattoo*, or country pony, is too small, though it is marvellous what a really good Deccanee "tat" can do. Importations of Basuto pony mares might be very advantageously made. This miniature steed of South Africa is without exception the most untiring, hardy, and sure-footed of his race. He will thrive and grow fat where another of his genus would starve. His power to work under great thirst is not his least recommendation, there being several instances on record of his marching on for two and a half to three days without tasting a drop of water. If not over-paced, this plain but sterling little animal as nearly as possible approaches equine perpetual motion. Trained to pasture without wandering far afield, and therefore requiring little guarding, taught to stand still for hours if only the rein be thrown on the ground, steady to be shot over as a well-broken pointer, and capable of ambling thirty miles at a stretch, he is more than useful. The Arab galloway mated with these mares would increase the pace, and breed out the vulgar looks without detracting from native merit. Mounted Infantry must prove a potent factor in any Eastern campaign, and especially when opposed to clouds of Cossack and Central Asian horsemen; the Indian authorities will therefore do well in providing an ample supply of serviceable medium-sized cobs, something after the fashion of the broncho.

That our Australian Colonies possess some superlatively good horses cannot be denied. A batch of hunters imported during the current year by a well-known peer have carried him entirely to his satisfaction, and for looks will compare favourably with numbers seen at the cover-side. That they are clever at timber goes without saying. Measured by the time test, the racer of the Antipodes is quite capable of holding his own with our best performers over any course, and especially so, "on the top of the ground," as the saying is; and can train and gallop when the going would reduce our horses to veritable cripples. In fact, Australian breeders have given too much attention to the breeding of thoroughbreds, with the result that good general-purpose horses out there are more scarce than with us, and command a better price. A well-known authority from Sydney, when on a visit to England only a few months back, remarked that he could pick up more good horses at a fixed price in Plymouth in one day than could be got together in the capital of New South Wales in a whole month. As the tramway and omnibus systems of Australia develop, and agriculture extends, fewer thick-set, useful, active horses will leave the Colony. It is questionable if the supply from that quarter can be reckoned upon as permanent, unless, as has been suggested, the northern territory of South Australia, the northern parts of West Australia, and Queensland are utilized as breeding-grounds. Horses from any part of these three Colonies could be marched by easy stages to Port Darwin, an easy fortnight's run from Calcutta for a twelve-knot steamer. A Colonial breeder, conversant with that part of the country, describes it as having, in certain well-grassed districts—an elevation of 1,500 feet above sea-level—a climate unsurpassed for horse-breeding, a gravelly soil, with every advantage ready to hand. The passage, if a certain route be adopted, is almost invariably a smooth one. Undoubtedly about the severest work a horse can be called upon to perform is that necessitated upon a large cattle-station in the unsettled districts of Australia. Mustering cattle means often fourteen hours a day in the saddle, without rest, food, or shelter, under a tropical sun, and very often for weeks at a time. It is astonishing how much turning, racing, dodging, twisting, and jumping, a stock-horse will get through in a day. On plains hard as bricks these horses work and last for many years, retiring from active service to slower work with lungs, legs, and feet sound as ever. During this prolonged period of arduous duty they are fed solely on grass, and are never shod.

It appears probable that animals, especially those with a strong dash of the Arab element, systematically bred in the above-mentioned territories, would feel the Indian climate less than the Walers now sent to Calcutta and Madras. When we consider the conditions of the trade, the softness and lack of courage in these importations is not to be wondered at. If the truth be known the majority of these horses, those not intended for the turf or private market, are what is termed Brumbys. Comparatively few are shipped by the breeders direct; where it is so it is not probable that breeders ship their best. Mobs for India are frequently got together by drovers or sub-contractors "on spec," who purchase anything they think will pass muster. These wild horses are run-in especially for the Asiatic markets, branded, herded for a few days to steady them, and are then despatched on the road to port. This running-in and herding for even a week, without any rough treatment, takes a lot of the natural bloom off them, and when added to this they are often several weeks on the road before shipment, generally on very short commons, it stands to reason that they go all to pieces. There is no doubt that there are many handsome and even commanding Brumbys, and so long as they are in a state of freedom they not only appear to be, but are, full of fire and courage. It has, however, almost invariably been found that the wild horse, over four years old, captured, tamed, and reduced to slavery is thoroughly cowed. Certain it is that in India these Walers are wanting in courage and constitution, are susceptible to low fever and liver derangements, and at all times fall off rapidly in condition and lose strength unless well and regularly fed. After landing they require careful handling for several months before becoming acclimatized and fit for severe work. Such is not the case with the South African horse. The Australian breeder already referred to somewhat unexpectedly confirms my strong leaning to the Anglo-Arab stallion. Wishing to get rid of a peacocky appearance whilst retaining the frame but shortening the legs of his stock, the produce of a thoroughbred horse and some half-bred colonial mares, he purchased an Arab having an eighth part of game old Thormanby's blood in his veins. He was by Baghdad, a pure Arab, the property of Lord Napier of Magdala. This horse, Napier, stands a little over fifteen hands, with fine head and neck, oblique shoulders, short back, rounded deep ribs, long quarters, muscular thighs and gaskins, upon short legs and good feet, and measures 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches below the knee. His owner, who rides fourteen stone, says, "I was never better carried; he is well up to my weight,

is a fair trotter, fences well, has a sweet temper, and a grand constitution." The progeny of this Anglo-Arab were precisely what was aimed at; the frame being not only improved, but brought down upon shorter and better legs—*multum in parvo*. He found that horses so bred best stood the severe colonial work. A pure bred, though small-sized Arab, named Farhan, got some capital stock in New South Wales, some of his sons from well-bred mares being of great size. If by some means or other the Indian Government could attract numbers of powerful short-legged young mares bred on these lines, the difficulty of remount would be well on the way to a satisfactory solution. Encouragement should be given to West Australian breeders; but as "an ounce of blood is worth a pound of flesh," a strain of the hard, resolute and stout *azeel* air-drinker of the desert should be insisted upon. There is no valid reason why mares should not be largely used in our regiments of cavalry and batteries of artillery. Sold out of the service at ten years old to native breeders they would have a marked effect on our Indian horse supply. This proposition will be met by an outcry against cost, but a lakh or two of rupees spent annually in so good a cause will be amply recouped. If a small State such as Baden can afford to expend close upon £8,000 yearly in the encouragement of horse-breeding, surely our Indian Empire can draw upon its enormous revenue to meet an Imperial necessity. The system of Queen's Plates might be, under the designation of Viceroy's Plates, advantageously introduced, the terms being for country-breds only; the weights weight for age raised two stones, and the distance two miles. What such prizes have done for the United Kingdom in the past these may effect in India in the future. Germany, Austria, and France reap great benefit from the numerous plates given to be run for, and similar results may confidently be anticipated on the wide plains of Hindostan.

India is generally supposed to be deficient in fodder crops and grasses. This erroneous idea is, doubtless, based on the miserably degenerate animals on which the country throughout its length and breadth, from Cape Comorin to Peshawur, from Assam to the desert belt fringing the Hindoo Koosh, depends for the cultivation of the soil, for its means of transport, and for the meat of such of its population as are carnivorous. Natural pasture, in our accepted sense of the word, is not. What pasture there is in the plains only yields food for a month or two after the rainy season, the grasses for the most part being harsh, coarse, and wiry. In the Deccan, however, two varieties are found, known to the natives as *Marrail*

and *Pownea*, both of which are well worthy of attention. The *rumnahs* or *cooruns*, as they are termed, which are usually cut for hay, are unevenly distributed, seldom or never fenced in, are never manured, and the effect of continuous centuries of cutting can easily be imagined. The growth of forage crops is generally ignored, save in the case of lucerne, which is grown to a limited extent in the vicinity of the Presidency towns and large military stations. By the well-sides cholum and maize may sometimes be seen growing, as a hot-weather green catch crop. But the growth of artificial grasses is entirely neglected by the ryots, like that of forage crops, as a branch of agricultural industry. Of late years experiments under the conduct of intelligent Europeans have proved beyond doubt that the country is now possessed of a wide range of forage crops, exotic and indigenous, the value of which was little suspected, that with ordinary skill and care can be grown with ease, certainty, and economy.

There is no reason why India should not produce excellent stock but that the Hindoo and Mussulman alike are intensely conservative, and so with them the cruel system of gradual reduction of the daily food of cattle, ponies, donkeys, and sheep down to the starvation point which has existed from far back times, is good enough for them and must so continue; their *ma bap* (ancestors) did so, and why should they change the custom? From the commencement of the hot season in March till the sudden fall of the south-west monsoon in June, the poor brutes—I mean the quadrupeds, not the bipeds—are reduced to the very shortest commons, and in their famished state they become the village scavengers, greedily devouring the most loathsome garbage and offal, not excluding human excrement. Though this want of proper sustenance seldom actually kills, its effect on the breeds may be readily imagined. What does kill, and is the main cause of the inordinate mortality amongst Indian herds and flocks, is the rapid growth of watery grass following immediately on the first fall of the monsoon, which the animals gorge, producing acute dysentery and other fatal ills. Little marvel is there that, in some districts, the live weight of cows should vary from 200 to 400 lbs., and that they should seldom drop their first calf until they are from five to six years old.

Amongst the most valuable fodder producers may be mentioned the different varieties of sorghum, a plant at present attracting so much attention in this country. Of this millet there are several varieties; all originate in the *Sorghum halepense*, known in the Deccan under the name of *shaloo*, and which is still grown in the

Broach district of Bombay. Recent discoveries in the treatment of the saccharine juice of the *S. saccharatum*, or Chinese sorghum, elevating it to the first rank of sugar-yielding crops, are certain to enormously extend the cultivation of this plant. In some soils it grows to the great height of 18 to 19 feet; and on inferior land, under less favourable conditions, the height varies from 6 to 12 feet. It has the valuable property of tillering, throwing up from eight to twenty stems; it also possesses that of ratooning, and in tropical countries becomes a perennial. If cut down when 3 or 4 feet high, before the seeds have formed, a second, and even, in warm weather with irrigation, a third cutting is obtainable. At Rawulpindes, in the Punjab, it produced 1,258 lbs. of seed and 96,800 lbs., or over 48 tons of green fodder to the acre; at Umballa 67,658 lbs., or 30 tons; and at Hunsur, the remount depôt of Madras, 47,000 lbs., or about 21 tons. All kinds of stock devour it greedily, whether in the green or dry state, and its value as a forage plant is everywhere recognized. This fodder when dry is termed *Kurber* or *Kurbā*, and I have known the horses of cavalry regiments do long and arduous service on it. The cost of cultivating an acre of this luxuriant cereal is about six rupees: it endures cold and drought, resists slight frosts, and, being a deep-rooted plant, luxuriates in rich bottom lands and moist loamy soils. Closely related to *Holcus saccharatus* is the South African *imphe*, pronounced *im-fē*, of which Leonard Wray discovered no less than sixteen distinct varieties in Zululand, all of which have taken kindly to Indian climate and soil, and especially where the latter contains nodular limestone. Not inferior to these sorghums is Maize or Indian corn, very much resembling them as to habit and growth. The uses of this Corn-cane—a new name which has been applied to this millet with reference to its ability to yield at the same time both a corn and a sugar crop, are so multiform, its productiveness and vigour is so wonderful, that in America, its original home, it deservedly occupies the highest place in the wide range of agricultural plants. The corn crop pays the cost of cultivation, leaving the stem, which in a well-developed plant has been found to contain thirteen per cent. of sugar, all to profit. This copious secretion of saccharine juice was converted by the Aztecs into true sugar; but the secret of its manufacture appears to have become one of the lost arts. The researches, however, of a Mr. F. L. Stewart, a learned American chemist, and others have once more placed us in possession of the method, and have given to Corn-cane a vastly increased value. Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, extols the noble growth and

saccharine qualities of maize in those equinoctial regions. The ease with which the plant is grown has a sort of fascination for farmers. An average field of green maize fodder per acre is estimated at from 20 to 35 tons; and, doubtless, in some districts, by aid of deep tillage and heavy suitable manuring, this heavy crop may be brought up to those in the department of Finisterre, France, where, on a schistose sandy soil, enriched by barn-yard manure and superphosphates, such returns as over 40 and 65 tons were reaped. The varieties of this plant are numerous, owing to its capacity for hybridization; and under varied climatic conditions the production of new varieties may easily be multiplied. By this means we have it in our power to establish varieties in which shall be consolidated the characteristics and peculiarities best suited to the country's wants. Thus early and late sub-varieties may be produced by skilful and judicious hybridizing.

But, outside the millets, there are numerous other fodder plants which give abundant and cheap supplies of green and dry forage. Amongst these may be mentioned *Hariali* (the *doob* grass of Northern India) possessing great vitality and wide-spreading, deep-searching roots. Under high cultivation and irrigation, if cut immediately the flower begins to show, it will yield five cuttings, or about three tons to the acre, of a somewhat wiry but nutritive hay. In the hot weather, when watered, it yields a grateful green bite. Lucerne, if irrigated, grows under the hottest sun, yields several cuttings, and is an excellent and much relished fodder. Yellow lucerne (*Medicago falcata*), hardier than the common lucerne, does well on the uplands of the Deccans. Guinea grass is another exotic perfectly acclimatized, simple of culture, has been found capable of withstanding the longest and severest droughts without the aid of irrigation. Although its energies lie dormant during the hot weather, when water is withheld, it springs immediately and vigorously in response to the first fall of rain. A run morning and evening on the fields of this grass during the summer months would work wonders on brood mares, as it produces an abundant flow of milk. The *Panicum Brownii* is another very promising introduction, thrives remarkably well, seeds freely, and is an excellent pasture grass. In the North-West and Punjab, as well as on the elevated table-lands, oats can be grown for oat-hay. Egyptian clover and vetches thrive wherever a good quality of wheat can be grown. In many districts such grasses as *Prairie*, Italian rye, Perennial rye, and the Buffalo grass of America and Australia would be almost certain to succeed.

So much for forage. Let us now see what grain crops suitable for horse food India grows. Barley, though rather heating and with a tendency to fatten, is produced in abundance. So highly is this cereal esteemed by the Arabs, that the Ameer Abdul Khader is reported to have said : " Had we not seen that horses came from horses, we should have said that it is barley that produces them." Many a good race-horse has been trained exclusively on the horse-grain or kooltee (*Dolichos uniflorus*), a small grey or brown bean which is given only after being carefully boiled for at least two hours. By the way, this boiling not only renders the albumen insoluble and therefore less digestible, but, by violently rupturing the cells, it sets free a large amount of soluble nutritious matter ; this is lost in the water, and, in the form of soup, goes to feed the syce (groom) and his family. The substitution of steeping for boiling is not always a success, for horses that have been accustomed to the cooked kooltee sometimes refuse the pulse when merely steeped. This grain is a nitrogenous or flesh-producing food, rich in albuminoids, starch, and digestible carbo-hydrates, with very little oil. When grown solely for fodder, four or five crops may be produced in the year, at the cost of growing of about Rs. 8 per ton. The fodder makes excellent hay, possessing a fine aromatic smell. The three common pulses of the *phaseolus* family, known as black gram, green gram, and dew gram, are general, and produce, the last named especially, bulky fodder crops. Then there is the pigeon pea, and the Bengal gram (*Cicer arietinum*). Linseed is one of India's staple crops, of which immense quantities are exported to Europe. For light horses doing moderate fast work, a good and cheap ration can be made out of a mixture 10 to 12 lbs. lucerne or heriali hay, 6 lbs. wheat bran, 8 lbs. linseed meal, and 3 lbs. ground barley. This food keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition, and gives a bright glossy coat. The ground meal is mixed together dry, and then added to the hay-chaff, after the latter has been well moistened. Better still, perhaps, than linseed is the ground nut which is grown very extensively as a field crop. Its cake, weight for weight, is cheaper than kooltee or any of the grains, and, on account of its high percentage of nitrogenous matter, is especially valuable. Old horses and working oxen thrive admirably if given a daily allowance of 2 to 3 lbs. of this cake, and the saving is something like 25 per cent. I can speak from experience of the value of this addition or substitution to the allowance of maize, pulse, barley, or oats, in case of aged and some delicate animals. When in India I

owned an Arab, by name Cronstadt, famous if ever horse was as a general-purpose horse, for, in his lengthy career, he had been trooper, officer's charger, trapper, leader in a team and in a tandem, lady's hack, hog-hunter, and racer. His last public feat was to win the Bombay Welter Stakes when twenty-two years old. This venerable good all-round-performer was fed entirely on boiled kooltee, barley, wheat-bran, and ground-nut cake meal. For growing colts and weanlings up to two years old, a good ration may be compounded of 500 lbs. barley, 500 lbs. of chenna, 500 lbs. of peas, and 100 lbs. of linseed. This, mixed with cut and moistened lucerne or heriali hay, ensures rapid and healthy growth. I have grown as good a crop of peas on the Ellora plateau—the best horse-breeding district in India—as man's heart can desire, and carrots on such soil crop as heavily as they do in this country.

It is frequently remarked, by persons who ought to know better, that the Indian ryot has nothing to learn from us regarding dry cultivation, and that in the treatment of wet land, *i.e.* irrigated, he can teach us a lesson. His implements are lauded for their cheapness, simplicity, effectiveness, and suitability to the soil. We are told he has but to tickle the grateful land with a hoe and it smiles with a harvest. To those who prate such skimble-scamble rubbish I say, with Mark Twain, "If you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life you could not have graduated in higher honours." The native farmer's so-called plough is not a plough at all, but a very badly constructed inefficient grubber, the scratching operations of which exact a vast expenditure of needless energy. His bullock-hoe is very difficult to manage, and when deftly handled has an unhappy knack of cutting over numberless crop-plants in its erratic course. According to his primitive practice—a practice coeval with the deluge—a distinct seed-drill is required for each variety of crop; there is no regularity in the amount of seed, and the implements cannot be depended upon to deposit at a regular depth. Modified implements of European and American make—Swedish are the cheapest and best—after approved and well tried models have established their superiority. Much attention has been given to the manufacture of these improved implements, the important points of efficiency, strength, simplicity of construction, light draught, and moderate cost being kept prominently in view. In the growth of artificial fodder and grass-crops, these improvements give the best possible results. In the case of ploughing alone it has been estimated that

the annual saving to the Madras Presidency by the general use of the improved pattern would amount to no less than Rs. 2,59,08,000, or, say, of 1 rupee 4 annas to each acre cultivated. The natives accustomed to draught bullocks, soon learn how to handle the plough, and many of them, says the Superintendent of the Government Experimental Farm at Saidápet, Madras, "will turn as straight and regular a furrow as was ever seen in any champion match in England."

Thus it is clear that India is possessed of a rich and diffuse store of horse-keep. Government establishments are proverbially lavish of expenditure, yet on the Coongul stud farm, Mysore, stock are raised and cared for at a monthly expense of seven or eight rupees per month, so that, at five years old, the remounts only cost the moderate sum of Rs. 480, or about £36. The Indian Government price for each horse purchased is £50, and as there are no reserves to fall back on, this figure, in the event of war, would expand considerably. According to the Revenue and Agricultural Department Returns for the year 1886-87, India, in comparison with the acreage under cultivation is now one of the worst-horsed countries in the world. With an area of 363,594,805 acres under crop, it can muster only 909,412 horses and ponies, and of these the *tattoo* element must largely preponderate. What a falling off this from the days of Aurungzebe! What a contrast with the horse-supply of Russia! The last report of the imperial *haras* tells of their being no less than 21,000,000 in the empire, not including Finland and the Caucasus. To these must be added that magnificent force of over 200,000 Tekke Turcoman horsemen which, but for our policy of "masterly inactivity," might, in our coming struggle with the Muscovite, have been with us, but are now longingly looking forward to the loot of the fat plains of the "five rivers," and of Hindostan. The late Lieut.-General Baker Pasha was, as a cavalry officer, much struck with these Central Asian horses, though his favourable opinion of the breed was not strongly endorsed by the British officers on the Afghan Frontier Delimitation Commission. Border dwellers of Iran, however, have had bitter experience of the far-reaching and rapid *chapel*, or raids, of these well-mounted nomads, in whose horses' veins runs an ample stream of the swift, mettlesome, and untiring desert blood. With the Russian occupation of Merv, India lost her finest re-mount depot, and this loss will be severely felt when some disciple of the late M. Katkoff has the ear of the Tzar, and the advocates of ruthless aggression are once more in power. By a mistaken policy

we have committed the gross tactical blunder of allowing a rival mariner to steal our wind. The words of Skobelev must ever be had in remembrance, that "It will be, in the end, our duty to organize masses of Asiatic cavalry, and to hurl them into India, under the banner of blood and pillage, as a vanguard, so to speak, thereby reviving the times of Tamerlane." If brandy should fail to demoralize the Turcomans, we certainly shall have to deal with these warlike nomad ex-slave hunters of the desert. Within twenty-four hours, General Alikhanoff can call up 6,000 of these light horse, all picked men, armed with the Berdan rifle, and this number of auxiliaries can speedily be added to. Russia possesses a marvellous power of fraternizing with her defeated enemies; the awful slaughter of Geok Tepe appears to have been forgotten and a complete reconciliation has been effected. The leaders of the tribes are now officers of the Great White Tzar. These were the men, whose valour and discipline, under the military genius of Tamerlane, conquered twenty-seven countries, and who elevated their great Khan as victor above Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Zenghis Khan, Charlemagne, or Napoleon. With such material the Iron Tartar Chief brought humiliating defeat to the unbeaten troops of the Ottomans, under the mighty Bajazet—the "Yilderim" (Lightning) of Turkey. The best *sabreurs* of the Punjab will find their match in these Turcoman *sowars*, and our Indian military authorities will yet learn to regret the day when they accepted the advice of the Stud Department, and substituted the Hackney or Roadster sire for the Kochlani—the blood that never can deceive—described by Bulwer Lytton as:—

With a champing bit, and an arching crest,
And an eye like a listening deer,
And a spirit of fire that pines at rest,
And limbs that mock at fear:
Fit slave for a lord whom all else refuse
To serve in his desperate need;
By my troth, I think one whom the world pursues
Has a right to a gallant steed.

The Sabre.

By G. W. BARROLL.



SOME time ago we gave, to the best of our ability, a short account of the use of the foil, or small-sword. Our business now is to inquire and set forth what is the most advantageous method of using a sabre or broad-sword. And we are following, if not a natural, at least an advisable sequence, as it is most desirable that every sabre-player should have some acquaintance with the use of the purely thrusting weapon.

It is true that skill in the manipulation of this arm is only to be acquired by a long course of lessons and practice (we will not, for fear of discouraging the beginner, attempt to say how long), but a knowledge of its principles, and a certain slight degree of proficiency in its use, may be acquired in a few months of assiduous practice under a careful and conscientious professor.

At the end of this term it would be a matter of consideration for the learner whether he should continue to give his undivided attention to the foil, or entirely transfer his attention to the sabre, or, again, work both concurrently.

We are aware that the latter suggestion will be boldly scouted by enthusiastic and exclusive votaries of the small-sword, who are accustomed to look with perfectly justifiable scorn upon the displays of sabre and single-stick play often to be seen in public assaults, in which every movement is made, on the part of the antagonists, with unnecessary largeness, and in which the thing most evident is a strong desire to bruise each other; a desire so strongly pronounced and acted upon with such energy as to leave no time to think of guarding, a not altogether unimportant part of the subject.

We will readily admit that carpet-beating is a more useful and as amusing an exercise as this. It is argued that all delicacy of

touch and manipulation is destroyed in this way; the position is undeniable, but all this no more resembles sabre-play than an exhibition of back-sword on a village green resembles a fencing assault between two accomplished professors.

The two modes of defence (with small and broad-sword) have been cultivated with success by the same individual in several instances; and whilst it has been justly claimed by fencers that those skilled in their art may acquire with tolerable facility a knowledge of the sabre, it must not be taken for granted that a fencer can, without special study, guarantee himself against the edge.

One has repeatedly seen fencers, some of considerable merit, when opposed to sabre-players in mixed assaults much troubled and confused; and we are far from thinking that they invariably come best out of the struggle.

Their parries, which are formed in the same way as those of the sabre, must undergo certain modifications, such as being formed slightly more widely from the body, and with greater firmness, as they have to guard against a direct as opposed to an indirect impact.

Again the limitation of the target in fencing, as usually practised in the schools, teaches an indifference to the guarding of the head, arms, and legs, which will be found fruitful of bad results when opposed to a sabre-player in the constant habit of all-round play.

An enthusiastic votary of both these interesting and health-giving branches of the art of defence, will not desire to praise one at the expense of the other; but rather to correct some impressions which have always appeared to us erroneous as to their respective merits.

It has always been claimed, and, no doubt, with justice, that the point travels to a body, the subject of attack, more quickly than a cut; but in order to emphasise this unquestioned and undoubted fact, we are accustomed to hear, and to see illustrated by diagrams, comparisons as between cuts given with an immense sweep which would suffice for the accomplishment of some of the heavier sword-feats, and a thrust delivered with great correctness from the position of an engaging guard in *quarte* or *tierce*.

Now, it is by no means necessary, when opposed to an adversary uncovered by armour, to cut with this tremendous force; and to take as an instance a sabre-player in the position of the engaging guard in general use in our schools, who shall desire to



WHAT IS TO BE AVOIDED.

make an attack at the left side of the head of his opponent, there is absolutely no drawing back of the hand; the movement is purely one of extension and rotation, and is as fully one of distinct progression as any attack with the point.

It is not, doubtless, quite so direct, but it is quite sufficiently so, to force upon an adversary, who has any regard for his own safety, the necessity of guarding, and to obviate the possibility of time-thrusting with any chance of success.

The cut at the right cheek is even more direct, travelling over less space.

Then, it may be taken for granted, and, indeed, has been laid down by no less an authority than La Boëssière, that two men, one armed with a small, the other with a broad-sword, would best consult their individual safety by attacking chiefly at the hand and arm. La Boëssière seems to think this quite as important for the fencer as for his antagonist.

Now, let us consider whether it is not much easier to reach and wound an arm by a cut than by a thrust; certainly there is much less risk of passing, and, more than this, I suspect that a cut on the hand, wrist, or muscles of the forearm, is more likely to disable a man than a thrust in the same parts. A thrust in the body, whether in the chest or abdomen, is a more serious matter than a cut, with the exception, perhaps, of that terrible cut which some French writers have named the "*coup d'estomac*"; but in the limbs even a slight wound, severing muscular fibres or their tendons, would be likely to result in placing a man absolutely at the mercy of his adversary.

We have heard a great deal of instruction being given to the French cavalry to point on almost every occasion, and, indeed, the curiously weighty and clumsy weapon with which their heavies are armed must be singularly devoid of cutting power; but whilst we do not doubt that in single combat on horseback the point might prove more fatal than the edge, we take leave to question whether in general action it would not be dangerous to use it.

Upon this point we refer our readers to the remarks attributed by Kinglake to Captain Morris of the 17th Lancers, in his account of the charge of the light cavalry at Balaklava.

To recur to the manner of delivery of the cut, it would seem that a good deal of what has been said and written as to the time lost in cutting is based upon a misconception.

In several conversations on this subject with French and Italian swordsmen, considerable stress was laid upon the neces-

sity for "drawing the cut"; this, of course, would give us what, in the precise language of old writers, is termed "one time



PRELIMINARY, OR FIRST POSITION.

more"; there would be, firstly, the movement of drawing back the arm, hand, and sword to "lay for" the cut, then the movement of

extension, plus, finally, a drawing back of the edge over the surface touched, in order to give efficiency to the cut.

It is conceivable that, if we had to do all this, we might well give up the sabre in despair, and relegate it, with the battle-axe and mace-of-arms, to ornament our museums and antique armouries ; but we shall find in reality that from the position of the engage, and from the various parades, there is no necessity for any drawing back of the hand ; that the movement of attack or riposte will be one of simple extension, mixed in some cases with one of rotation, and that one can cut in the very act of extension, the sabre edge cutting as it goes forward.

These will seem to many people wearisome and useless minutiae, but every step a man takes forward in the practice of swordsmanship will show him how essential these considerations are, and how their neglect tends to bring a really noble weapon into unmerited disgrace.

There is no time to be lost either in attacking or riposting ; and rapidity of execution depends not alone upon initial velocity, but to a larger extent upon sedulous care to lose no moment of time by wide or unnecessary movements.

I can hold out no hope to the patient reader that it will not be necessary to revert more than once to these considerations, but will leave them for the present to describe what is the nature of the weapon of which we are treating, although it may be considered superfluous to give a description of an arm carried by all branches of Her Majesty's forces ; an arm which we fear, however, is too often looked upon by officers as an ornamental adjunct, and merely a part of the insignia of their rank.

Description of the Sabre.

The sabre is a cut and thrust weapon, the length and size of which varies in different branches of the service. Putting aside matters of regulation, we may say that the length and weight of a sabre should depend upon the height, weight, and strength of the individual who is to wield it ; a handy weapon being much more formidable than one which shall depend upon its crushing force.

For a man of middle height, a blade measuring some thirty-two inches from hilt to point would be about the proper average.

The grip, or part which lies in the hand, would be better squared, but without sharp angles, than round or oval as it is generally made ; and the atrocious metal back, which appears to have been

introduced for the express purpose of making the hold insecure, should be altogether abolished.

A certain amount of curve should be given to the grip ; and it should be covered with some unpolished material such as shark-skin, or made entirely of pressed leather.

It should be long, so that the hand may not be cramped inside the shell, and so that space may be allowed for putting the thumb on the back, when any movement requiring peculiar accuracy, such as a thrust, is projected.

Indeed, it is recommended that a light sabre should always be used with the thumb lying along the back, or in a specially contrived shallow groove at the junction of the back and side of the grip.

The shell, while not large enough to be cumbersome, should be sufficiently so to well cover the hand, and should project equally on both sides of it ; not, as is generally the case, having a wide projection on the tierce or outer side, and little on the quarte or inner side.

The latter form lays the hand open to a thrust, destroys proper balance, and favours movements of attack on the inner side, which are more dangerous to the attacker than outside play, with the exception of the direct attack at the left side of the head.

The blade, which is divided into the forte or defensive portion and the feeble or offensive part, must have strength in the former to give it stiffness, but must not be too much fined down in the feeble, or its cutting power would be much diminished.

A certain considerable degree of stiffness or rigidity is necessary, as nothing is more destructive of proper manipulation than what is known as a whippy blade, which is especially prohibitive of proper riposting.

All our modern broad-swords (we shall use this term as a synonym of sabre) are described as single-edged, with the exception of the Highland broad-sword, the so-called claymore, but are really, in most instances, sharpened at the back as well as in front to the extent of some six or eight inches from the point. This forms what is called the false-edge, and it may be used with some effect in light attacks made upon the inside of the arm or knee.

The swordsman, however, must judge carefully as to the time and opportunity for this method of attack, as in its execution he exposes his own wrist and arm to a counter-attack.

If made at all, these should be made as light, snatchy hits, the attacker, whether he be successful or not, returning quickly to his guard.

As regards scabbards, it is evident that it cannot be desirable to have a blade exposed to losing its edge by contact with a metal sheath, and that if, in the case of a mounted man, a steel scabbard



SECOND POSITION, OR GUARD (ENGAGING GUARD).

is considered necessary to preserve the weapon from collision with stirrup-irons, &c., it should be lined with wood, otherwise a leather scabbard seems as good as any.

While speaking of edges take note that it would be useless and harmful to put too fine an edge on a sword for general use, as it would soon be turned by contact with an opposing blade, a button, &c., &c. What, I believe, is known to sword-cutlers as a chopper-edge is the most practical.

We can see no use in giving too much curve to the blade, as any advantage that may be gained in cutting is lost in thrusting power, and a model sabre should possess both in the highest degree in which they can be combined.

Practice Sabres.

For fencing-room purposes a sabre in every respect resembling the service weapon, but with a crow-quill edge, and having the point rounded off, is used.

It is possible that the practice sabres used in this country are unnecessarily heavy and cumbrous. The Italian sabre is much lighter and more handy; its point, however, being rather fine, is apt to pass between the wide meshes of the mask we generally use, but it is a question whether the Italian mask, which has a closer mesh than ours, and is altogether lighter, is not better.

It will be said that the practice weapon should be of the same weight as the fighting sword; but it is doubtful whether this is altogether necessary. Certainly with the clumsy practice swords in use in our schools the play is much restricted, and simplified to the verge of monotony, and the use of the point nearly barred; one might as well thrust at one's adversary with a kitchen poker as with some of these masses of iron.

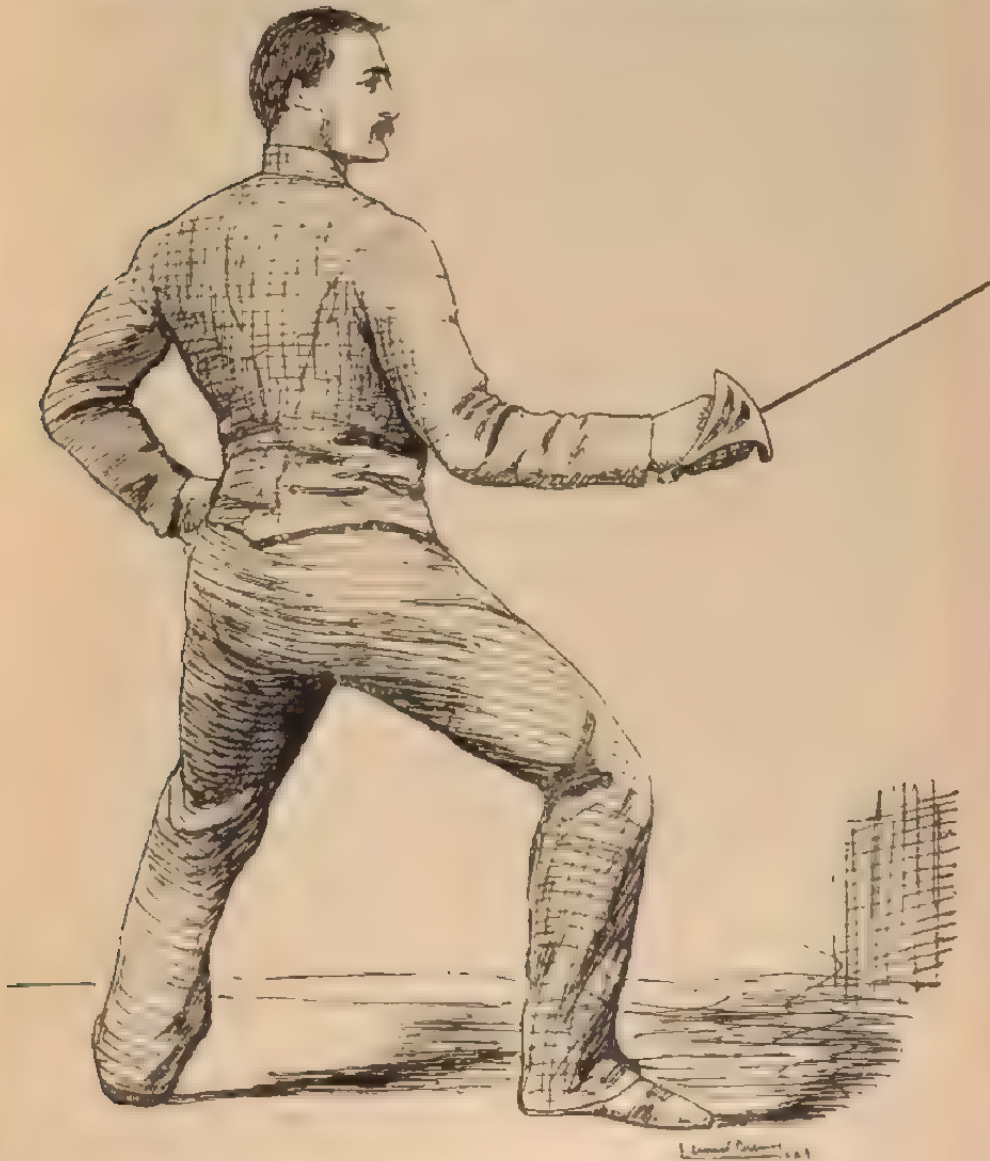
The Single-Stick.

There is much to be said in favour of that much-abused instrument (for to it has been denied the name of even a *practice weapon*) the single-stick.

With it the point can be freely used, especially if players will be careful to let the stick slip through the basket of the stick-hilt on the delivery of the thrust. It has been said that men accustomed to the use of the stick would be likely not to lead with a true edge on handling a sword; this we take to be a mistake, as, if men are taught to cut properly in the line of their middle knuckles, there is little fear that they shall not bring the edge to bear properly.

Then, if a stick is broken, it can be expeditiously and economically placed; whereas, to replace a broken sabre-blade is a matter of

some little time and expense, to say nothing of the fact that in the rough and tumble play we see but too often, if heavy sabres



HERCE OUTSIDE GUARD.

are used, other things may be broken still more tedious and expensive to mend than a broken sword.

But we must now proceed to describe the positions and some of the movements in most common use, claiming, as we have done before, the right to be as discursive as we please.

We have, as in fencing, three positions; but here the first position is not, as in fencing, purely preliminary, but comes into frequent use in the assault.

It may be laid down that all the guards which we use have their equivalents in fencing parries; in fact, there is not one of the eight parries of the small-sword, with the exception of sixte and octave, which is not sometimes used with the sabre, though the shape and size of the weapon preclude the use of the counter-parries.

Preliminary or First Position.

This differs only in the position of the hands from the corresponding fencing position.

Place the feet together at right angles, the right heel in front of the left, right foot pointing towards your adversary; legs and body straight, body three-quarters turned towards your antagonist, head looking straight to the front.

Place the sword-hand on a level with the elbow, elbow close to the side, so that arm and fore-arm form a right angle. Ease the grip and let the back of the sabre rest on the right shoulder.

Lightly close the left hand and let it rest on the left hip.

Second Position or Guard (Engaging Guard).

Raise the right hand to the level of the shoulder; extend the arm, but still maintain a slight degree of flexion at the elbow joint.

Let the back of the hand be well raised and the wrist well sunk. This will bring up the edge of the sword and the bow-piece and shell into such a position that it will protect the hand and entire arm from injury.

The hand to be directly opposite your right shoulder, and the blade to slope away to the left and downwards and forwards, so that your point is opposite the line of the left hip, and on the level of a point midway between it and the shoulder.

Bend down upon both knees and carry the right foot to the front about twice its own length. Divide the weight of the body equally between the two feet, the right knee to be perpendicularly above the right ankle-joint. Press the left hip well in, and maintain your three-quarter position.

The left hand remains in the same position it occupied in the first position, as it does also in the third or lunging position.

We lose its assistance in lunging and recovering, but it is considered that, if maintained in the same position as that used in fencing, there would be a risk of its being wounded.

This description applies to the guard taken by the great majority of English broad-swordsmen, a guard which seems to us to offer undoubted advantages, especially from a defensive point of view (an engaging guard is sometimes considered and spoken of as an *offensive guard*); the arm is entirely covered, and so is nearly the whole of the body, and it is unquestionably a great advantage to have an engaging guard which covers several lines.

The alternative engagements are those of *tierce* and *quarte*, which leave one side of the arm and the body exposed.

Viewed as an offensive guard, that is, as a point of departure for attack, it would seem to compare favourably with the others; the simple fact of completing the extension of the arm sufficing to bring the point into proper line for thrusting, and the slight degree of rotation required to bring the edge to bear in most attacks being effected during extension, does not increase the time expended more than the turning up of the fingers in attacking from *quarte* or *tierce* in fencing.

Tierce (Outside Guard).

It is necessary that you should know how to form the guards of *tierce* and *quarte*, as they are largely used by continental players, and are very useful auxiliaries. They are nothing more than the inside and outside guards of the old infantry sword drill.

Tierce is formed in the same way as the fencing parry of *tierce*, with hand to the right, nails down, elbow close to the body, point on a level with the eyes.

Quarte (Inside Guard).

Here let us take leave to suggest that we should depart from the traditional method; that the hand should remain to the right, but that the blade should slope across the body in such a manner that your point shall be on a level with your adversary's right eye, but to the right of it (your left), completely out of line. The edge to be directed downwards and forwards.

My object in recommending such an alteration is this; *quarte* is used to defend the body from a slanting cut delivered upwards and inwards, and many players deliver the cut almost vertically upwards. In this case, upon forming the regular fencer's *quarte*,

you are almost sure to be hit on the arm; an accident against which you would be protected by the guard proposed.



QUARTER (INSIDE GUARD)—QUARTER CROCKET.

Swordsmen, being essentially conservative by nature, will learn with delight that this is not entirely a modern innovation, and

that this guard is sanctioned by precedent, being nothing more than the guard or parry described by Grisier as "*quarte croisee*."

The engaging guard first described, an adaptation of the old hanging guard, is the fencer's *seconde* slightly altered as to the position of the point and raised.

Prime is one of the guards most commonly used by broad-swordsmen. In this the hand is opposite the left shoulder, nails down, arm bent, but not so much as in the fencer's prime; point well down, and out of line.

It is of great importance to keep the point well down, as otherwise your opponent will sweep under it.

Your head-guard is prime; but here again is a departure from the fencer's parry, the hand being raised to the level of the right temple in such a manner that you can see your opponent under the forte of your blade.

In this position the arm is guarded by the shell of the sword.

It will be observed that Grisier directs prime to be parried much in this fashion.

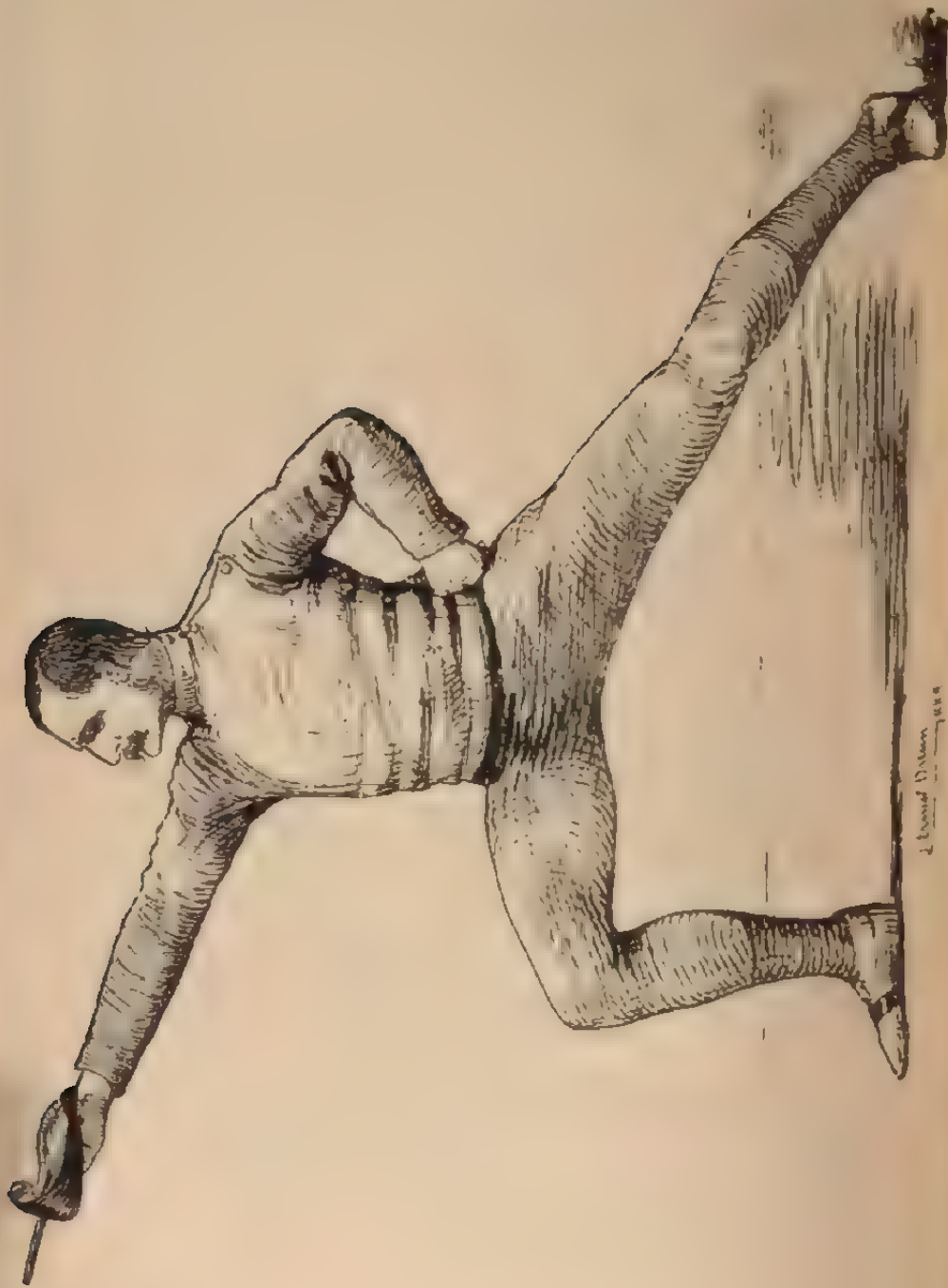
Prime and *seconde* are what we may call the two guards of all work of our school, and furnish in themselves a sufficient scheme of defence, prime defending the head and all the left or inside, and *seconde* all the right or outside as well from points as from cuts.

The beginner, however, is recommended to familiarize himself with the guards of *tierce* and *quarte*, especially the latter, which comes in well upon an adversary who essays to sweep under his point, when he has failed to keep it well down in prime.

Some players make use of semi-circle (*septime*) to parry the up-cut at the body or arm, or the attack at the inside of the knee-joint. We ourselves prefer either prime or *quarte* for the first two and prime for the third mentioned attack, but if you prefer to use *septime* you must bear your hand well to the left, the manner of parrying it which frequently replaces the parry of *contre-sixte* in fencing being of no use to the sabre-player.

It is much to be desired that some learned person, who may chance to have an interest in swordsmanship, should introduce a term which shall be succinctly descriptive of the fencer with the broad-sword. The term fencer is looked upon as the exclusive property of the small-swordsmen, sabre-player sounds trivial, and broad-swordsmen is but a cumbrous term.

The French term "*sabreur*" is open to the objection that it is a foreign word, and, besides, has been so persistently coupled by



J. Gould Delin.

FIGURE, ATTACK AT THE HEAD.

lady novelists and others with the adjective "beau" as to almost preclude its general use. Unfortunately, all amateurs of the weapon cannot claim this qualification, although they are, as a rule, favourable specimens of the race.

Would it be permissible to use the word "sabrer" ?

There is no room within the limits which can be assigned to this subject in a popular magazine for an exhaustive definition of every attack, simple and compound, and every riposte that can be made ; and in fact the number of possible combinations is almost infinite, so that we shall have to choose some of those in most common use for description.

Much time would be saved if we could assume that those who pay us the compliment of reading these remarks would take the trouble to refer to the preceding papers on fencing, as what we said there as to feinting, as to the remise, the redoublement, the reprise of attack, &c., &c., is equally applicable to the broad-sword.

We have also to reiterate our denial of any pretension to teach sabre-play pen in hand : London is fortunate in possessing masters qualified to do this in the only practical fashion, that is, in the fencing-room.

Let us then suppose that you are standing (or rather *sitting down*) in the second or guarding position in front of an adversary, both men having adopted the engaging guard in "high seconde."

Attack at the Head.

The most obvious point of attack is your opponent's head, and this may be attacked either vertically, by cutting downwards at the apex of his skull, diagonally at the right or left side of his head, or horizontally at the same points.

All these cuts are to be delivered by the action of the wrist and extension of the arm, without any movement of drawing back hand or blade. You are to lunge, taking care that the complete extension of the arm precedes the lunge, and immediately on the completion of your attack you are to return to the position of guard. Good reasons for preferring the attack at the left cheek are given in an excellent work on the sabre by the late Mr. J. M. Waite, which is the most valuable contribution extant to the literature of this subject.

The hand is to be borne to the left when the attack is delivered, or rather on the delivery of the attack, and is to be kept up on a level with your own head ; you maintain your view of your adversary between your fore-arm and the forte of your blade. In

this position your head is fully guarded from a counter attack, a desirable consummation not achieved in any other attack at the head, and you are not to forget that the unregenerate man is very apt to counter with a sabre or stick.

Opposition is of as great importance in sabre-play as in fencing, and in all attacks delivered on the inner line your hand is to be borne well in front of your left shoulder, in all attacks on the outer line to be in front of the right shoulder.

Head Guard.

To guard this attack the hand must be raised until it is on a level with the right temple, the arm slightly bent, and the point well kept down so as to avoid the risk of the assailant's point sweeping upwards under the defending blade.

Ripostes from the Head Guard.

The attack at the head having been guarded in this manner, a variety of ripostes are at the choice of the man who guards.

He may return at the head or anywhere down the right side, or at the left breast, or at the inside of the knee. He may also return by a thrust at the breast; but it cannot be said that a thrust is a good riposte after parrying the edge, with one exception, which will be described.

After guarding the leg or right side, a simple extension of the arm will enable you to deliver a thrust in seconde, and to hit your adversary with as much quickness as in a fencing riposte, and with as little fear of passing.

With this exception, indeed, it may be laid down that while the thrust is excellent in attack, and invaluable in timing and stopping a man who either seeks to advance too closely, or unduly multiplies his feints, it is very difficult to direct the point when using it by way of riposte after stopping any but a very light attack with the edge.

The Counter Riposte.

Having returned to your second position, and guarded your opponent's riposte, you are in a position to renew your offensive movement by the delivery of the counter-riposte, which will have great chances of success if you have formed a firm well-formed guard, and move with sufficient smartness; but should your adversary guard successfully, he will deliver at you what is known as the second counter-riposte, and this is about as far as a phrase in

sabre-play ever goes without degenerating into the carpet-beating style upon which we have already animadverted.



HEAD-GUARD (PRIME).

We have been at some pains to describe the head attack, as we look upon this as the basis of an assault, a good sharp attack at the head being about the safest lead off that can be made, and a

feint at the head being a very common preliminary to an attack made elsewhere.

Feint at the Head.

To feint at the head, you will extend your arm and sword till your point is a little above, and in front of your adversary's forehead; from this position, by turning your wrist either into pronation for outside attacks, or supination for the inside ones, you can, at the instant of your lunge, direct your edge to any part of his person you desire to reach. In order to perform these movements with closeness, you are to bear in mind that these changes of direction are to be effected solely by the action of the wrist, in the case of light sabres even assisted by the fingers, without rebending the arm at the elbow.

On the Use of Force.

After some practice you will be able to put quite sufficient force into this, and it cannot be too steadily inculcated that you had better not strive to completely demolish your adversary at one fell swoop.

An undue expenditure of force means a wide movement; a wide movement, if you have a good man in front of you, means a time-thrust or cut. You must be content to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

If Shaw, of whom such astonishing feats are recorded at Waterloo, had been engaged in single combat on foot with any of the men he is reported to have so magnificently slashed, he could not have afforded himself the luxury of quite such free cutting, unless, that is, his opponents had been mere dummies.

The lunge gives great force to the blow, and it is possible to say, and in this most swordsmen and stick-players will coincide, that, from the position of the engaging guard, the left head attack, even with an ordinary stick, if delivered smartly with a lunge, would put its recipient entirely out of the fighting.

At the same time you may disabuse your mind of the vain fear, entertained sometimes by young players, that a man, however superior in physical strength, can cut through a guard. If the guard is properly formed, and the grip is tightened, as it should be, just at the moment of impact, there is no fear of this.

Indeed, with equal weapons, we have seen in at least two instances the attacking blade cut or broken in two without any notable derangement of the defender's sword, and this will seem natural when you consider that the blade at the centre of percussion is considerably thinner and weaker than at the forte.

(To be continued.)

The Nile Expedition in 1884-5.

By MAJOR LAWSON, R.E.



DURING the expedition for the relief of Khartoum, 1884-85, the author of the following narrative had the good fortune to ascend the Nile by boat to Korti, and also to accompany the Desert Column in its advance to, and in its retreat from, Metemneh. By far the greater part of this sketch, therefore, is based on direct personal observation, and in the few instances where this is not the case the author gives the impression left on his mind by many descriptions of the facts obtained at the time from eye-witnesses.

As to the motives which guided the planning and carrying out of the campaign, the writer naturally cannot speak with the same confidence; he was and is in possession of no information but that which is open to all. Still, to those on the spot, the ruling lines of the general scheme always seemed tolerably clear; and as they appeared at the time to the author they are here related.*

At the time when, at the end of March, 1884, Sir Gerald Graham's army was recalled from Suakin, many regrets were expressed that Her Majesty's Government had not allowed the General to make an effort to join hands with Gordon at Berber. At that time, although General Gordon had only been at Khartoum for six weeks, it had become evident that difficulties were already besetting him; the Government, too, had just vetoed the scheme which seemed to Gordon to offer the best solution of the Soudan question—viz. to send Zebher Pasha to Khartoum as supreme ruler—and the fact of this refusal should have made the Ministry the more anxious to take some decisive step towards

* The following dates will perhaps assist the reader. General Gordon left London for the Soudan on January 16, 1884, and reached Khartoum on the 18th February. On February 20th and March 13th of the same year Sir Gerald Graham at the battles of Teb and Tamai crushed all Arab resistance near Suakin.

securing the safety and increasing the prestige of their representative in the Soudan. The advance of an English force to Berber would have been such a step, and, under the then existing circumstances, would not have been a difficult one; at least, so judged those in authority at Suakin.

The desert which divides Suakin from Berber is traversed by a well known and, until quite recently, a much-frequented caravan-road, a road by which, in more peaceful times, the great bulk of the exports of the Soudan and of Central Africa used to reach the sea. This road had been often traversed by Egyptian troops. Its western extremity, Berber, was held by a garrison still loyal to the Khedive, and the victories of Teb and Tamai had so crushed the hostile Arab tribes that the chances of any serious opposition being offered to an advance were but very small. A bold step taken at this juncture might have altered the whole complexion of subsequent events. Had 200 English soldiers been sent to Berber in April, there would be now, in all probability, no Nile Expedition to record, no useless waste of blood and money to lament, and General Gordon would still be living to serve the best ends of humanity. But "might have beens" avail not; the Cabinet decided against the proposed advance, and on April 3rd General Graham, having seen the bulk of his force leave Suakin before him, sailed for Suez. So closed the first act of the drama; but it required no second sight to foretell that at no distant period the curtain would be again raised, to disclose an act, in all human probability, more exciting than the first.

As the April days passed the news from Khartoum became less and less encouraging, and it was very soon evident that General Gordon could not succeed in his mission unsupported—evident, at least, to all except our English Cabinet. On April 20th a panic occurred at Berber, and a few days later the interruption of telegraphic communication cut off Berber and Khartoum from the outer world. From this time news only came by messengers passed through the rebel cordon drawn round Khartoum, and at distant and uncertain intervals.

These facts had but one significance, and that significance led the military authorities to study the question of how the relief of Khartoum should be effected. Three main routes offered themselves: the first through Abyssinia, and down the Blue Nile to Khartoum; the second from Suakin to Berber across the desert, and from Berber to Khartoum by the Nile; the third from Cairo by the Nile Valley, either following the valley the whole way or

cutting off the Abu Hamed bend of the river by means of the desert route from Ambukol to Metemneh.

Of these routes the first, owing to political difficulties with the King of Abyssinia, had to be left out of consideration, and the choice really lay between the Suakin-Berber and the Nile Valley routes. The balance of opinion at Cairo favoured the former route, an opinion which the Home authorities seemed to share in when, in June, a company of Engineers was despatched to Suakin to start the piers necessary for disembarkation, and to make the arrangements for the reception of an expeditionary force of large size. Preliminary surveys were taken for the commencement of a Suakin-Berber railway, and everything seemed *en train* for an advance by this route. However, whilst these preparations were being made, the conditions of the problem itself were changing, and many influences were at work which caused the Government at the last to hesitate before committing the country to a relief expedition by this route.

Since April Osman Digna had been collecting the hostile Arabs once more, and in formidable numbers; he had commenced a series of deliberate attacks on Suakin, and it was evident that before any advance could be made from there, in the direction of Berber, Osman Digna must once more be met and crushed in the field; this, judging by previous experience, meant severe fighting and considerable loss of life. Again, in April, as we have tried to show, when Berber was in loyal hands, the passing of a force there from the coast was not a difficult operation; but to send an expedition when Berber was held and fortified by an enemy, and when the country between it and the sea was once more in the flames of fanatical insurrection, was a very different and infinitely more difficult undertaking; and whilst the Suakin route was certainly the best in April, it was by no means so in August. The English Government, too, had always pronounced against any permanent occupation of the Soudan; their policy was to rescue and to retire. To rescue by Suakin *now* meant a Suakin-Berber railway, and this railway once laid would render retiring almost impossible. No wonder, therefore, that the Cabinet turned their eyes to the alternative route. There was much to recommend it. As far south as Debleh (1,150 miles south of Cairo, and only 280 from Khartoum) the Nile Valley was friendly; and so far, at least, would an advance be unopposed. It was impossible to tell what might not be the effect of the mere presence of English troops within so short a distance from Khartoum, and it was quite within the probabilities

that a forward step would of itself relieve the pressure round Khartoum, and make the withdrawal of the garrison a bloodless operation.

The fact, too, that the Mudir of the outlying province of Dongola had remained loyal to his Khedive, despite temptations from without to be otherwise, and despite the absence of support from Egypt, was another point which rightly influenced the Government in arriving at a decision, as did also the knowledge that the mere fact of an expedition going up the Nile at all would confirm in their allegiance to Egypt the inhabitants of the region it traversed.

The route, of course, presented difficulties. The Nile cataracts had to be surmounted, and the problem of feeding an expeditionary force in its progress through many hundreds of miles of slightly cultivated country was not an easy one. As to the means of ascent, the naval officers who had been sent to survey the river had reported that it would be possible, if the very high Nile was taken advantage of, to transport a force by means of steamers and native craft through the cataracts to Dongola. They pronounced again the possibility of ascending the river by other means. It was evident, however, that even if an expedition could be organized in time to catch the high Nile, and so to reach Dongola, its progress up the cataracts which stretch between Mernwi and Abu Hamed would have to be made against a falling Nile. It was well-known that here steamers could not make way; and how a force was to traverse this portion of river was a difficulty to be thought out before an expedition of relief could be reasonably launched *via* the Nile. The clue to the solution was found in the Red River Expedition of 1870. In that year a force consisting of one English battalion and of some regiments of Canadian Militia had ascended for a distance of 600 miles one of the rapidly-falling North American rivers. This they did in rowing boats built for the expedition. In these boats, and piloted by some of the Canadian boatmen, who, autumn by autumn ascend these rivers, and spring by spring pilot down them the rafts composed of the summer cuttings of forest trees, the troops composing the expedition ascended the rapids of the Red River, encountering no difficulties which skill and thought in those in command, and cheerful obedience and ungrudging labour in the rank and file, were not able to overcome. The case seemed applicable to the Nile; why should not English soldiers overcome the cataracts which divide Wady Halfa from Khartoum as they had done those which had interposed between them and Fort

Garry? The credit of the idea seems due to Colonel W. F. Butler, whose knowledge of the Canadian rivers had so materially assisted the expedition of 1870; he, in July, 1884, submitted a memorandum to the Adjutant-General in London on the practicability of troops ascending the Nile in small boats, and in it he stated succinctly the reasons which he deemed made success probable. The idea was a bold one, for the difficulties were enormous; no such boats as could be used were to be found on the Nile, and they would have to be built in England and transported thence by ship to Egypt. This was the greatest, but by no means the only difficulty, and beyond all mere material obstacles it required a very great confidence in the powers and capabilities of our much-abused short service soldier to believe in success as possible. To the then Adjutant-General, Lord Wolseley, the scheme, however, seemed feasible. He knew the difficulties surmounted by the Red River Expedition as no one else could, and he was the best judge in England as to the chances of success for a boat expedition. Accordingly, when he pronounced in favour of this scheme, the Government very wisely took his advice. No delay was now possible, and (between August 22-28) 400 rowing boats were ordered in hot haste, and were built by detachments in almost every seaside town in England and Scotland, in accordance with a design projected by Colonel Butler; this design was framed to meet as far as possible the varying requirements of the case. The boats were built each to carry a crew of twelve men, with food for 100 days, in addition to necessary ammunition, boat equipment, &c. Major-General Earle was offered and accepted the post of Commander of the Expedition, and Sir Redvers Buller was appointed his Chief of the Staff.

Despite the obvious reasons in favour of a boat expedition, yet when the news was announced that the relief of General Gordon was to be achieved by soldiers rowing English boats to Khartoum, many were the predictions raised against it, and by persons whose opinions were entitled to the first consideration. The military authorities at Cairo, who, on the spot, had exceptional advantages of judging, pronounced against the scheme, whilst the naval officers who had been on the Nile for some months deemed the success of such an expedition as out of the question. It is no wonder that remonstrances such as these, backed by many similar ones from persons in England, should have caused the Government some uneasiness. They took the best step in their power; as soon as they knew that Sir Frederick Stephenson, who com-

manded the troops in Egypt, deemed success doubtful, they went to the fountain head, and sent Lord Wolseley, by whose advice they had been committed to a boat expedition, to take supreme military direction in Egypt. On August 26th they came to this decision, and on the 3rd September Lord Wolseley left London for Egypt.

Meantime action had been taken on the Nile: since very early in the year, portions of the Egyptian army under English officers had been posted at the three strategic points on the Upper Nile in Egyptian territory—viz. Assuan, Korosko and Wady Halfa. Rumours of disaffection in Upper Egypt consequent on the Mahdi's successes had made it expedient in April to station an English battalion at Assiut, and for similar reasons another battalion was in June sent to Keneh, the most considerable town on the river between Assiut and Assuan.

Towards the end of July, when movement to the south was in the air, a third battalion was sent to Assuan, and the battalion (belonging to the Royal Sussex Regiment) previously quartered at Assiut was advanced likewise to Assuan. On the 19th August, the despatch of a force, at any rate as far south as Dongola, was a certainty, and on that day the South Staffordshire Regiment left Cairo for Assuan. The Royal Sussex Regiment was directed south from Assuan, with orders that on arrival at Halfa it was to be despatched in native crafts to Dongola.

The regiment at Keneh now took the place of the Royal Sussex Regiment at Assuan, and the South Staffordshire moved right up to garrison Halfa. On August 20th Sir Evelyn Wood left Cairo for the front, and, making Halfa his head-quarters, assumed command of all troops, English and Egyptian, between that place and Assiut. On August 27th, two companies of Mounted Infantry left Cairo with orders for Dongola, and two days later a company of Engineers started for Assuan.

The expedition was now *en train*, and when Lord Wolseley arrived at Cairo, on September 10th, he found that stores and supplies were being rapidly pushed to the front, and that much of the needful preparations had been made. But a great deal remained yet to be done before any visible step could be taken for General Gordon's relief.

The River Nile, so very intimately connected with the expedition whose fortunes we purpose relating, is, as every school-boy knows, unique among rivers; it will not, for all that, be time

ill spent to recapitulate some of the points on which this uniqueness depends, for a due appreciation of them will help to an understanding of the physical difficulties contended against on the Nile Expedition. The observer who pauses in early June on the great bridge which spans the Nile at Cairo, and who looks upon the waters below him, sees even then, it is true, a great river, but a gently, almost lazily gliding one, transparent in hue as a large river can be, and shut in on either side by banks rising from 25 to 30 feet above the stream. Let him come three months later, and all is changed; instead of the easily-flowing clear river, he finds a foaming torrent of a rich muddy consistency, thick and dirty enough to do credit to the best used of duck ponds; the banks, which before rose so high above the stream, are now barely sufficient to prevent an overflow of the river. In these three months the Nile has risen 24 feet, and with the knowledge that the Nile is a quarter of a mile wide at Cairo, it is easy to calculate the enormous increase in the volume of the water which this rise represents. As the observer watches the river swirling and eddying past at any number of miles an hour, he sees the cause why Egypt is and always has been the land of plenty, and it is to the thick fertilizing mud carried down year by year by the high Nile, and deposited on the fields of the Delta, that Egypt owes its fertility almost as much as it does to the annual irrigation consequent on the rise of the river. This annual swelling of the Nile, regular in its coming as is winter or summer, spring or autumn, is one of the most remarkable of phenomena; and the fact does not lose its strangeness when one reflects that it is the rains which fall 2,500 miles south of Cairo which give to the fields which surround that city their marvellous fertility. This rise commences at Cairo, on a broad average, on the 1st July, sometimes a fortnight earlier, sometimes a fortnight later, and once commenced goes on rapidly, and in about two and a half months from the first rise the Nile is at its height. September 20th has been named as the average day of highest Nile at Cairo. It will be understood that as we ascend the river we find high Nile at an earlier date; it is a question of calculation, and taking as an average that the rise travels fifty miles in the twenty-four hours we find the average high Nile at Halfa is dated September 4th, at Dongola August 31st, and at Berber August 28th. For the first six weeks after high Nile the fall is but very little, but after that the rate increases, although the fall is never so rapid as is the rise. Half Nile occurs about

three months after the high Nile, and from half Nile the river falls steadily till within the month of the commencement of the new rise.

In one other feature the Nile differs as much from other rivers. The traveller who ascends the Nile finds as the hundreds of miles are traversed that there are no signs of the river becoming smaller. In reality the contrary occurs, and 1,500 miles from the Delta the Nile is a bigger river than it is at its mouth. In this great distance no tributary swells the river, and practically no rain falls to increase it. When in addition to this it is remembered that there is an enormous quantity of water absorbed by the sandy soil through which the river runs, and that evaporation takes its share also, it will be easily seen how much bigger a river the Nile must be at Berber than it is at Cairo. There is no other large river in Africa which at all resembles the Nile in this respect, and it is to this quality of appearing ever bigger the nearer you press towards its source that the Nile in times past owed much of the reverence with which it was regarded, and which made it, until comparatively recent days, a source of mystery, and which to the end of time will make it an object of interest to mankind. Such was the river up which Lord Wolseley had to make his way; and how to get a force to Khartoum strong enough to do the work required of it, and that in the shortest possible time, was the problem which required solution.

Looking at the map, the most direct route from Cairo to Khartoum is to follow the Nile to Korosko, and thence, cutting off the Dongola bend of the river, to strike across the desert to Abu Hamed, and from Abu Hamed to follow the Nile Valley to Khartoum. This was undoubtedly the shortest route, and the one which the ordinary traveller would usually follow. The Korosko desert route is, however, 180 miles long, and the only water to be met with in that distance are some brackish wells, unfit for human use, half way across. The further end, Abu Hamed, was known to be, like Berber, in hostile hands. To cross such a desert under such circumstances would be more difficult even, as a military operation, than a crossing from Suakin to Berber. This latter we know had already been abandoned as impracticable, and accordingly the Korosko route met the same fate. To have taken the Korosko road, too, would have been to have left loyal Dongola to its fate, and to have abandoned the corn and cattle which that district produces, and which would materially contribute to the feeding of the expeditionary force. Having given up the Korosko

route, the next point on the river where it would practically shorten the distance to Khartoum to leave the Nile was Korti, whence a desert road strikes across to Metemneh, a point 96 miles north of Khartoum. To take this road would be to cut off a very circuitous bend of the river, and to cross 176 miles of desert instead of traversing 400 miles of river. Both routes presented difficulties of their own; the one the difficulties inherent to desert movement, the other the long succession of cataracts stretching from Gerendid to Abu Hamed, a distance of 180 miles. Whichever road was taken, it was plain that as far as Korti at least the whole expedition would follow the Nile. Up to Wady Halfa, 850 miles south of Cairo, the river was navigable for steamers at all heights of the Nile, and to this point there would be no practical difficulty in getting all the necessary stores and requirements of the expedition. At Wady Halfa, where the Great Cataract occurs, the river changes character, and in the next 180 miles are found a whole series of cataracts, passable only to the river sailing boats for a couple of months on either side of the highest Nile. At Hanneh, the Third Cataract ends the series, and above it a stretch of 220 miles of clear water brings one to Gerendid, where the most difficult portion of the river commences. For the 180 miles between Gerendid and Abu Hamed the Nile is one long cataract, broken by but very few and very short intervals of clear water; but here the difficulties end, for when we turn south again from Abu Hamed the river becomes easy of navigation, and between Abu Hamed and Khartoum, a distance of 330 miles, but five minor cataracts occur.

Such is the Nile; yet, despite the obvious difficulties of ascending it, Lord Wolseley considered doing so preferable, as a military operation, to crossing the desert, and it was his original intention to reach Khartoum by following the river all the way. It is true, indeed, that knowing the precarious state of Khartoum, and to reserve to himself the power, if he found it necessary, of sending a force across the Bayuda Desert, he had caused early in September a number of Camel Regiments to be organized; but still it was not his intention to send any force across the desert unless it became absolutely necessary to do so to save Khartoum.

So much for the route chosen, and the reasons for choosing it; the way in which the expeditionary force was moved along it now claims our attention. From Cairo the first stage of the southward journey was made along the railway which connects the capital of Egypt with Assiut, an important town on the Nile, and 220 miles south of Cairo; of this part of the journey little need be said. To

most it is associated with the memory of choking dust, and of the most wearisome of twelve hours' railway travelling. At Assiut the river was taken to, and at this point the reader makes his first acquaintance with the part which Mr. Thomas Cook and his firm took in the Nile Expedition. That part was indeed an important one, for every soldier, and every atom of warlike material and stores used on the expedition, was, from Assiut to Wady Halfa, a distance of 560 miles, transported by this firm. The steamers which (the property of the Khedive) had run on the Nile for many years, had been rented by Mr. Cook on the agreement that no other passenger steamers except those employed by the firm were to be allowed to ply on the river. It was owing to this fact that early in 1884, when troops were first despatched south of Assiut, Messrs. Cook & Son were employed as their carriers; the system worked well from the first, and once established it was continued and extended until finally the firm were the carriers of everything connected with the Expedition from Assiut to Halfa. It was a great undertaking; for it was not a question alone of the steamers, as all the countless dahabeahs, picturesque with their galley-like sterns and their triangular sails, with which every reach of the Nile was studded from September to April, were chartered by Cook & Son. On them were carried the miscellaneous stores which an army in the field requires, and for months a never-ending chain of boats laden with grain, fodder, biscuit, meat, railway plant, and a hundred other kinds of stores, made its way up the river. A journey up the Nile for troops was slow; a steamer crowded with soldiers, usually towed two large barges, laden either with more soldiers or with horses or stores. With this weight to drag up against a full Nile tide, three miles an hour was as fast as the worn-out engines of a Khedival steamer could force its craft along. The steamers, therefore, made but from thirty-five to forty miles a day, and as a rule Assuan was reached from the tenth to the twelfth day after leaving Assiut. At this easy rate of progress, in the autumn months of 1884, an English army glided up stream past all the world-known ruins of the Nile; past Grecian Denderah, past the colossal ruins of Karnak, the exquisite site of Thebes, and the lonely pylons of Edfu clear against the western sky. Assuan at the foot of the First Cataract, 330 miles from Assiut and 220 miles north of Wady Halfa, formed a great depôt; here steamers and dahabeahs unloaded their freights for the cataract, and a railway six miles long transported their cargoes round to the south end of the broken water, where, opposite Philæ, they were reloaded

on the next series of steamers and sailing boats for transport to Wady Halfa. Assuan will always be remembered by those who saw it in those days; an air of bustle and hurry had replaced the usual quiet of the town, and grey-clad soldiers, and not the usual winter tourists, thronged the bazaars, or woke the echoes of Philæ. At Philæ, after hurrying by railway through the valley which tradition points out as a former Nile bed, the soldier again embarks to continue his southward journey. He is now in Nubia, and is ascending a portion of the river narrower, deeper, and more rapid than the lower stream; the banks are much more rocky, and the cultivation so pleasing to the eye north of Assuan is more often than not conspicuous by its absence; the country is altogether thinner and poorer; the temples even partake of the same character, and are less massive and ornate than those which deck the lower Nile. The creaking water wheel, or sakeyiah worked by oxen, has taken the place of the hand-worked shadoof as a means of irrigation. Korosko, midway between the First and Second Cataracts, was a military station, and important as being the north end of the desert road to Abu Hamed. Leaving Korosko behind, and working south, on the seventh day of the voyage the tents of the Halfa encampment used as a rule to show themselves, and so in some twenty-one days from Cairo the first stage of the expedition could be traversed.

Wady Halfa, known to fame in quieter days as the farthest limit to which the ordinary Nile traveller penetrated, presented a very busy appearance during the Nile expedition. It was the farthest point up the line to which transport of the usual kind was available, and hence it formed the main base and depôt for the advanced operations. The place itself consisted of a few mud huts, some scattered palms, and the railway station which marked the starting point of the Soudan railway, which in the heyday of Ismail's prosperity was intended to reach Khartoum. In the concrete it was only made as far as Sarras, a point on the river, thirty-three miles south of Wady Halfa; this distance, however, completely turned the Second or Great Cataract, and proved of material assistance to the traders from the interior. They used to land their goods at Sarras, and were able to get thence, by means of the railway, an easy carriage for their merchandize to the still waters below Halfa. All through the winter of 1884-85 stores of every description were being landed all day at Halfa, and everything connected with the expedition found here a stopping-place on its way south. A large base hospital was formed, and so far

the red-caped nurses, who form nowadays so necessary a part of all our military expeditions, penetrated.

In the month of October, when nothing but stores seemed to be going up the Nile, and when the bulk of the troops destined for the expedition were still in Cairo, not a few persons used to wonder why so little apparently was being done, and why men were not then hurrying south to Dongola. The unthinking person is, however, apt to consider the movement of a number of armed men a much easier task than it really is; and few persons, untrained to military life, ever realise, or appreciate the difficulties in the way. A campaign has often been likened to a picnic, and the illustration serves our case in point. Most of us have, on some occasion or another, been on a picnic; the observant will have noted the size and, perhaps, felt the weight of the hampers judged necessary to carry the food for a single meal of perhaps a dozen persons; now, if the reader will try to think what it would be to carry not a single meal, but the food for three meals a day for, say, a month, it will help him to realise how enormous is the bulk and weight of the Commissariat stores of an army. It was calculated that, including packing, a day's ration for a soldier weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., therefore, to feed one soldier for a month, the carriage of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of stores had to be arranged for. When we substitute for one soldier 5,000, the enormous bulk and weight of the rations become apparent. Further, if these rations have to be carried on animals, the food of these animals has to be thought of, and in many cases carried also, and this further complicates the question. All these, be it remembered, are absolute necessities: the troops and animals must be fed, everything must give way before this consideration. Again, besides food, there are such necessities as ammunition, medicine, tents, comforts for the sick, and spare clothing, without which an army cannot well move; these have to be allowed for and carried. Of course, in a European country one can always calculate on getting most of the necessary food in the country through which the army is moving. On the Nile, however, the case was widely different; except for a narrow strip along either bank, the country travelled through was barren and uncultivated, and the resources of the Upper Nile Valley were, in most places, little more than were required to supply the actual wants of the inhabitants. Under these circumstances, it was desirable to keep the food consumers low down the line of communications for as long as possible, whilst rations and stores for the expedition were being pushed on to the advanced base; for this reason the main

body of the troops were kept in Lower Egypt, where there was no difficulty in feeding them, until the arrangements at the front were, as far as possible, completed; only as small a garrison as was consistent with safety was kept at Wady Halfa until all arrangements for a decisive and continuous advance were made. By this means all the available transport on the Nile was left free for the impediments of the expedition, and during September and half October, rations, medical stores, ammunition, and Nile boats filled the barges and steamers plying from Assiut to Assuan, and from Philæ to Halfa.

It was judged necessary in September to push a battalion to Dongola, and accordingly the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment was despatched thither in the native sailing boats, or nuggers, which ply above the Second Cataract. The "nugger" resembles nothing so much as a huge walnut shell with a small deck at either end. It carries an enormous and very lofty sail, which catches the wind, even when, as at low Nile, the boat is far below the bank tops; the sail is so powerful that these boats can make head against the current even in the cataracts, whilst in smooth water the pace to which they attain is very great. With the exception of this regiment, and the Mounted Infantry regiment which was despatched after them, no troops moved to the south of Halfa until November. But the expedition was getting into shape all the time.

Lord Wolseley at an early date had seen that circumstances might render it necessary to send a force across the desert route to Metemneh, and had started the organization of camel regiments; for the purpose specially picked men from cavalry, guards, and infantry were sent out from England, whilst attendant necessities such as Transport Companies and a Hospital Bearer Company were also formed. The purchase of camels was commenced at numerous points. Heavy delta camels suitable for large loads were purchased in Lower Egypt, more were obtained from Aden, whilst all along the Nile from Esneh to Dongola purchases were effected. The work of getting the whalers (as the English built boats were called) ready for an advance was also progressing. They came by rail from Alexandria to Assiut, when they were loaded twenty and thirty on a barge and towed to Assuan. Here they were put into the water and hauled and rowed through the First Cataract by the Cataract Arabs, and from Philæ they were towed to the foot of the Second Cataract. Through this cataract they were partly pulled and partly portaged to a point just above it called Gemai, where a veritable dockyard was formed, and where

the boats were fitted with the necessary gear, and made ready for the southward journey. At Halfa itself the railway had to be put in order. Both as regards the permanent way and rolling stock it was very much out of repair when, in September, it was handed over to the Military Railway Engineers. Two engines to suit the peculiar gauge were obtained from Assuan, whilst more were sent for both to Norway and the Cape—the only places besides the Soudan where the 3 ft. 6 in. gauge is in practical use. South of Halfa much had to be and was done in organizing Stations at various points (generally cataracts) between Halfa and Dongola. These Stations were to act as depôts for the collection of supplies of all kinds from the adjacent country, and as points at which rations could be stored for and issued to the troops on their way up the river. All the native craft to be found on the river were collected and pressed into the carrying service. In September the river was sufficiently high to enable them to sail right through to Dongola, but as the river fell they had to be arranged and divided between the navigable reaches into which the cataracts divided the Nile. At the cataracts camels had to be collected for carrying the cargoes from one set of sailing boats to the others. These are only some of the difficulties which had to be thought of and surmounted before the expedition really started, but they will serve to show what a great deal of care and planning the whole scheme required.

When Lord Wolseley had made the necessary arrangements at Cairo he left for the south, and arrived at Halfa on the 8th October, a day after the first batch of whalers had reached the First Cataract. On the 25th October he left for Dongola, where he would be in a position to observe a somewhat doubtful ally, the Mudir of that province, and also be best placed for gauging the conflicting reports which were coming both from Khartoum and of the Mahdi's force. The news from Khartoum had been varied. On September 18th rumours were afloat as to a great victory gained by Gordon at Halifiyeh, and a few days later these rumours so gained strength that it was thought by many on the Nile that the Relief Expedition would prove unnecessary, and that Gordon would march north at his ease. These roseate views were rudely dispelled when Major Kitchener sent down the news from Dongola of the shipwreck and murder of Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and of many Europeans at Hebbeh, and from that date no more talk of "no expedition" was heard of. The work of preparation, never abated, continued with all vigour; boats and camels were collected and prepared and forwarded south with all possible haste, and by the

end of October a speedy advance became a possibility. November the 1st had been named by Lord Wolsley as the probable date of the start from Halfa, and on that day the first whalers of the expedition sailed for the south.

The Nile boats formed so striking a feature of the Relief Expedition, and their employment was, from a military point of view, so uncommon, that it will not be time wasted to consider the reasons which led to their employment and governed their design.

The Nile is likened, in his journals by General Gordon, to a flight of stairs, and the comparison is in many ways a true one. The fall of the river to the sea is not regular, and at various points becomes so steep that cataracts of broken water are formed; these cataracts are the steps in the flight of stairs, and the intervening stretches of smooth water form the treads. The character of the staircase varies with the different heights of the Nile; at the flood the rises almost disappear, and we have one surging muddy torrent difficult to stem, but navigable everywhere for vessels of considerable draught. As the Nile falls the steps become marked and gradually increase in number; where, at high Nile, there was but unusually rapid water, we, at half Nile, get cataracts; and where we have at half Nile cataracts, at low Nile small waterfalls are developed. It is to the constantly shifty nature of the Nile that the main difficulties of its navigation are due. If the obstacles were always constant, it would not be impossible to circumvent them; but with constant changes the problem becomes infinitely complicated. No map or chart will assist the navigator much on a stream in which what is dry land to-day becomes a covered bank to-morrow, and in which islands, as the river rises, change into sunken rocks. It is this constant variation which makes the navigation of the river to crafts drawing any depth of water always difficult and sometimes impossible even when directed by men to whom a life-long acquaintance with the Nile has brought experience.

At most states of the Nile the native boats, with a favouring wind, can make their way up the river; their progress is, however, uncertain; all depends on the wind, and it is quite impossible to prophesy with any accuracy their rate of progress. With the English boats the case was widely different; loaded to the gunwales, they did not draw more than 18 inches of water, and there was no cataract where, at lowest Nile, this depth of water could not be found. Supplied with sails, oars, and towing-rope, when the wind

was prosperous they could sail, when the wind was contrary, or not blowing at all, they could row, when the rapidity of the current made rowing useless, recourse had only to be taken to the towing-rope, by which the boat could always be dragged through a torrent of water; progress, therefore, was always possible, and it was this assurance of always being able to make way which gave the idea of the whaler its merit. In the case of the native boats it was impossible to calculate with any certainty the rate of advance; whilst, with the whaler, whether the wind blew or not, it was always possible to push on. The whaler was, in fact, more or less independent of wind and current, the nugger was not; the labour entailed on the crews might be and was excessive, but there was with it that *sine qua non* of military operations, certainty of progress.

The ordinary whaler was some 30 feet long by 6½ feet wide; but the point which struck most people on looking at it was its apparent fragileness; it looked more adapted to carry a party of pleasure-seekers up the Thames, than to be the conveyance of some 3 tons of food, and, rowed by unskilled men, to traverse the rocks and rapids of the Nile. Narrowness and depth in comparison with the length were the chief characteristics of these boats, and there was a definite reason for each. They were required to be long and deep enough to hold their crew of twelve men and the 100 days' rations; they were narrow and deep so as to give them, when loaded, the hold on the water necessary to ensure the sails acting effectively. They were of slight material, because any thickness more than what was absolutely necessary for strength would have added much to the weight of the boats, and to the difficulty of rowing and towing them against the stream. Each boat was supplied with two lug-sails, carried on a fore and a main mast: the sails were small advisedly, for they were to be worked by unskilled men, and it was determined to run no risk of an upset in consequence. The success of the boats proved afterwards how admirable their design had been, and how far they went to fulfil the many conditions required of them. In addition to an ample supply of oars, boat-hooks, pushing-poles, and towing-ropes required for the management of the boat, there was a most complete miscellaneous equipment devised and sent out for each boat. This equipment comprised knives, forks, spoons, dishes, mugs, salt and pepper boxes, tea-caddy, scales, fishing-line, bell-tent—in fact, everything forethought could imagine as being likely to be of use. A filter for filtering the

muddy water of the river, and a lantern, with six months' supply of oil and wick, were also included.

The task of getting these boats built in time, of having them transported with all their miscellaneous gear first to Egypt and then 900 miles up the Nile to Gemai, was a difficult one; and the further labour of sorting the stores, and fitting out the boats complete for actual work, was a labour only a degree less.

The first stretch of river traversed by the boats from Gemai to Korti was some 380 miles long. Of this distance, the first 90 miles—as far as Dal—was through what is known to the natives as the “Gate of Rocks.” In this distance the river has a very rapid fall, and five important cataracts—viz. Semneh, Ambigol, Tanjour, Akasha, and Dal—are met with; besides these main obstructions, the falling Nile forms a number of intermediate lesser rapids, and when the expedition traversed the Gate of Rocks the number of miles of smooth water in it bore but a small proportion to the amount of troubled water. Once Dal is passed the difficulties of the ascent diminish, and, with the exception of troublesome cataracts at Kaibar and at Hanneh (where is the Third Cataract), the water as far as Korti is quite smooth. It was, then, in the first 90 miles that the main difficulties were expected and encountered.

If the reader could have seen the crew of an ordinary freighted whaler unload their boat, he would probably have compared the operation, as he saw box after box, and article after article being piled upon the bank, to that conjuring trick in which the professor produces article after article in unending supply from his hat. For it was indeed surprising to see the amount which the Nile whalers could and did hold; a hundred wooden cases averaging 8' × 2' × 1', half a dozen boxes of ammunition, a tent, the kits and rifles of the men, spare oars and poles form a large load. When a boat had its full complement of stores on board it was filled up by them throughout its length to the level of the thwarts, whilst at bow and stern the boxes were up to, and in some cases higher than, the level of the gunwales. The steersman and the men not rowing had to sit and lie as best they could on the top of the pile in the stern, whilst the oarsmen, usually six in number, sat on the thwarts with just little wells left in front for their legs to rest in. In a small space in the bows, with the towing-rope handy for use, stood the Canadian, paddle in hand; if he were one of the skilled boatmen of the backwoods, and not, as many were, either a city clerk or a gentleman on pleasure and adventure bent,

he could use his paddle with great effect in broken water, and by its aid save the boat from many a rock, whilst from his position in the bows he could call to the steersman the necessary directions as to the course to be followed. In smooth water, and with a favouring breeze, the sails were set, and with their assistance the boat would make from two to four miles an hour against the stream; when the wind was light, or when the current was strong enough to render the motive power supplied by the sails insufficient, the oars came into requisition; in broken water, or at points where the current proved stronger than the oars or than the oars and sails combined, there was nothing to be done but to put the boat into the bank and "track." In this operation one man remained at the helm; the Canadian, with perhaps a single soldier, stayed in the bow, and boat-hook in hand kept the boat clear of rocks and bank; the remainder of the crew attached themselves to the towing-rope, which was paid out from and fastened to the bows, and they then hauled the boat along by main force. In many places, where the fall of the river was very rapid, the crew of a single boat was not sufficient to drag it through the cataract; and in such places two or three boats crews had to combine to help one another, and by their united strength haul the boats one by one through the bad water. Tracking was always tedious and frequently very laborious work. Where the banks were rough or steep, or covered with trees, progress was slow and the labour great; it was often necessary for men to enter the water, either to free the rope from entangling rocks or else to reach a position from which the direction of the pull would be such as would carry the boat free of a projecting corner. In tracking, the well-known caution on the Nile was "haul in the slack," for woe betided the boat which was hurried by a backwater into a strong current when the tow-rope was slack. In such a case the swirl and jerk which occurred when the force of the stream caught the boat was in some cases sufficient to seriously injure its bows; it was frequently dashed against a rock, or, if it did not do this, it was liable to drag the towers into the water, or even to pull the ropes through their hands, and set the boat adrift.

Sailing, rowing, and towing, or a combination of two of them, were the methods by which the whalers were worked up the Nile. After a few days in the school of experience, the hitherto untaught soldiers got to see how the water worked, and how the current ran, and how much the progress of the boat might be facilitated by a careful watch on and a skilful taking advantage of the various

eddies and backwaters of the river. Every bit of current stronger than the average causes a back-water, and whenever a rush of water is seen past a rock or point, one may be quite sure that there is a corresponding up-stream flow or backwater, running up to the rock or point from below; by rowing up the backwater, and adding thus the impetus gained from the oars to that given by the up flow of the water, it is often possible to give momentum to the boat sufficient to carry it through the swift piece of water to the stiller stream above. Again, in most of the rapids where the river widens out and rushes in numerous currents between detached rocks, it is possible by a skilful use of the backwaters existing below, and running up to every rock, to work a boat up what seems at first sight a hopelessly rapid piece of water. The interest in this is extreme, and the working of it gives a great deal of room for skill. The eye, too, very soon learns to see differences in the look of the river's surface, and to distinguish between the appearance of strong and of slack water; it is soon able to estimate very accurately when the current round a point is so strong as to make it necessary to use the towing-rope, and also the places where a vigorous use of oar and sail will tide the boat round a difficult corner.

In ascending such a river of rapids and rocks the boats naturally suffered much, and not one reached Korti without some tell-tale patches, whilst many of the boats when beached there presented quite a mottled appearance of wood, tin, and lead patches. The frequent injuries to, and consequent delay for mending, the boats was heartbreaking work, especially when a crew, sailing along merrily, felt all at once a shock and a crunch which announced collision with a sunken rock, a stove-in plank, and the attendant consequences. Such an accident meant running the boat on shore, taking all the stores out of her, turning her over, and then a couple of hours' work at repairing before she could be put back into the water, reloaded, and the journey proceeded with.

The days spent on the ascent of the river were monotonous in their constant regularity of labour. The crews were up at early dawn, and, after a hasty meal, started on their way at about 7 A.M. A long forenoon followed, spent on fortunate days in rowing and sailing, on average days in rowing and tracking, and on days in the cataracts in uninterrupted pulling and hauling of the tow-rope. Then came a mid-day halt for rest and food, and then a repetition of the morning's labour until darkness stopped further progress. At night, tired out after their day's work, the men were glad after their

suppers to roll themselves up in their blankets and sleep on the bank until the early morning light told of the advent of another day of toil. The distance traversed each day varied with the character of the river ; in the difficult portion, extending from Gemai to Dal, the first boats took thirteen days to traverse ninety-one miles, an average of seven miles in a day of some ten hours' work. On some days the boats did ten or twelve miles, and on one day as little as three-quarters of a mile. South of Dal the difficulties diminished, and the rate of progress was more rapid ; with a good breeze, many boats did from twenty to thirty miles a day.

In some such way as we have described the various regiments worked their way up the Nile ; the first boats to go carried a detachment of Engineers, and then in quick succession came the South Staffordshire Regiment, the Essex Regiment, the Royal Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Gordon Highlanders, the Royal West Kent Regiment, and the Royal Irish Regiment. The regiments usually started by half-battalions, but in working up, the companies moved independently. The boats carried either eighty or a hundred days' supplies for twelve men of the special Nile boat-ration ; in addition, sufficient ordinary rations were carried to feed the crew from one station to another. By using the ordinary rations thus obtained at the various points on the line, the eighty to a hundred days' Nile boat-rations were carried to Korti intact.

The combatant troops proceeding south did not require all the 800 boats, and of the remainder convoys were formed which worked in reaches between the cataracts of the Gate of Rocks. To man these convoys, Kroomen, the natives of the West Coast of Equatorial Africa, had been imported. These men, accustomed their lives long to battle with the surf which rolls upon their coasts, possessed a fearlessness of the water and an aptitude for managing any kind of rowing craft which did good service on the Nile. From November to July they were constantly at work rowing up stream with laden boats, and, having got rid of their cargoes above, rowing down again to get fresh ones. Egyptian soldiers and Dongola natives were later put to the same convoy work, and the ease with which they managed the whalers afforded another proof of the adaptability and usefulness of these boats. Early in December 750 out of the 800 boats were at work on the Nile between Gemai and Dongola, and there was not a reach in the 240 miles separating these places on which the white boats with their white sails might not be seen.

As the river kept falling, the difficulties of passing the cataracts of Semneh, Ambigol, Tanjour, and Dal, much increased, and it was necessary at these places to unload the boats to carry the cargoes round the cataracts on mules and camels, and to draw the boats unloaded through the cataracts. At every one of these places there was a tendency towards a block being formed in the line of whalers, and it required no small amount of organization to get the passing up of the boats and cargoes through the cataracts done in the most expeditious manner. No time was lost, however, for all in the force, men as well as officers, were beginning to realize that if Gordon were to be saved there was not a moment to waste. On the 14th November Lord Wolseley received a letter from Khartoum, dated November 4th, in which Gordon said, among other things, that he had just enough food to last him forty days. This the public did not know at the time: but knowing it now, it is not difficult to see that it was this that caused Lord Wolseley's hasty return from Dongola to Halfa on November 16th; he went to do all he could to hasten on the expedition, and to make the final arrangements about the camel force which it was now certain he would have to use. It was this news too from Khartoum which possibly caused the publication of the General Order, in which Lord Wolseley offered a prize of £100 and the place of honour in the campaign to that regiment which brought its boats and stores in the quickest time, and with the least damage, from Sarras to Debbeh. This offer supplied a spur, if spur were necessary, to the efforts of those on the river; it introduced a keen competition between regiments, and gave an impetus to that *esprit de corps* which is so fruitful of good to an army. The Camel Regiments too were now becoming important factors in the campaign. The Mounted Infantry Regiment had been at Dongola since October, and the Guards Camel Regiment left Halfa for the same place early in November. The remaining mounted corps, viz. the "heavies" and the "lights," the 19th Hussars, the Camel Battery, the Field Hospital, the Bearer Company, and the three Transport Companies, were further north, but were being sent on with all speed. About the 1st December the advance base was pushed forward ninety miles from Dongola to Debbeh, and the latter place was occupied by two companies of the Royal Sussex Regiment. At the same time a camp for the mounted corps was formed near Handab, half way between Dongola and Debbeh, and here the first partial concentration of the future Desert Column took place.

On November the 29th the most advanced whalers reached the clear water at the head of the Third Cataract, and by the 7th December they were at Debbeh. Three companies of the South Staffordshire Regiment were collected here by the 12th, and on the following day they and the Engineer Detachment started for Korti. Sir Herbert Stewart marched from Handab with the mounted corps, and so timed his march that both land and water forces reached Korti on December 15th.

Preparations were at once made for forming a large camp at this place, and on the 17th Lord Wolseley and the army headquarters arrived there. Korti, as will be seen by the map, is situated nearly due east of Debbeh, and in this reach of the river the previously favourable north wind was of little assistance to whalers, and none whatever to the native craft. The single steamer south of Hanneh, the *Nussij Kheir*, however, did yeoman's service, and without her assistance the store-laden nuggers would have found it very difficult to reach Korti at all.

Although no announcement had been made as to the turn the campaign was about to take, there were not signs wanting to show that an advance across the Bayuda Desert was intended; for with what other possible aim were the Camel Regiments and the Camel Transport Companies being hurried up, as they were, long before it was possible for any organized boat expedition to start for the south. When the Camel Regiments reached Korti, the boats were still far down stream; the first whaler-transported regiment was not collected at Korti much before Christmas Day, and it was quite plain that it would take another month to bring the other regiments then on the river to the same point. Still the inference to be drawn from these facts was not patent to all, and the secret was so well preserved that, until a day before the first advance to Gakdul was made, none of the newspaper correspondents suspected the real plan. The despatch of the South Staffordshire Regiment to Gerendid (a point on the Nile forty miles up stream from Korti), on December 28th, made many think that a river expedition was to be the main, if not the sole feature of the campaign, and that a desert advance was not going to be risked.

Preparations, however, went on apace, necessary details for the desert force not previously allowed for were organized and fitted out with camels, whilst the Camel Regiments were put through their last practices in the manœuvres for repelling attack on the march. The plan of operations at last became quite clear. Time was getting so short that a force was to be pushed across the desert to

Metemneh, a point on the Nile ninety-seven miles north of Khartoum, and where it was known that General Gordon's steamers were in waiting.

Sir Charles Wilson, as Chief Intelligence and Political officer, was then to proceed to Khartoum in these steamers, and, having communicated with Gordon, was to return to Metemneh. Upon his report the future conduct of the Desert Column would largely depend. If Gordon was found very hardly pressed the column would at once force its way to his assistance; but if this was not necessary a pause would be made at Metemneh, supplies would be transported thither from Korti, and Lord Wolseley himself and two infantry regiments would cross the desert. Simultaneously with this advance, a force, under General Earle, was to work its way round the bend of the Nile in boats, and to punish the murderers of Colonel Stewart *en route*. At Abu Hamed it would open the Korosko road, and enable the Bishareen Arab convoys, which were being organized at the northern end of the road, to carry through supplies to Abu Hamed. The column would then advance up stream, taking Berber on its way, and it was calculated that, with good fortune, General Earle would reach Metemneh about the 5th March. By that date Lord Wolseley's force would be concentrated there with sixty days' rations, and then the united columns, in all about 5,000 men, would make a combined advance against the Mahdi's forces before Khartoum. Such was the plan in outline, and all in the force felt rejoiced that the moment for decisive action had at last arrived; a few short weeks, it was hoped, would see Gordon relieved, and the dangers and privations of the Khartoum garrison at an end. Their night had been long and dreary, but the day was at hand; and those at Korti felt that for Gordon and his men the darkness of the present, though intense, was still that which immediately precedes the dawn.

(To be continued.)

The Tales of Ensign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RUNEBERG.)



III.

THE BROTHERS.

You darkly mention Wadenstierna's name.

I know your meaning. 'Tis a dread narration :
How like a mendicant his brother came
To seek his shelt'ring roof, but from the same
Was thrust back into night and desolation.

To Swansio's neighbourhood shouldst thou repair,

A house is seen amid the birches hiding ;

By darksome night or by meridian glare,

Enter that open door without a care,

For old John Wadenstierna is there residing.

A guileless faith, a genuine wish to please.

You shall discover in him when you meet him :

And feel yourself as thoroughly at ease

As one who, underneath his own roof-tree's

Protection, by his father's side doth seat him.

But mention not one name, a name I would

Were banished from the records of our story :

Say what you will, and he will find it good,

But name not Sweaborg, be it understood ;

For then he breaks out into fire and fury.

All things which made his youthful heart beat high,

Our country's honour, power, and reputation,

All, all, which gave his spirit wings to fly,

For him in that rock's sepulchre do lie,

Oppressed and flouted in their degradation.

And therefore long his spirit hath been torn.

Whene'er he hears the name sepulchral uttered :

And therefore gnawing grief his soul hath worn,

And therefore stands on end his hair with scorn,

At the bare sound of Sweaborg faintly muttered.

One wintry evening 'twas, and dark and late,

The old man by his blazing hearth was seated ;

Devoid of vain regrets and dread of fate,

He calmly listened as the tempest beat

Against the window-panes, and snowed and sleeted.

Alone he was, had just now said good-night

To those who claimed his fatherly affection :

When suddenly, from dreams aroused, his sight

Met at the open door, with snow-bedight,

A wayfarer who sought his roof's protection.

He gazed and gazed ; then swift a tremour shot

Across his frame. 'Twas he, 'twas he, no other !

The man who thus at night had sought his cot,

No stranger, but his brother was, begot

By the same father with the self-same mother !

Beneath a father's roof in days gone by,
To manhood had he grown beside this brother ;
His favourite he of all the family,
The only one that still remained, and nigh
For twenty years they had not seen each other.

Yet never guiltless stranger had delayed
So long beside the door as this one hovered,
And never guest such low obeisance made,
Such doubt and deep anxiety betrayed,
As brother before brother here discovered.

No word, no sound ; the moments came and fled,
Indifferent they as corpses to their speeding ;
Till finally, as if in prayer and dread,
The brother who had come, was seen to spread
His arms out to the other, mutely pleading.

A pause ensued, and Wadenstierna's heart
Was by the gesture visibly affected ;
But soon he roused himself with sudden start
And bid his brother instantly depart ;
The embrace thus proffered scornfully rejected.

And then the outcast's voice as hoarse arose
And mournful as a sigh the grave ascending ;
" O brother, melt the ice thy bosom knows,
Despise not him who seeketh for repose,
And break thy staff not on the unoffending.

" Yes, I have sinned. By fortune I was bred
To bear a load of shame from that disaster
When Finland's warriors yielded ere they bled ;
And Sweden's stronghold, ere a shot was sped,
Surrendered basely to a foreign master.

" But could I discipline's restraints exceed,
And seize the helm abandoned by another ?
Was I the gifted one to take the lead ?
Still, that I failed in this, was shame indeed ;
Say so, but crush me not with hatred brother."

He spoke, and drooped his head. The accents died
Amid a shower of tears successive streaming ;
A brother should not now have been denied ;
He forward took with outstretched arms a stride,
Of reconciliation fondly dreaming.

Then old John's body violently shook,
A storm of grief and pain within was seething ;
A loaded pistol from the wall he took,
And pointed it with unrelenting look
Against his brother's bosom, vengeance breathing.

Such is the fearful story which I heard,
More fearful, perhaps, than I could e'er depict it ;
O thou, whose horror by the tale is stirred,
In passing sentence listen to a word
Of intercession, ere thou dost inflict it.

'Tis said, despairing when his brother went,
The other closed his eyes to all around him ;
That eve in bitter lamentation spent,
And restless sat throughout the night's extent,
Till, weeping like a child, the morning found him.

H. S.



The Hanoverian Cavalry in the Peninsular War.



LIEUT.-COLONEL HERRMANN VOGT, the well-known author of *Die Europäischen Heere der Gegenwart*, has recommenced his labours with a series of monographs descriptive of the German cavalry from an historical point of view; these, like the first-named work, being illustrated by the artist, Richard Knotel.* The writer tells us in his prefatory remarks that he purposes to include in his undertaking the cavalry exploits of the "sons of every branch of the German stock"; and, accordingly, of the first three numbers already issued, the first and third are, very judiciously we think, devoted to Hanover and Saxony, while the second is descriptive of that glorious episode in the annals of the Prussian army, the battle of Fehrbellin. The first narrative, being in point of fact an excerpt from the history of our own German Legion in the Peninsular War, for this reason offers many points of interest for an Englishman. We therefore take the opportunity of mentioning the book, at the same time submitting a few specimens of its illustrations to the notice of our readers.

After the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens in 1803, a French army under Mortier occupied Hanover and on the 5th July, Count Wallmoden, who commanded the forces of the electorate, signed a convention with the French leader, which stipulated that they should be forthwith disbanded, also that neither officers nor men should serve against either France or her Allies until they had been duly exchanged for an equal number of French prisoners in the hands of the English. Nevertheless, as neither officers nor men had sworn to observe the injunction, and as a proclamation of George III.'s liberated them from all obligation in this respect, the Hanoverians made no difficulty in responding to the appeals of

* *Geschichte der Deutschen Reiterei in Einzelbüchern.* Rathenow: Max Babenzien.

the English recruiting sergeants. In December, the Duke of Cambridge, a lieutenant-general in the Hanoverian army, received a letter of service authorizing him to levy 5,000 men; later on this figure was raised to 18,000; but the King's German Legion never really counted more than 14,000 effectives. It consisted, at the time of the Peninsular War, of two regiments of heavy dragoons (Napier's "big men on big horses"), three of hussars, two battalions of light infantry, and eight of the line; two horse and four foot batteries, and, finally, of a corps of engineer officers. The uniform of these troops resembled our own; the prevailing colour was the "traditional scarlet"; the light infantry were attired in dark green, the artillery in blue, while the hussars wore a blue dolman and pelisse.



CROSSING THE HANOVERIAN FRONTIER. 1803.

The Legion was never concentrated as an army corps, but was attached to various units of the British army as occasion dictated; hence it came to pass that the regiments of which it was composed took part in most of the military expeditions which were dispatched from these shores about the commencement of the present century. They were with Lord Cathcart in 1805; with Lord Rosslyn at Rügen in 1807; at Copenhagen, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Sicily, Gottenburg in Sweden with Sir John Moore, afterwards following him to Corunna; they participated in the misfortunes of the Walcheren expedition, afterwards serving in their Fatherland during the uprising of 1818. Having fought at Waterloo, these gallant troops were transferred to the newly-formed Hanoverian army, and their successors are now part and parcel

of the great national host which has arisen at the bidding of Prussia.

In the Peninsula, however, it seems, according to the author of this brochure, that the most gallant deeds of the Legion were performed. The 2nd Hussars, for their valour at Barossa, were awarded the distinction of wearing that name inscribed on their



OFFICER OF THE 1ST HUSSARS. 1812.

Dark blue with red facings. Trappings gold and crimson. White leather pants till 1813, afterwards blue with gold stripe.

sabretashes and busbies. At El Bodon the 1st Hussars behaved with conspicuous bravery. A corporal belonging to them, Baekefeld by name, was for the space of four years orderly to the Duke of Wellington, who rode up with his staff in time to witness this cavalry contest. Baekefeld, perceiving that his regiment was about to be engaged, begged to be permitted to join in the attack, and greatly distinguished himself in the charges which ensued.

This pamphlet is in the main devoted to the part played by the

German Legion in the battle of Salamanca, while the detailed information it conveys regarding the celebrated cavalry action on the following day is a really valuable contribution to military history. The 1st Hussars were on that occasion brigaded with the British 14th Light Dragoons, and their chief, Lieut.-Colonel Arentsschildt, on the disablement of Von Alten by a wound, found himself in command of the whole. They joined the 3rd Division in the attack on Marmont's isolated left.

"The 3rd Division," wrote Colonel von Linsingen in his diary, which the author quotes from Major Beamish's work, "with D'Urban's and Arentsschildt's cavalry, moved in the deep bed of a stream, the infantry on the right, the cavalry on the left, and both under cover till they reached the heights, to which the enemy had thrown forward his left wing. Here the enemy's infantry offered a brave resistance to the skirmishers of the 3rd Division, while his cavalry, consisting of six squadrons, awaited Arentsschildt with firm countenance in rear of the dry bed of a stream. The ravine was deep, the opposite side lofty, and the difficulty of crossing it in the face of an enemy apparent. Arentsschildt, nevertheless, made the requisite dispositions for the attack. The Hussars filed from the centre of each squadron across the obstacle, and were followed by two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons. The Hussars, having reached the opposite bank in safety, threw themselves with fury on the enemy and routed them. But they had not yet finally conquered. A second line advanced to the support of the first, and it was now the turn of the Hussars to think of retreat. The position was perilous in the extreme; before them was the deep ravine, behind them pressed a numerically stronger enemy, eager to hurl them into the abyss. But the presence of mind shown by their officers saved them. Reaching the edge of the gulf at full gallop, they suddenly wheeled about, and sought to close up the ranks. The men, obedient to the sound of the trumpet, were formed in their squadrons in a few seconds; the brigade once more dashed forward with united strength, and the amazed enemy sought salvation in flight." While the victors were pressing on to the fords of Huerta, Arentsschildt's brigade in covering their right captured two French guns. About 10 p.m., when it was discovered that the enemy had gained the bridge of Alba de Tormes, they returned to their former position on the field. One of the Hussars, Friedrich Meyer, seized a French infantry officer, dragged him from the ranks, and took him captive; another, galloping into the line of the enemy's vedettes, cut

down the officer commanding, and returned in triumph with his prisoner.

On the 23rd July, early in the morning, the pursuit began. Anson's brigade, consisting of the 12th and 16th Light Dragoons, and Von Bock's, which was composed of the 1st and 2nd Heavy Dragoons of the German Legion, being the cavalry told off to accompany it, and were supported by a squadron of the 5th Dragoon Guards. About 8 A.M.

Lord Wellington placed himself at the head of these troops without waiting for the infantry, who were occupied in crossing the Tormes. The brigades advanced at a jog-trot, moving by files or threes along a rough hollow road, which did not admit of a broader front or a more expeditious pace; the rear closing up at a gallop whenever it became necessary to do so. After a while the rear-most troops of the enemy were visible near the village of Garcia Hernandez. Two columns of their infantry were descried ascending a ridge called La Serna, while six of their squadrons, with some horse artillery, were posted near the village. While Anson attacked the left flank of this body, Wellington sent a staff officer to direct the Germans to cut them off from Foy's division, which had halted on

the top of La Serna to cover their retreat. Now Von Bock was short-sighted, so much so that it was necessary for him to request Colonel May, the bearer of Wellington's message, to indicate the position of the enemy. He likewise failed to perceive that as yet one only of his squadrons had formed up after defiling across the Caballero brook. In company with May therefore, and followed by the 1st squadron of the 1st Heavy Dragoons only, he



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF HEAVY
DRAGOONS. 1803-1812.

Scarlet coatee and blue facings. Yellow lace.
White leather pants.

started in quest of the enemy and, charging in company with Anson's brigade, put them to flight, but pursuing the advantage too far suffered severely from the fire of Foy's infantry.

Meantime the 2nd and 3rd squadrons having formed up, advanced in the track of their chief; but in doing so came under fire of the two infantry columns half-way up the slope, which had already formed squares. The nearest was composed of a battalion of the 76th, which was entrusted with defence of the extreme rear-guard; and the 3rd squadron, moving forward at a gallop, wheeled sharply round to the left and charged it with the utmost fury. At eighty paces the square delivered its fire with murderous effect; horses and men tumbled headlong, encumbering the space in front of the square with their bodies. Von der Decken, the squadron leader, wounded in the knee, was carried onward a few bounds by his charger, and then fell unconscious to the earth. A second volley was received quite close to the square. Lieutenant Von Voss was mortally wounded, with many others; but a horse tumbling dead against the square broke the ranks, causing a gap, through which the furious troopers darted, cutting and stabbing without mercy. The French resisted valiantly till their commander was killed by a sabre-cut, when they laid down their arms. The entire battalion by this time lay on the ground, either dead or dying, trodden down by the horses, or having thrown themselves thereon to avoid the sabres of their assailants. Witness of this heroic exploit, the leader of the 2nd squadron of the "Heavies," which had been fired upon by the square higher up the slope, consisting of two battalions of the French 6th Light Infantry, determined to imitate so splendid an example. Suddenly wheeling to the left he dashed full speed at the enemy, and, though he received a destructive volley at fifty paces distance, broke into the square with much carnage; while the survivors, huddling together into a lump, retreated under cover of a body of cavalry which Foy had thrown out to receive them. But the 2nd Regiment of Heavy Dragoons, having passed the defile in its front, had by this time formed line beyond it, when half of them advanced to the aid of their comrades of the 1st Regiment, and throwing themselves upon the French horse drove them from the field, after which they cut down the remains of the 6th French Infantry.

Foy had by this time deployed his whole division—horse, foot, and artillery—in order to arrest the progress of the Allies. Nevertheless, the Germans, drunk with victory, dashed themselves against a square of the 69th French, wherein the fugitives of the

broken 6th had sought refuge. Exhausted, however, by the sultry heat and the violence of their recent exertions, these fine horsemen experienced a sanguinary repulse, which brought the day's proceedings to a close. Glorious as they were to those who participated in them, it is certain that the material results obtained failed to compensate for the great losses which were incurred, though from a moral point of view it may have been otherwise. So serious were they that both German regiments, after the action, were necessarily reformed into two squadrons from three. Six officers, 121 sergeants and rank and file, with 140 horses, were placed *hors de combat*. On the other hand, very few French were killed in the affray, though the prisoners, 1,400 in number, were almost all wounded by the swords of the Germans—one more illustration of the comparative harmlessness to life of a cavalry charge. The eagle of the 6th Regiment was rescued by its bearer, Rousseau, who, when he saw the German horse forcing a way into the square, threw himself prostrate upon the treasure committed to his charge, and, though nearly trampled to death by their horses, ultimately arose, and stealthily rejoined his friends by taking advantage of the accidents of the ground.

Wellington, who witnessed this affair, sent an officer after its termination to signify to General von Bock his great satisfaction with the gallant behaviour of the troops. As a mark of it he directed a guard of honour, consisting of two officers and forty men, to attend him at head-quarters, granted the brigade two days' rest on the scene of action, and mentioned them most honourably when reporting on the battle of Salamanca.



The Rambler Papers.

XIV.—“I told you so.”



HE man or woman who can refrain from exclaiming “I told you so,” when things turn out as he or she predicted, is a being deserving of the utmost praise. It is so pleasant to be able to say, with truth, “I told you so”; so difficult to deny oneself that pleasure, especially when the facts predicted are any way disagreeable.

Mrs. Wylde had not exactly said those very words on that December day, the memories of which had graven scars on poor Meg’s heart never to be effaced, but she had exclaimed, “I knew——” to Dorman, when he had first entered her drawing-room, booted and spurred, muddy and rather pale: the remainder of the sentence had died on her lips when he held up his hand in mute appeal for silence while he told his tale.

But there are many ways of saying things without speaking, other methods of expression beside language, and meaning can be conveyed a hundred times without wagging the tongue once. For weeks and months . . . ; but during those sad months, which had now passed, Meg had looked and listened—within and without—and all she had seen and heard seemed to have left but one impression—a mournful “Ah! I told you so.”

Long after Mrs. Wylde had begun to tick off inventories with neat red-ink flicks, and cast and recast accounts, making the net balance smaller every time, Meg still went about the house indolent, spiritless, and woebegone. For the first few days, while Mrs. Wylde was declaring herself prostrate and sending repeatedly for Dr. Strong, Meg had actually been prostrate and had refused to see anyone. At night, while her sorrowing mother was trying hard to sleep away distress, Meg sat by herself in her father’s room, until, frightened at her thoughts, she fled back to her bed, only to throw herself upon it and to cry. And, when she stood alone beside his grave and heard the gravel rattle down, while the widow said she was unable to leave her bed, Meg had disgraced herself by sinking on the turf and calling loudly on

her father to forgive her. It was all like a dream now, but there remained the recollection of a strong arm that had lifted her and a few kind words that had been spoken in her ear, which were somehow connected with Dorman.

The garden had of late been her world; beyond its walls she had seldom strayed—Dandy her only companion, and to him had she often poured out the bitterness of her grief and self-condemnation. One day her mother had told her to bestir herself and not to be selfish, for, Mrs. Wylde had added, selfishness always brought dreadful trouble with it. Then Meg, in all humiliation, had tried to rouse herself.

People had begun to call, and among them Dorman. Mrs. Wylde had declined to see them, on the ground that her affliction was too recent for her to receive visitors.

When, a month later, Dorman came again, Meg did not tell her mother, but led him into the garden, where she spoke of her loss and of her own unending and remorseful sorrow. He listened patiently and quietly, only interrupting when she seemed ready to break down. He spoke gently but decidedly of the evils of an overwrought imagination and a morbid self-accusation, and of the duties that remained to be fulfilled in life. After he had left she felt her first relief, and longed for him to come again. But he did not come for weeks.

It always had been so, Meg thought; he had never failed her in difficulty or in trouble. His manner often frightened her, but he had never been anything but gentle. When she had been rehearsing under his tuition, she had seen the futility of losing her temper with him. He was the stronger, and had made her feel his strength.

"Dandy," she said, taking the dog's head between her hands; "if ever you want help, Dandy, go to Dorman. Dandy, I—come and kiss me, doggie, and I'll whisper something to you."

Month followed month, and midsummer mellowed into autumn. The tennis-courts had not known Meg, and the dancing set had missed the best of partners. She went nowhere; but as the days went slowly by, her grief lost a little of its poignancy; her passionate outbursts of remorse became less frequent, and memory gradually settled down into a dull, aching pain. Even her dress had grown less mournful; her eyes were less often and her cheeks more often red now; her figure, too, was filling out from having been so thin. Time was doing for Meg what Dr. Strong was doing for Mrs. Wylde, for his pills and potions were having a wonderful

effect upon the widow's constitution, and she could walk a little now; her face was even rosy, and she looked quite a handsome woman in her weeds. They became her.

"Dear me, how the days are drawing in," she said one evening. "Please ask Gibson to bring the candles, Margaret."

The Meg of bygone days would probably have suggested ringing the bell for Gibson; but that Meg had changed: she obeyed without a word. Perhaps she felt that perpetual obedience might in some way expiate her past. Who knows? At any rate she was not the first that had learned obedience through suffering.

Gibson had no sooner left the room, after placing the lamp and Mrs. Wylde's particular candle, than a ring at the front door-bell proclaimed a visitor.

"Go and say I am not at home," said Mrs. Wylde; "I want to finish my book."

Again Meg rose to comply, but the sound of the opening door told them that the message would be too late. Mrs. Wylde, with the sigh of a persecuted but patient martyr, left the room by another door.

"Lady Charteris," announced Gibson.

Visions of a haughty dame, clad in sumptuous silk, flashed across Meg's mind, and she was quite surprised to see a neatly-dressed girl not much older than herself enter the room.

"You are Miss Wylde," said the visitor, smiling kindly. "I have called because I know your mother is an invalid, and unable to come to me first, and it is an impertinence I feel sure you will forgive."

She laughed, and Meg felt she wanted to kiss her visitor, she looked altogether so pretty and pleasant.

"Mr. Drone told me," said Lady Charteris. "all about your trouble, Meg—I may call you Meg, may I not? my name is Mary—Mr. Drone and Cherry told me all about you, and I thought it would cheer you up a little to have a girl of your own age to talk to every now and again; and I want you to come to lunch to-morrow—only ourselves, you know. Will you?"

Yes, Meg would, and did; and thus began her acquaintanceship with the great Lady Charteris.

Meg had seen and heard so little of the doings of the place for so long, that when she began to go about a little the garrison seemed to her like an old town repainted. Mrs. Spreditt had gone away to India, and Mrs. Small had run away no one knew where; Miss Skinner was married, and her husband had transplanted her.

All the Droppers and the rest of the Skinners were, however, still to be seen and heard, and heard, moreover, had Meg only known it, singing praises—a novel chant for them—and their subject all day long was Lady Charteris. In a week after that young lady's arrival they had all called, in a fortnight they knew all about her, her relations, friends, antecedents, and prospects. Lady Charteris not being Miss Maxim did not interfere with the Misses Skinner and Dropper; she had married Sir Charles Charteris, who had once been in the Guards, and, oh! she was charming.

When this guiding star of the garrison world began to exhibit signs of a preference for that girl Peggy Wylde's society over that of more important people, the mistake was deplored; but then, it was confidently asserted, it was one that was sure to be speedily found out and rectified; in the meantime Peggy was a rude, pushing hoyden. But Lady Charteris took a long time finding out her mistake; and, instead of a summary separation ensuing, it seemed that, day by day, a closer relationship existed between the bride in white and the maiden in black.

At last Meg had gone so often to her friend's house that she felt it incumbent on her to show, if only once, some sort of hospitality in return. She broached the question, and, after considerable delay, received an acquiescent answer from her mother. Mary Charteris came to lunch; but Meg rather regretted the invitation when Mrs. Wylde, in the course of conversation, said that no one but the mistress of a house knew the extraordinary difference that visitors dropping in to meals made in a week's house-keeping.

That was a day of ill-omen, for at tea-time Dandy came bounding into the room with Gibson and the tray. Now, Mr. Dandy was strictly prohibited the house, and although Meg had formerly delighted in allowing him to scamper all over it, she had for a long time now adhered to her mother's rule.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Wylde, "oblige me by taking that dog—how horribly he smells—to his proper place. I have a peculiar antipathy to dogs, Lady Charteris."

When Meg rose to turn him out, Dandy, thinking some fun was going forward, danced about his mistress, his long tail swishing like a cutting whip and cracking out sounding raps on the furniture. Before his expulsion was effected a broken tea-cup lay upon the floor, and the contents of Mrs. Wylde's work-basket were scattered in all directions.

"I shall decidedly get rid of that dog," said Mrs. Wylde afterwards; "he is an intolerable nuisance and an unnecessary expense."

"Oh! don't do that, mother," implored Meg. "I will keep him in the yard, and pay for his food when my money comes."

Although Meg struggled hard to be "good," as she called it, her backslidings and consequent apologies were innumerable. Her mother was not loud or harsh, but coldly superior and indifferent. Meg absented herself from the house as much as possible, and was very silent when in it. But this was not enough for Mrs. Wylde.

"Where have you been, Margaret?" she would ask.

"Out walking."

"With whom?"

If Meg replied, "with Mary," her mother said, "you really should not bother Lady Charteris as you do"; if she said, "with Dandy," Mrs. Wylde asked her why she had not answered "alone," and supposed that Meg thought it funny to be pert; and when she did say "alone," the answer led to much wonder on Mrs. Wylde's part as to how it was that Meg preferred doing anything rather than making herself useful at home.

"Come for a short walk with me, then," Meg once replied; "we will keep near home, and it would do you good."

"You know I can't walk up-hill," said Mrs. Wylde.

"Well, come for a roll down-hill; you can do that," Meg burst out; and, in spite of after-protestations of repentance, she and her mother for a week or more were not on speaking terms.

Still Meg persevered; she tried to find employment in the house, and when that failed she dug the General's potato beds. This did no good, for the garden had fallen into disuse, and the fowls had long ago been sold. But Meg liked to dig and hoe, for, as she often told Dandy, if perchance the General were looking down upon her, he would be pleased to see her keeping the gravel and mould tidy, even if she had no seeds to sow.

Employed thus one morning she chanced to see the family cat eating Dandy's dinner, which she had placed upon the wall out of his reach until his proper feeding time. She threw a stone at the cat, who ran along the wall to the roof of the hen-house, where she sat down, curled her tail comfortably around her, and stared at Meg.

Meg placed the dish upon the ground close beside her and went on with her hoeing. Dandy from a distance eyed his dinner wistfully, until Meg could no longer withstand the pleading of his brown eyes. She whistled as a signal that he might begin. Dandy had not gulped down half a dozen mouthfuls when a *thud* behind her made Meg look round quickly. The cat had fallen off the hen-house and

was lying on the ground writhing disagreeably as if in convulsions. Meg watched the poor animal wonderingly for a few moments and then suddenly flew off to Dandy. She seized her dog by the scruff of his neck and dragged him towards the house as fast as she could.

"Cook! Cook!" she cried through the kitchen window; "a jug of hot water and a lot of mustard. Quick! or Dandy will die."

An emetic, Meg found, was no easy medicine to administer to a dog of Dandy's powers. He yelped and struggled and kicked, and after six jugful had been expended Meg feared that, after all her trouble, very little of the fluid had found its way into Dandy's interior. She let the dog go at last, and she and the cook waited and watched. Dandy shook himself, sneezed, and began to walk about sniffing for his missing dinner and stopping sometimes in front of Meg to look up inquiringly into her face with his head on one side. Then he began to foam at the mouth, then to be sick; then, instead of walking about, he stood still and trembled; then, instead of standing, he sat down and looked beseechingly at Meg, and lastly, he laid himself down upon his side and panted.

Meg's tears were running fast as she knelt beside her little friend. She took his paw in her hand and stroked it soothingly, offering the cook, meanwhile, "ten pounds when her money came" for a suggestion even that might save his life. But the cook could only cry in sympathy. Dandy's shaggy little frame heaved convulsively as he lay upon his side and kept his brown eyes fixed on Meg; and long after their sparkle had begun to fade, his tail wagged on and his tongue occasionally licked her hand. But when the little paw she held began to chill and a film began to spread upon his eyes, although his tail was wagging still, Meg could bear no more; she buried her face in the cook's apron and covered up her eyes and ears that she might neither see nor hear.

She then rushed into the house and locked herself in her room. For an hour she paced the floor, not crying now, but clenching her hands as if in pain, and ever and again stopping in her walk to crunch her heel viciously into the carpet.

When she had recovered herself a little, and had washed the traces of tears from her eyes and smoothed her hair, which had become dishevelled and untidy in her attentions to her dog, she again repaired to the garden. There she dug a deep hole near the fowl-house. Lifting the stiff body tenderly in her arms she placed it in the grave she had prepared, looked at it for just one moment as it lay there in all its stark ugliness, and then shovelled the earth upon it with all her might, as if anxious to hide it from her sight quickly. She cut two neat sods of turf and placed them on

the mound of earth ; these she watered carefully and then paused to contemplate her handiwork. Dandy had had a very decent burial.

The dead body of the cat still awaited interment ; but Meg had other intentions for its disposal. Having first ascertained from Gibson that Mrs. Wylde was upstairs, she deposited the body of the cat on the drawing-room table and retired to her room.

She remained closeted in her room the whole afternoon, and declined to come down to tea. The evening wore on, and the bell rang for supper. She took no notice. Gibson tapped at the door and said that Mrs. Wylde was waiting.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Meg took her place at the supper-table, without a word of apology for being late—without even a glance in her mother's direction.

"You are late, Meg," said Mrs. Wylde, "and you know how I dislike unpunctuality."

Meg looked up but did not answer.

"I know, of course, why you are behaving like this—because of your dog."

Meg's lip quivered ; with an effort she steadied it, and then, looking her mother full in the face, laughed—actually laughed.

This made the good lady angry.

"I wished, Margaret," she said, "to put your dog out of the way as kindly as I could, and in a humane manner, so as not to give you pain. I had no intention of killing the cat; and your conduct in having put that filthy thing on my drawing-room table is so outrageous that I can find but one excuse for you, and that is that I think you are sometimes not quite right in your head."

Meg answered never a word.

Now it has been wisely said of men in barracks: when they whistle and sing—all right; when they grumble and complain—all right; when they do neither—look out! This, I think, holds true for the individual as well as the community. Meg's silence was a bad sign.

From the day of Dandy's death forward she was sullen and almost dumb. Neither threat nor expostulation had any effect upon her; she remained the same—sullen and silent. Moreover, she defied authority openly; she went out, came home, attended or absented herself from meals, without warning; sometimes being punctual for two days at a time, sometimes remaining away for hours without giving any account of herself. She wrote and received letters, but never communicated their contents; she walked alone, or sometimes with Lady Charteris, but not so often as she used; she refused to answer questions put to her, and

behaved altogether, as Mrs. Wylde told Dr. Strong when she asked that gentleman to diagnose the girl's case, like an insane person.

Dr. Strong, who was now in almost daily attendance on Mrs. Wylde, declared, after he had interviewed her daughter, that he could make nothing out of the case; she seemed perfectly sane, and he believed suffered from no mental derangement whatever.

"What has come to the child, I wonder," said Mrs. Wylde, a few days later, and in Meg's hearing. "She has certainly changed."

"Into what you have made her," said Meg.

"Margaret, do not, please, answer me like that."

"I do not often answer you, do I?" Meg replied.

"No, indeed, I get nothing out of you, not even ordinary civility. You make me blush for you sometimes when I am trying to explain away my difficulties, consistently with truth, to people who are always asking me why it is that my daughter is not a right hand to me now, seeing what a sufferer I am."

"You!" exclaimed Meg; "I don't believe you have ever known what suffering means."

"Margaret!"

But the door had closed with a bang, and Margaret had left Mrs. Wylde to her reflections, which were of such a distressing nature that she was compelled ultimately to send for Dr. Strong.

When that gentleman appeared, Mrs. Wylde poured out all her troubles to him. She said she was so lonely in the world, and was so persecuted by her unnatural daughter, that she needed counsel, and had sent for him as the only person on whom she knew she could implicitly rely.

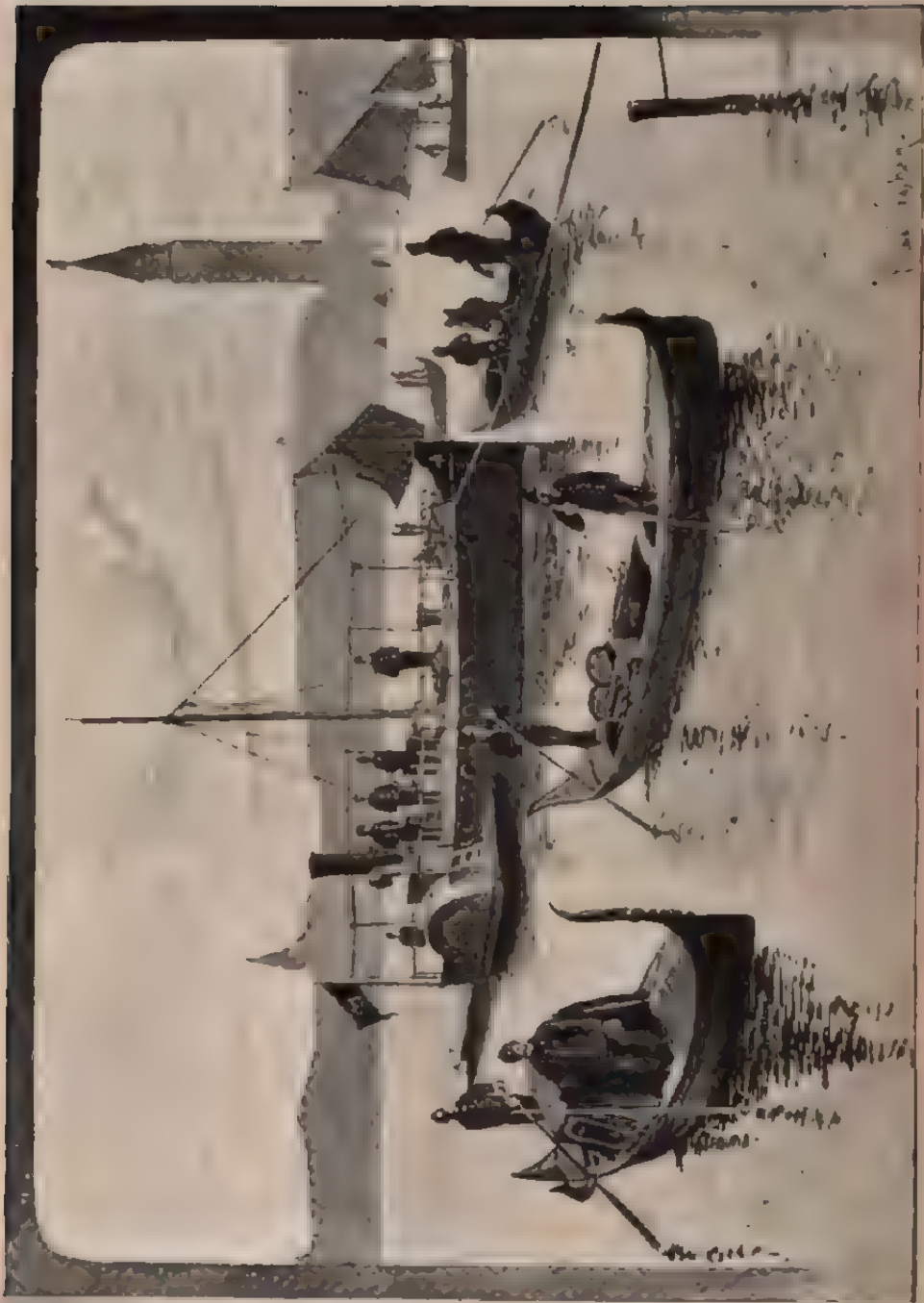
From the intimate way in which they then proceeded to discuss affairs it would appear that Dr. Strong stood in other relationships to the widow than that of medical adviser only; he was evidently her worldly adviser as well, and even her comforter. He was her prop and mainstay, supporting her morally with reassuring words, and physically with his arm.

"Never mind," he was saying, "it won't last much longer; calm yourself, dear."

He was in the act of demonstrating his affection when the door opened, and Meg stood upon the threshold.

She stood there for some seconds watching the couple slide apart. Then, with a smile of infinite scorn and contempt curling her pretty lip, turned her back upon them and left the room without a word.

(To be continued.)



THE LAUNCH COMPANIES OF THE 4TH ENGINEER AT VERMONT.

The Lagoon Companies of the 4th Engineers at Venice.



IN the 4th Regiment of Italian Engineers there are two companies permanently quartered at Venice, whose duties consist in maintaining communication between the various parts of the Lagoon. This corps, which is styled "La Brigata Lagunari," may therefore be regarded as a link of union between the military and naval forces of the kingdom. The companies have at their disposal different sorts of craft (some of which are represented in our illustration), propelled either by steam, sails, or oars, as the case may be. Of steam-tugs, such as No. 1 in the sketch, there are four; also a steam-launch, with keel and screw, for the open sea outside the lagoon. The tugs, however, are flat-bottomed, propelled by paddles, and draw no more than 60 cm. of water; their engines, of 80-horse power, give a speed of 15 kilometres an hour; and they are able to navigate the smallest of the canals at low water, and ascend rivers of no great depth. There is accommodation on board for three officers and a crew of five men.

No. 2. represents a gondola, and No. 3 a skiff, for the convenience of officers. These differ in nothing from those which ply in the city. The other vessels are for the transport of troops and materials. Nos. 4 and 5 are the so-called *toppi* (or logs), which contain twelve soldiers fully equipped, or 2,500 kilos of material.

No. 6 is a barge, capable of holding 100 men and 201,000 kilos of cargo. All these vessels are usually towed by steamers, but, in case of necessity, can be propelled by oars and sails. Some of the largest will accommodate 400 men above and below decks, with twelve officers.

The lagoon companies wear a special uniform, which varies according to the season of the year. It consists of a flannel shirt like that worn in the navy, with a sailor's bonnet, or a straw hat in the summer. For rainy weather, a complete waterproof suit is issued, with head-gear of wax-cloth, which covers the back of the neck. In full uniform, when ashore, they wear the usual Engineer uniform, with a crimson or golden anchor on the left sleeve, and a crimson tuft, as distinctive marks.



A Rolling Commission.

By GEORGE A. PATTERSON, R.N.



ONCE upon a time, which, however, was included between the years 1874-77, the good ship to which we had the honour to belong received Admiralty orders to proceed to the West Coast of Africa. Though this event was not altogether unexpected, yet our regret was none the less.

This station is well known in the Royal Navy as being most unhealthy. Not long before our troops had returned from Ashanti, victorious indeed, but many had fallen victims to coast fever; while others, long after their return to England in apparent health, succumbed to its dread influence. However, regrets were vain; the ship was provisioned and equipped, and the day came when we were ready to sail. Never, surely, was such a farce enacted as when we were forced, in accordance with the rules of the service, to ask for a thing we did not want—permission to go; but this permission being all too readily granted, the stokers savagely stirred up the fires, and away we went.

We suppose there are none who have been principal actors in a scene of leave-taking like this but have been sensibly affected thereby. If there are, if such an event has been regarded by them as commonplace, producing no emotion, and awaking no responsive chords within the breast, we can only commiserate such. For our own part, we may say the first movements of the ship vibrated through our whole being, and the spirit of the sentiment which filled many a bosom is very happily enshrined in verse by the poet Rogers, in lines opening thus:—

The sailor sighs, as sinks his native shore,
And all its lesser ing' turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.
Ah! then, each dear, each fond-remembered scene,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colours mellowed, not impaired by time.

It is usual with Her Majesty's ships upon leaving for distant stations to steam away until they are clear of the Channel, and H.M.S. — did so.

She was a very old-fashioned type of vessel, and very slow ; we will not burden our readers with a description of her machinery, which, after all, might leave only a confused impression on the mind, except to say it was so very ancient that it gradually became the fashion to speak of it with good-natured contempt as the "old coffee-mill" ; those readers, however, who are acquainted with mechanical appliances, must often have been amused with the remarks thereupon by amateurs and strangers, exemplifying the adage, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." On this point we remember the following story:—A lady, upon one of our large steamers, was greatly interested by looking down the hatchway of the engine-room and observing the movements of the different parts of the machinery ; and, wishing to be more fully informed upon some detail, she turned to a gentleman who attended her for an explanation. Now this exquisite really knew very little of such matters, but he had plenty of assurance and a ready tongue, so he at once answered as though he knew all about it, and could afford to give Brunel points in applied mechanics : "O yes ; you see that bright, crooked thing ? Well, that is called the crinkum-crankum, and that long shiny rod goes down and hooks on to the jig-a-maree ; the man down below stirs 'em up with a long poker ; they all shove round, and the thing goes ahead, of course !" an explanation most persons would think comprehensive enough.

The weather is fair, and for the first day or two there is no particular event worth recording. Some few who are going to sea for the first time have rather a hard time of it, the effects of seasickness ; while others look sad, and evidently suffer from homesickness. Both affections, in the majority of cases, are soon effaced in the thousand-and-one matters of routine that turn up ; in making the acquaintance of new shipmates, and settling down to fresh associations. The Bay of Biscay, once so much dreaded, is passed, and found to be comparatively tranquil, and at the end of a week or so we cast anchor before Madeira.

The first view of this island always kindles the enthusiasm of youth, and even old voyagers sing its praises. It rises somewhat precipitously from the sea to a height in the background of five or six thousand feet. Our own first acquaintance with it is still green in our memory, and will probably continue among our most lasting impressions. A sunny cloudless sky overhead, and the

waters of the bay of a beautiful blue tint, across which flitted gaily-painted boats with their bushy-browed owners, and with white awnings invitingly spread. The residence of our childhood lies low, and we had become accustomed to the relative prominence of floating objects that intervened to obstruct the view of it. We had never before gazed upon a prospect with lofty hills rising abruptly as a background, so we could not realise that the various boats at the foot of the cliffs before us were veritable boats engaged in the every-day duties of life. No, these were so dwarfed by their surroundings that we would fain have persuaded ourselves they were but the toys of holiday parties of juveniles from the nursery! The whole scene, especially the mountains receding in the distant haze, recalled so vividly the incidents of Spanish legend, that we half-expected to see a muleteer and his train thrown well backwards upon their haunches, descending the windings of the hills. But one's imagination was not allowed thus to wander, for our abstraction was rudely dispelled by the cries of a group of tawny, amphibious gamins who suddenly appeared upon the scene. These had possessed themselves somehow of a wretched skiff, wherein they were crouching naked, and soliciting a coin as every fresh face peered forth from a port-hole. When, in response to their chatter, one was thrown into the water, they would allow it to descend a considerable distance, and you might observe it sinking, the countenance of Her Most Gracious Majesty becoming blurred, distorted, and magnified into saucer-like size; when, presto! over the boat's side would dive an urchin, make a clutch at the coin, and reappear presently holding it up, with a request for a further supply of the precious metal.

The lower slopes of the mountains are covered with the vines from which the famous Madeira is pressed; they are trained upon trellis frames of varying height, running sometimes overhead across ravines and roads. It had previously been our experience to be privileged now and then with an invite to the table of an officer who had carried a cask of the wine round the world with him, whereby it had greatly improved and mellowed. Towards the tops of the mountains the vines give place to groves of pine and chestnut trees.

Madeira has of late years become a resort for wealthy invalids and those whose means allow them to travel, its speciality being the equable climate, there being remarkably little variation all the year round; hence it is eminently adapted to consumptive patients and others, who make the place their head-quarters; the sojourn

here being varied by occasional yachting excursions in the Mediterranean.

It has, indeed, a charming climate, and everything appears so sunny and verdant, so clear and balmy, that you can only think of your native land with a shiver! So far as our observation goes, we cannot help thinking that the Englishman carries his love of country, the sentiment of "Home, Sweet Home," too far; thousands upon thousands of those who, at home, can barely keep body and soul together, who are pressed down by poverty and disease, and crowded out by an ever-increasing population, would vastly improve their physical energies and social position in more favourable climes, such as New Zealand, some parts of America, and the Isles of the Pacific.

But returning, Madeira is a Portuguese island; Funchal, the capital, lies at the base of the hills at the water's edge, and does not much commend itself, save when distance lends enchantment to the view, being composed of an assemblage of inferior houses, that are made to appear rather pretty by being white-washed, or washed in other colours, and provided with balconies and trellis-work; but at the back of the town, well up the hills, dotted here and there upon the luxuriant slopes of the mountains, and embowered in greenery, appear the most gay and picturesque villas imaginable, called quintas, the residences of the rich and infirm. The streets are narrow and dirty, and paved with smooth, round pebbles, over which we slipped and sprawled in very undignified fashion, wondering all the while how others managed so easily, until we noticed they were clad in goat-skin slippers. Owing to the mountainous nature of the place there are no carriages here, and but few horses; but for all that well-to-do people do not walk. You may take your choice of conveyance. At the corners of the principal streets are palanquins, as they are termed, something like the sedan chair of our great-grandfathers' time, save that these are very tastefully draped with silken hangings and fringe. These are borne upon men's shoulders by means of poles; if less privacy be desired, or the weather be very warm, as it often is in the middle of summer, you may recline in a grass hammock carried in the same fashion; or, again, the palanquin is sometimes converted into a sledge drawn by bullocks.

Strangers to the island are generally taken by guides to a convent or nunnery, situated high up the hills, among the clouds and mist which well-nigh wet you through. Upon payment of a small sum you are admitted and conducted over the establishment, and





TRAVELLING IN MALPURA.

we well remember how the charm of our youthful romance died out at sight of one of the nuns, not with pale, pensive, *spiritual* countenance, as we had depicted in our imagination, but a rather coarse, matter-of-fact sort of woman, habited in her nun's dress and hood, holding converse with her relatives through iron bars. Similar establishments are common in Roman Catholic countries; something much like them are not unknown in England among the ritualistic clergy; but they are founded upon false religious sentiments, and their organization and internal management will not always bear strict investigation.

Upon emerging from the convent you are confronted by men anxious for your patronage, who wish to convey you down the hill, over the slippery pebbles, in a sledge! The mention of such a vehicle is sufficient to excite surprise, being usually associated with arctic snows, so we do not regard the contrivance with favour; the persistent appeals to take a sledge are declined with thanks, and we start off on our own account. We do not get many yards off, however, before our footsteps begin to slip; second thoughts are proverbially best, and, besides, we were fortified with the Scriptural injunction not to trust to our own understanding, which we here took to mean legs; so we made the sledge-men happy and ourselves comfortable by getting into their carriage, when we found it well adapted to our circumstances. It is a sort of flat-bottomed boat, with broad runners, and the declivity of the hills is such that, if left to itself, so great a velocity would be acquired as would lead to destruction; so that it becomes necessary for one or two men to regulate its progress by holding it back as they run with it at full speed. No brake is required by our Jehus as they slacken speed when nearing a wine-shop, and finally come to a dead stop at its open door. We certainly enjoyed the novelty of this boat-race, if we may so term it, but it was more than once tempered with the fear that we should fly to pieces like the American humorist's "one-hoss shay"!

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way;
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it . . .

.
Went to pieces all at once—

All at once, and nothing first—
Just like bubbles do when they burst.

The terminus is reached when you arrive at the bottom of the hills, and, after the usual wrangle with our charioteers over the



BULLOCK-CART IN MADEIRA.

Comp. Alas 7400.

mander-in-Chief was out of the ship, and a sharp look-out was ordered to be kept for his return; in our ignorance, and when the brilliant idea of deliverance from impending danger seized us, we had used the very word or countersign which captains and flag officers alone have the right to answer. Hence the mistake.

If one lies at the anchorage for a day or two, in all probability a steamer of one of the various companies will arrive from the coast, and we eagerly scan her for some indication of the land whither we are bound. We gaze upon numerous easy chairs, and the charming negligence of her poop—at least, we think it charming in comparison with the disagreeable stiffness and routine of our own prim quarter-deck—at the bunches of bananas hanging in her rigging, and at the frolics of several monkeys in evading the attentions of the foremast hands. But there is a reverse side to this pleasant picture, in the emaciated forms of those who recline in some of the chairs; they are invalids from the coast cruisers; and as we learn how some who embarked with them have succumbed to virulent fever and been consigned to the deep, we are for the moment saddened; but presently we go below, reach down the Navy List, and forecast the probability of our present appointment being affected thereby.

Though we should, now, love to linger in fancy upon this beautiful island, and should have been content at the time to make a stay there, yet it was not to be; so, with many regrets, we again said good-bye. After the lapse of a few hours from our departure we were fortunate enough to sail into the first soft breezes of the trade wind, and, as this increased, we were soon sailing merrily over an azure sea, enlivened by the gambols of the flying-fish and dolphin, under the most delightful circumstances in which a sailor at sea can be placed. With a continuance of this agreeable weather which, were it not tempered by the breeze, would now be hot, another fortnight brings us near the northern limits of our destination.

Sierra Leone is usually the first acquaintance that is made with Africa by our men-of-war. About a hundred years ago it was colonized by negroes, who were at that time set free by their owners in England; it is a place of no small importance, for it can boast of an English bishop, and is, moreover, a strong centre of Wesleyan Methodism. The climate, however, is unhealthy, so much so, that the place is often designated the "white man's grave," but the confinement of the ship proved so irksome that, not only here, but upon all occasions, we were glad to obtain a

services, should be prized as jewels (black diamonds) by the senior lieutenants of small vessels. It may happen that, occasionally, they do meet with an appreciative officer; but, generally speaking, Jack does not look upon him as a man and brother. They live together apart from the crew, in some part of the ship given up to them, for the cleanliness and good order of which the head Krooman is responsible. This latter is a personage of no mean importance in a large ship, and he exercises his authority over the darkey community with a pretty high hand; all minor cases of laziness and impropriety are inquired into by him. They have no hammocks, but lie down upon the deck at night; in all other respects they are upon the same footing as the crew. Sierra Leone is their head-quarters; they are selected from volunteers who have previously been engaged upon board ship, and who swarm around every new arrival as soon as she drops anchor. Among them we meet such names as Tom Coconut, Jack Ropeyarn, Snowball, and King George. The regal title is much affected by them; hence it may happen that two of the same royal family may be entered upon the same ship's books, when, to prevent confusion, one is given a distinguishing number, being called, not King George the Second, as you might suppose, but King George, No. 2! However, in the duties assigned them they cannot afford to stand upon their dignity, so King George is frequently to be seen very contentedly and energetically engaged upon the most disagreeable and dirty work imaginable, which plain John Brown, a seaman of the fore-top, would have gone about very sulkily. Hence, we presume, the expression, "working like a nigger." This means, according to our experience, that at special times, as at coaling or provisioning ship, he often works from early morning until late at night, trudging to and fro, from a shed upon the sandy beach under a tropical sun to a boat, wading out to the latter with a bag of coals upon his head, and occasionally solacing his fatigue with a dreary sing-song in the Kroo tongue. Kroomen are very apprehensive of physical pain and punishment; in some cases of social revolt and disturbance a mock court-martial is held, when the head Krooman perhaps forms a conclusion that the offender would be all the better for so many applications of a rope's-end to that part of the body upon which he is wont to sit. He is accordingly bound to the breech of a gun by his sable companions; he is almost pale with fear, his roarings are loud and frequent, his white eyeballs glare round to note when the next lash will descend, and it is a matter of anxiety to observe the violent writhings of



Living. Montagu -

HULKS IN RIVER BONT.

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tion to the heathen; nay, to our mind, there are some few senses in which the trader may be regarded as having a fairer field and fuller advantage.

At one part of the coast, about the Bight of Benin, are situated the oil rivers, specially so called from the large quantity of palm oil that is shipped from the trading-houses along their banks. Here it is very unhealthy. At Bonny the traders do not live ashore, but on board hulks, very old-fashioned tubs, like one thinks Noah's Ark must have been! These are moored in the river, and covered in as a protection against the sun and rain. We cannot help coming to the conclusion that, with spare time upon their hands through the absence of companionship, residents here allow their minds to dwell too much upon the question of their health; they thus gradually become valetudinarians, and dose themselves overmuch with quinine, &c. At our first coaling the young clerks who attended at the beach for the contractor, informed us it was most likely we should have fever after it, and they incidentally referred to having fever two or three times a day! In this case they were wrong; and though it fell to us to be engaged ashore upon every subsequent occasion of the like nature we came out scathless.

But our object is to consider the ships. Well, see, there is one upon the horizon some three miles off. She is there, at anchor so far away, because if nearer there would be greater risk of sickness from the poisonous vapours arising from the decomposition of vegetable matter, consisting mainly of the countless millions of roots of the mangrove tree, which by the action of the tides lie rotting in the sun.

If you look more closely, you will see the ship is rolling a great deal. Ah! yes; and this is one of our greatest discomforts. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" is all very well as a poetic effusion, but with sadness does our memory recall associations that cluster around its melody. Now, in its application, we often find it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and when, under the most favourable circumstances, that is in a hammock, you lay your head down in peace to sleep, the chances are that an extra roll will presently whisk you up under the beams of the deck, and keep you there while you might count five, and the return roll will only furnish you with an opportunity of making ten; while should your brother officer, by the circumstance of his superior rank or what not, be the fortunate possessor of a cabin with a fixed bed, he will be made fully sensible of the disadvantages of *noblesse oblige*, for the unusual roll which forced you up under the

into his charger's flanks, and the agonized steed dashes to the front, so is the response of these swarthy rowers. Raising their voices to a pitch of shrillness to animate each other, accompanied by frantic though regular swaying of their bodies, they plunge their paddles deep into the sea, and we are among the breakers. It surges and hisses around us on every hand, and threatens to engulf us; no chance now of retreating; no time for reflection; the least hesitation might cost us our lives. Our crew well know this, and there is no need to urge them on; they continue their violent "digging out," and presently we touch the sand. At that very instant the stranger is seized by one of the naked crowd and hurried up the beach; the rowers, all but exhausted, leap out, flinging their paddles high over our heads, and, seizing the canoe, rush helter-skelter past us out of reach of the seething waves.

These worthy darkies consider themselves specially bound to look after the white passenger entrusted to their care. There is, indeed, in this respect, quite an *esprit* among them, under the enthusiasm of which many a gallant rescue of a white brother is to be placed to their credit. But this does not prevent them urging their claim to a special "dash," which they sometimes do in rude extemporized stanzas, every now and then striking the edge of the canoe sharply to add force to their appeal, and accompanied by significant hints that, if the reward be not forthcoming, there will be a wet jacket for somebody!

Being thus confined to a ship whose rolling is so continuous and excessive, with the view bounded on one side by a foam-crested beach, and on the other by a bare horizon, our readers may be enabled, in some measure, to estimate the irksome monotony of ship-life. But there are other items which go to make up a disagreeable total; it is always pretty hot, but sometimes the heat is very great, accompanied with so much moisture that you are soon enveloped in perspiration. Hence one's handkerchief is in constant demand. It is, indeed, the most indispensable article of apparel; to all others you could fain say adieu! and we have heard even our captain, who enjoyed facilities for taking it easily, lament the obligation to wear his uniform, and that he was not permitted to enjoy himself after the natural fashion of the natives!

Then, also, provisions become mouldy, the table-salt runs to water, and cockroaches begin to appear; not the insignificant insect we know by that name, but fine, fat fellows as long as your finger, that develop wings and fly at you. Cold water was a luxury we could only sigh for but never enjoy, save when we could



From Honolulu

VERY ANHORE 'IN DITY.

messing for all officers administered by the Government. Such a system might be organized by the Admiralty, and would prove beneficial in many ways; in economy of space and fittings, by the apportionment of one provision room instead of several, in providing properly-trained domestics in lieu of the untried servants who so often have to be entered, and who prove a constant vexation during the commission. Such a system would be especially beneficial to the junior officers, who would be relieved of the duty of mess catering, of which they frequently know nothing, and of keeping the wine accounts that so often lead to difficulties. On one occasion upon taking up an appointment, we found our predecessor had bequeathed us a legacy of fine hams only, and a plentiful stock of spirits, with which, poor fellow, he had made too free. But to return.

There was no bread, but biscuit instead. It goes without saying that the weevils were already in possession, and any seafaring man will easily understand that when we soaked our biscuit, it was not only to soften the hardship of our lot, but because this was found to be the best method of dislodging the insects. Preserved potatoes were given perhaps every other day. The preserved beef in tins turned out very bad, and the bilious crew, glad of the opportunity, as such always are, to have a fling at the government of the day (especially if it be a Liberal Government), never failed to indulge in many a splenetic observation thereat, which, while it did no harm to the authorities, probably still further impaired the digestion of the diners.

Upon salt-beef days, that is twice a week, the ingredients were served out for making a plum-pudding, or, as it was commonly called, "figgy duff," for no better reason than we ever could find out than this (intending no offence to west-country people), that in the west country an inferior kind of pudding is sold at 4d. per lb., while another with more plums is dearer, and that, according to the grammar prevailing around Saltash, they form the comparative and advertise the pudding, as Artemus Ward would say, thusly: "Figgy duff, 4d. per lb.; more figgier, 5d.!" In some ships it is the custom for the ship's cook to present a sample of his culinary skill to the lieutenant of the forenoon watch, that the latter may satisfy himself as to the quality of the day's dinner; and upon long cruises, with the appetite sharpened by a keen breeze, a basin of pea-soup is not to be despised.

But the chief interest of the dinner centres around the grog-tub. An hour before noon a certain quantity of rum, which fluctuates

had to put up with it, and, when this happened, they would depart and sit down to the feast with very long faces, and there would be no grace said or sung!

It may be superfluous to observe that the sailors would do their best in order to make the most of their scanty allowance. You know it is human nature for the strong to prey upon the weak, and in time it became a matter of complaint when the meat was served out that some got all the fat and others all the lean! To obviate this a committee of seamen adopted a plan which, apparently, answered its end very well. At dinner-time the pieces of meat, weighing about four pounds each, were turned out into a large tub. With his back to the tub, and perhaps with his eyes shut—though we would not kiss the book in confirmation—stood a seaman provided with a large fork; holding this behind him he would make a prod, and the piece of meat the fork stuck into was for No. 1 mess, and so on for the rest. This rough-and-ready plan, you see, was quite a lottery after all, and one would go away grinning with a nice streaky piece of pork at the expense of others; but, inasmuch as it did away with deliberate unfairness, the men seemed quite satisfied whether they drew prize or blank.

Occasionally a place was visited where you were able to purchase oxen, such as they are, being only the size of large calves; but then they cost only about £2 apiece. Incredible as it may appear, we have now in our mind's-eye the carcass of one which, when dressed and ready to be cut up, turned the scales at—what do you think?—48 lbs! Here also may be had fowls in any number, and, seeing they average only 3½d. each, very cheap; they are all skin, bone, and feathers though, so that to get a meal it is necessary to buy them by the dozen. Their lank, scarecrow appearance has invested them with another name, for in the natural history of the sailors they were known as runners—"Jelluh coffee-runners!" Capital turkeys could be had for six shillings, and pine-apples were plentiful. This was the land of Goshen to us, and all sojourners upon the West Coast will be glad to make a halt at this place, Sierra Leone or Kabenda, for supplies, as a spare diet is the normal state of things on the station. The last-named place is a village of the best constructed huts upon the coast, for they possess the special feature of having distinct apartments screened off by neat grass-work.

All alcoholic drinks are obtained at the factory, where large quantities of Hollands are sold to the natives, or exchanged for native produce. An empty square-faced bottle is frequently

lighted upon, and in very unlikely places, just as Bass's is elsewhere; a fact cynically put forward as evidence of the civilizing effects of the English. Once at Fernando Po, while strolling through a plantation, we came across a darkey tapping a palm for what is called palm-wine, which he obtained in something like the following manner: he carried with him a stout strap of sufficient length to encircle the tree as well as himself; sitting in the strap he would, by means of his hands and toes, jerk himself and strap up the tall smooth tree a foot or so at the time, until he obtained a very exalted position near the tender sproutings of the palm fronds, when he would make a hole in the tree, insert therein a piece of cane, and allow the white juicy exudation to trickle into a cocoa-nut cup.

The natives are veritable sons of Abraham to deal with as they barter alongside the ship, and, after a vast amount of bargaining, one is lucky should he get what our tradesmen, at their so-called annual sales, occurring every six months or less, call "good value" for his money. All along the coast, of course, they have numerous dialects; but the natives acquire some prominent English words to figure in a sentence (and some you do not need to be told are very prominent, *e.g.* those whose initial is the great big D), so they are pretty easily understood. Indeed, we have heard of one who became so great a master in this respect, so capital a linguist, that it was his proud boast he could speak thirty languages, besides monkey-quack!

During the daytime the ordinary duties of the ship are carried on. How frequently is the question heard, "Why, whatever can they find to do on board ship?"

Well, not to give a particular detail of each and everything done, for this would require a volume, we answer in general that these duties are analogous to those of a household—cleaning, repairing, altering, providing for the morrow. But you are not disposed, perhaps, to accept a vague reply; so, if you insist upon evidence, let us look around the deck about eleven in the forenoon, and you are surprised to find a miniature dockyard. There is the carpenter superintending the handiwork of his craftsmen as they endeavour to carry out an intricate, ornamental, not to say æsthetic, piece of design, suggested by the captain as a substitute for some sound, but not very graceful, dockyard fitting. The cleverest artisans are engaged upon this, which is outside the usual common repairs from wear and tear. Then the second in command about this time has turned his attention to the rig of the ship's boats; he is parti-

cularly gracious to the boatswain just now, for he wishes to secure that officer's hearty co-operation in his own efforts to obtain a new set of sails he is determined to have somehow for his own smart little gig, yclept "ikey," but to possess which it will be necessary to dip into the boatswain's surplus stock of canvas. Hence he has invited the old sailor over to where they are lining out a new set of the leg-of-mutton shape, and readily agrees with the latter's suggestions. The clanking of hammers goes on, for the steam-launch boiler is under repair; the ship's forge is in full blaze, with the blacksmith at it hammer and tongs; the cooper knocks off the last hoop from a cask so deftly that the staves fall to pieces like a pack of cards; one party are hoisting up ashes from the fiery furnaces of the stokehole; at the same time the cooks of the day combine to haul up provisions and the cask of rum, that the steward may draw off the day's portion; while at any minute the officer of the watch, who has charge of the navigation of the vessel, may require the hands to clap on at the principal ropes. These are a few of the details that go to make up what has to be done on board every ship at ordinary seasons; and they are apt to be very frequently augmented by special duties, and accidents from stress of weather, &c. At eleven o'clock, so longingly anticipated by the majority of the officers, who then take their morning dram of rum, called a "six-beller," there is a parade of the defaulters, who, being ranged in line upon a seam of the quarter-deck, are said to be "planked," or made to toe-pitch, for a legion of small transgressions against good order and discipline. Here, for example, is a foretop-man who changed his sleeping berth, and who could not, or would not, be found when his watch was called at midnight. Another, a stout-looking fellow, has taken his own share of provisions and that of one of his messmates! One of the officers' cooks is charged with spoiling the soup by capsizing the pepper-box into it, an alleged accident, which happens so frequently, however, that his masters mean to have their revenge this time. These are samples of the charges of omission or commission which are duly registered against each in the Defaulters' Book, and thus their naval history stands recorded in this Book of Remembrance.

Various punishments are meted out to the offenders; that most keenly felt perhaps being a stoppage of grog.

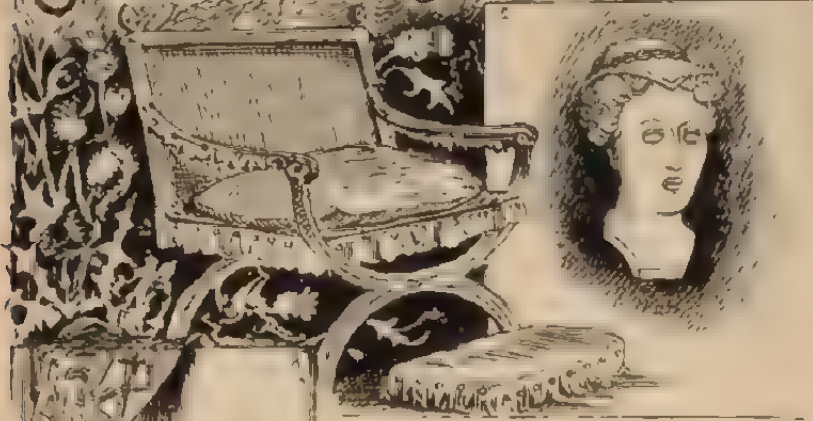
Towards the evening, which, in tropical climes, is the most enjoyable portion of the day, these duties are given up; the air grows cooler, and it is considered proper to change the light dress worn during the day for serge or flannel, and the men assemble to smoke

or otherwise dispose of their time. Should you form one of the complement of a large ship (on this station it would be the flag-ship), the subordinate officers not actively engaged on duty, who are enjoying the weed and going over oft-told tales, also avail themselves of the privilege of listening to the strains of a band, which, after having practised in some odd corner during the forenoon a series of jerky, inharmonious sounds, now does its best to enliven the interval during which the captain and superior officers take their dinner. A stranger might be inclined to attach so much importance to this privilege as to imagine that, in consequence, everyone would endeavour to secure appointments to the larger ships; but 'tis not always so. We have frequently met those who prefer the smaller vessels, mainly because in these commands there is not so rigid a system of discipline, while there seems to be a greater familiarity between the various ranks.

The captain dines alone, but both he and the ward-room officers occasionally have what are called mess-nights, when they invite perhaps a brace of youngsters from the gun-room, as also members from the engineers' mess, or possibly the warrant officers', none of whom, it is pretty shrewdly guessed, will say nay to a better feed than they will get at their own table. Personally we can vouch to having gone, on the strength of such a meal, a length of time we will characterize as indefinite, and not ask readers to believe. The invite comes by way of the mess-steward, who indicates the dress to be worn; and the fortunate guests present themselves what time dinner is announced by bugle, and, after a little formal reception, which they are glad to get through, take their seats, and (if at the captain's table) the soup is uncovered just at the precise moment that the band, receiving a hint from the steward, strikes up, "O, the roast beef of Old England."

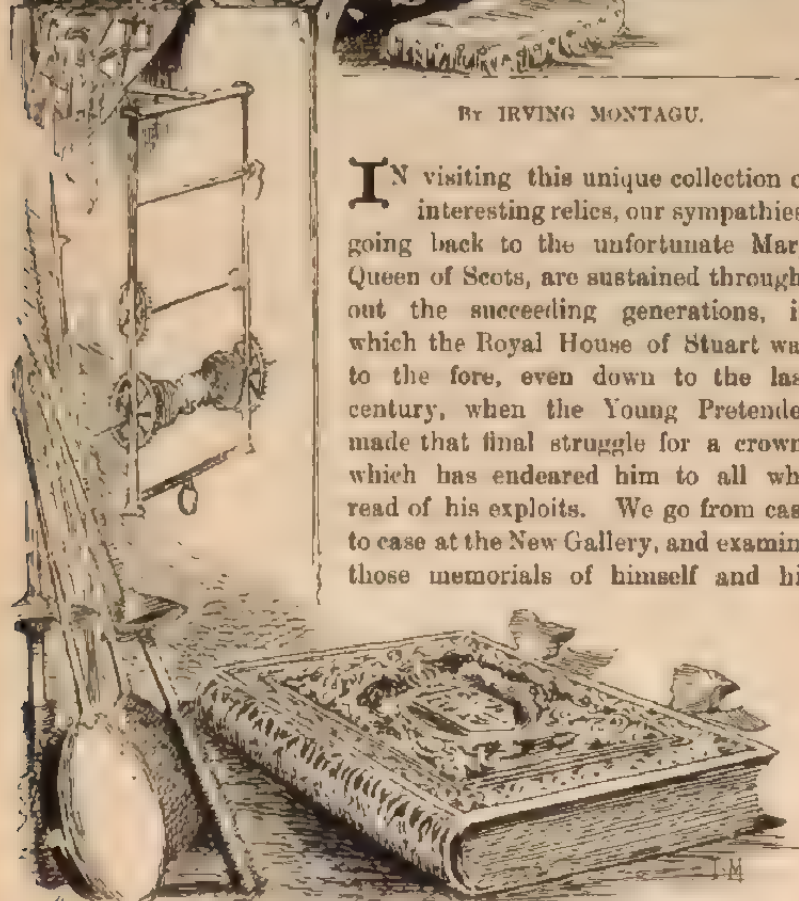
(To be continued.)

STUART COLLECTION



By IRVING MONTAGU.

IN visiting this unique collection of interesting relics, our sympathies, going back to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, are sustained throughout the succeeding generations, in which the Royal House of Stuart was to the fore, even down to the last century, when the Young Pretender made that final struggle for a crown, which has endeared him to all who read of his exploits. We go from case to case at the New Gallery, and examine those memorials of himself and his



1. STATE CHAIR USED BY CHARLES I. AT HIS TRIAL. 2. CAST OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' FACE.
3. FLINTING JACK USED BY CHARLES II. AT LONG MARSHTON.
4. CHARLES I.'S WARMING-PAN. 5. CHARLES I.'S BIBLE.

ancestors, which are as it were so many key-notes to a refrain—now blithe and gay, now sad indeed—which marks the “strange, eventful history” of the Stuart race. In our mind’s eye we are present, in 1603, at the proclamation of James I.; we trace, step by step, the many Puritanical difficulties which beset his reign, till in that of his son Charles I., they culminate at Whitehall in that unhappy monarch’s execution. You seem, while glancing over those letters of theirs, to realise their anxious, troubled lives, so vividly do they paint successive pictures of their troublous times.

Then, passing over the period of the Commonwealth with a silent shudder, as every good Stuart should (for we are by this time sufficiently identified with that royal house), we pass on to the coronation of Charles II., in whose reign the avenging angels of plague and fire seemed to descend on the corruptions of court and capital; till, through a long line of royal successions, we come down, as I have said, to him who—familiarily known over the border as Prince Charlie—took active steps to win back by force of arms the family honours.

These relics are most varied, and in the majority of cases wonderfully well preserved; so much so, that there is a sad pleasure in forgetting for the moment that one is of this 19th century, actually within a few yards of matter-of-fact, latter-day Regent Street, yet looking at the same time on the ponderous chair in which, in that kingly majesty to which his personal appearance did such justice, Charles I. was seated at that great trial—the last scene but one of the terrible drama so soon to be brought to a tragic close.

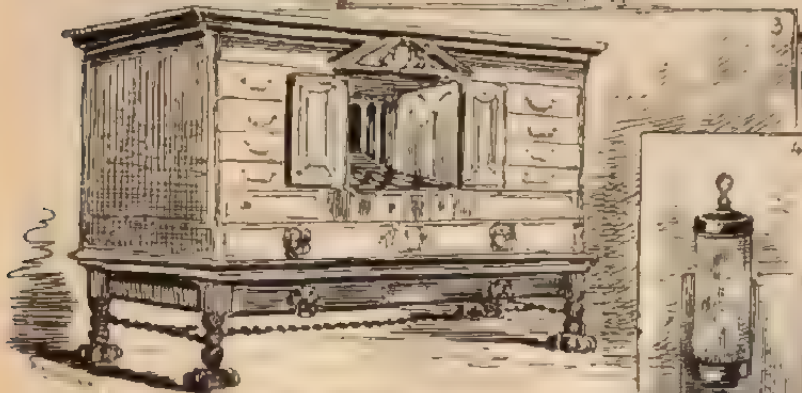
The lives of the Stuarts, from the cradle to the grave, may literally be traced here in royal relics. The carved cradle from “Lamlithgow Palace,” in which the infant Mary, afterwards Queen of Scots, enjoyed that rest which the fates in after life denied her, is here to be seen; while not far from it are the lace-bedight baby habiliments of Charles II., underclothing hardly capacious enough for a large doll, and the tiny, innocent-looking pair of pink silk shoes which at one time encased those same feet which afterwards, “booted and spurred,” urged his charger onwards at the battle of Worcester. When visiting at Long Marston disguised as a serving man, he was relegated to the kitchen, there to be inducted by the cook into the mysteries of the meat-jack, the revolutions of which were his especial care. This peculiarly interesting utensil is now to be seen in this varied collection, yet

another evidence of how princes and peasants are alike led by *Kismet* into queer relations.

Arms and armour naturally form an important portion of the display ; notably, a suit of tilting armour which belonged to Prince



Henry, the genuineness of which is curiously verified by his portrait, painted by Vandyke. Each particular buckle and rivet of the original seems in admirable pre-

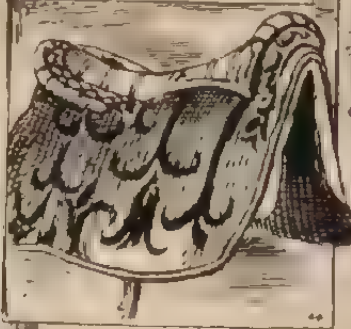
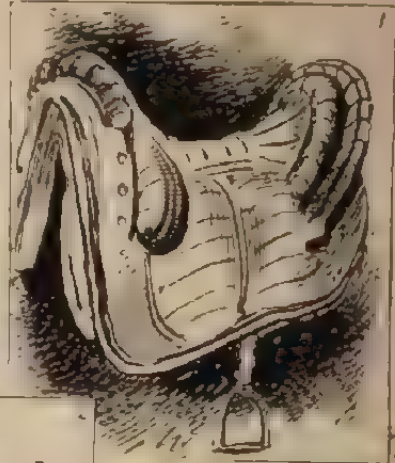


1. SWORD BELONGING TO JAMES III. AND PRINCE OF WALES'S CLAYMORE
2. SADDLE USED BY CHARLES I. AT BARNES
3. CABINET BELONGING TO CHARLES I.

servation. This is one of Her Majesty's contributions to the exhibition. Of chairs there are several, quaintly carved, and of curious construction, notably one, to which I have already made reference, and another from Scone palace. The back of this is

represented by huge lions supporting the Scottish crown, a chair far more interesting to look upon than comfortable to sit in.

Charles I.'s Bible, printed by Robert Barker, London, 1633, is well preserved, and most elaborately embossed with the Royal Arms, &c., &c., on a field of crimson, with gold and silver



thread. The interest is sustained at this point, too, by the Prayer Book which

is near it, the actual one which that monarch used on the scaffold.

Thus, from Church and State, to love and war, one finds oneself in a sort of historical vortex, for the next memento which attracts one's attention is that of the shoes of the horse on which the unfortunate Mary rode from Chartley Manor, these being so deftly designed as to conceal the footprints they

1. PRINCE CHARLES'S SADDLE.

2. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' CARVED OAKEN CHAIR.

3. CHAIR AT Scone PALACE.

4. PRINCE RUPERT'S SADDLE USED AT NASEBY.

5. SUIT OF ARMOR BELONGING TO STUARTS.

made; and again, like a ray of sunshine on a grey day, we come across a gold ring, at the sight of which one's sympathy at once wells up. It belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and on it the words "Ever yours" are engraved; it is said to have been the betrothal ring between herself and Darnley.

There are several saddles, some magnificently embroidered; one of them, used by Charles I. at Naseby, being the *facile princeps* as far as effectiveness goes. Prince Rupert's is a good second, while the Young Pretender's, belonging to an age of more sober colours, is nevertheless invested with a peculiar interest. His sword, too, a basket-hilted, broad, two-edged blade, is of most formidable appearance, the scabbard being of tooled leather, elaborately mounted with steel.

This is a passing glance at the relics of dead and gone celebrities; their spurs, the trusty blades which served them so well in war, their love tokens, each and all have an allotted space, even to the silver-mounted hunting horn used by the chief huntsman in Charles I.'s retinue, in the happy times when the pleasures of the chase were not marred by sorrows of State. That which has been said of the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne, now preserved in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, may be appropriately said of this.

Sound not the horn! Bethink thee of the day
When to the chase an Emperor led the way;
In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,
Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time.
Pause! the free winds that joyous blast have borne.
Dead is the hunter! silent be the horn.

The large collection of pictures, together with manuscripts and autographs, although one may only venture to refer to them here, help most realistically to throw the light of other days into remote corners, and to fill the place with memories which breathe again, and breathing, seem collectively to say —

Happy, lowly clown,
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

appearing (as testified by the master of the *Red Rose*), would have known what course she was on, and would have taken measures to keep clear ; but, put the case that the steamer had also heard the course indicated by the *Killochan*, it is only reasonable to suppose that there would have been no accident, with the exercise of any ordinary amount of precaution.

These observations apply, in some degree, to the disastrous collision between the *Largo-Bay* sailing-ship and the fine steamer *Glencoe*, of the well known and capitally conducted "Glen" line. Here it was that the sailing-ship remained afloat with her bows shorn away, whilst the *Glencoe* went down with all on board of her, fifty-two men and officers and the pilot. There was no third party to witness this collision, as in the former case, but from the fact that the bows of the sailing-ship were shorn away it may be assumed that the steamer struck the tough sailing-ship, stove in her own bows, and, the injury extending abaft the collision bulk-head, filled and went down.

Now had these four unfortunate ships been fitted with the Automatic Helm Indicator in general use in the Royal Navy, all might have gone well. This appliance indicates, by day by colours, and at night by lights, the position of the vessel's helm automatically. The opinion of experts in this matter as communicated to the Board of Trade is as follows :—" That it is the most efficient and practical invention ever brought before the public for the prevention of collisions at sea. Simple in its working, and not easily liable to get out of order ; and that it can be placed at the fore-stay or any other convenient place"—the mast-head if required. And they conclude : " The meeting cannot but respectfully recommend the serious consideration of the invention to the Board of Trade for general adoption by British shipping."

A feeling akin to dismay takes possession of us when we reflect that perhaps for want of two well-known and thoroughly recognised nautical appliances, viz., Automatic Fog-signals, and a Helm Indicator, such dire accidents, loss of valuable lives, destruction of ships and of property, might have been incurred.

Truly old traditions die hard.

H. BERKELEY, Captain R.N.

Military Problems.

WE submit to our readers monthly a few problems on service subjects for solution. These will be kept within the reach of those who possess ordinary professional attainments; scientific officers are therefore warned off. Solutions of these problems, with all necessary diagrams, will be published in our issue next following their first appearance.

Two prizes will be given twice a year to successful solvers, viz.: a first prize of £3, and a second of £2. A certain number of marks will be allotted to each problem, and the solvers making the greatest aggregate scores will be considered the prize-winners. The marks will be awarded by the Problem Editor, against whose final decision there will be no appeal.

Solvers may use a short *nom de plume*, but must (in confidence) send their names and addresses to the Problem Editor.

Solutions of these problems should reach the office of this Magazine not later than the 15th of each month.

Suggestions for the enlargement and improvement of this scheme, subject to the condition of the problems not being made too scientific, will be gladly received and considered.

All communications on this subject should be addressed to
THE PROBLEM EDITOR,

Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine,
13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

N.B.—The current series will conclude in April, and the prizes be awarded in May.

No. XVI.

The crest-line plan of an irregular pentagonal redoubt is required. It must fulfil the following conditions:—

1. *The capital is to point to the north.*

2. The principal faces are to be so traced as to fire over an arc of 60° , leaving no undefended sector at the capital.
3. The interior space included by the crest-line is to be as nearly as possible 1,725 square yards.

No. XVII.

A breast-work is to be constructed in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, which is to be proof against Field Artillery. A profile is required of the work with all dimensions figured. The conditions admit of earth being obtained from excavations in front and rear of the parapet.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM XIV.

The cipher agreed on with the spy was one or other of the morning prayers, so that a book of reference would be unnecessary in interpreting the message.

The word "Apostles" evidently pointed to the Apostles creed having been chosen on this occasion, and from the first twenty words therein the following message can be easily deciphered. Number of word in numerator of letter in that word in denominator of fraction :—

"13th January, 1889.

"A general advance on Chalons, on morning of fifteenth, ordered confidentially to-day."

The solution of XV. is to found in all works treating of reconnoitring duties. It has been admirably worked out both by report and sketches by the under-mentioned.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS XIV. AND XV.

NAME.	SCORES.	
	Possible Score, 50 each	
	XIV.	XV.
F. Long	—	50

At the Play.

At the GLOBE the performances of "She Stoops to Conquer" have been followed by "The School for Scandal." Miss Kate Vaughan gives a fair rendering of Lady Teazle, and, of course, has arranged the minuet, which now forms a regular part of the play, with special skill, and dances in it with special grace. Mr. Lionel Brough gives prominence to the small part of Moses, Mr. James Fernandez is somewhat out of his element in Sir Peter Teazle, and the rest of the cast calls for no special comment.

At the HAYMARKET Mr. Tree has transferred "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to the evening bill, with some necessary changes in the cast, which are none of them improvements. Mr. Lionel Brough is specially missed as the Host of the Garter, who finds a very poor representative in Mr. Blythe, and Miss Henrietta Lindley is by no means suited as Mrs. Ford. Miss Rose Leclercq, on the other hand, gives an excellent rendering of Mrs. Page, makes the most of every point in a not very telling part, and lets one see how well she deserves the epithet of "merry." Notwithstanding the undoubted cleverness of Mr. Tree's Falstaff, the representation is not one that grows on one; both unctuousness and humour are lacking. Mr. Tree is occasionally too melodramatic, and never really "hearty"; in short, one feels that one is looking at an exceedingly clever *tour-de-force*, but not much more.

The piece has the reputation of not being a good acting-play, and we must say that the present representation bears out this tradition, for the characters taken by Mr. Kemble, Mr. Righton, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Macklin, and Miss Leclercq, could hardly be in better hands, while Mr. Allan, Mr. Percival Clarke, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Mrs. Tree, follow very hard upon them, and yet there is something disjointed and unsatisfactory in the performance, and one feels the lack of a central interest. Among the opportunities which are missed are those which Mrs. Edmund Phelps loses as Mrs. Quickly, a character which, in competent hands, might greatly help on several of the scenes. There is some prettily got up scenery, notably the last act in Windsor Forest, and a beautifully painted tableau curtain of Windsor Castle and the river; but the mounting is not such as to attract play-goers by itself, and we scarcely think Mr. Tree will score this as one of his successes.

The OLYMPIC has been taken by Mr. Valentine Smith for a season of English opera, with M. Isidore de Solla as conductor, and Miss Clara Perry and Miss Emily Parkinson as *prima donnas*. "The Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," and "The Trovatore," have been produced, and the short season has already come to an end.

THE PRINCESS'S has become as entirely the established home of melodrama as the Adelphi itself, and the new play by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett is quite on the old lines. We must own to some surprise that Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake are

not tired of representing exactly the same characters in the same situations and in the same way, but we suppose the laws of demand and supply require the repetition, and certainly the applause of the audience bears out this view.

Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake are always, both of them, wrongfully suspected—that is *de rigueur*—but they take turns in being imprisoned; this time it is Mr. Barrett's turn, and the title, "The Good Old Times," refers principally to the old system at the convict settlements, which allows the convict hero to be assigned as servant to his own wife when released. Anyone who has had the advantage of seeing Miss Eastlake a dozen times or so must be aware that the act of putting on a curly white wig is not sufficient to conceal her identity, and it is rather a strain on one's credulity to find that her husband is supposed to see her repeatedly without recognizing her; but we must swallow a few of these things at the Princess's. The interest of the story is very fairly kept up, and is greatly helped by the excellent acting of Mr. Lewis Waller, as the villain, and Mr. Pateman as Spot, the native; and the scenery is often exceedingly pretty, especially the second scene in the first act, with the outside of the house, and the Cumberland lake and mountain view behind by moonlight, and the panorama which illustrates the pursuit in the canoe at the end. The effects of light in this last are most skilfully managed, but we found it impossible to fancy that the stationary boat was moving, owing to the fact that, although the background moved, the water on which the boat rested did not. This might have been easily managed, and would have added greatly to the effect.

Mr. George Barrett has a part exactly suited to him in Cold-bath Joe, and special praise must be awarded to Miss Belmore for her capital rendering of Biddy, an Irish maid-servant. Mr. Austen Melford was a good villain on the old lines, and Miss Webster made the most of her opportunities as the secondary heroine; but one of the cleverest bits of acting in the evening was that of Mr. W. A. Elliott as the cockney convict "The Fiddler," which was aided by a first-rate get-up. To ladies who are nervous about fire-arms we can scarcely recommend the piece, as there is seldom a scene in which a gun or a revolver is not at any rate on the scene; but with the frequenters of the Princess's, who are not apprehensive on this point, we make no doubt but that "The Good Old Times" will be another of Mr. Barrett's successes.

The STRAND has passed into the management of Mr. W. Duck, where "The Balloon," by Messrs. Darnley and Manville-Fenn has been produced under Mr. Charles Wyndham's direction. This is a farcical comedy of the "brisk" type, and is full of the usual complications and misunderstandings. The cast includes Mr. Alfred Maltby, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. George Giddens, and Miss Rose Saker.

Pieces already noticed and still running.

ADELPHI.—"The Silver Falls," melodrama, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. Cartright, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Shine, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Millward, Miss O. Nethersole, Miss Clara Jecks, &c.; and a farce.

AVENUE.—"Nadgy," comic opera, Mr. E. Ward, Mr. J. Tapley, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mdlla. Vanoni, Miss Annie Halford, Miss Sallie Turner, &c.; and "Quits."

COMEDY.—"Uncles and Aunts," farcical comedy, Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Warren, Mr. Draycott, Mr. W. Hawtrey, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Vane Featherston, &c.; and "Fennel."

COURT.—"Mamma," farcical comedy, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Charles Groves, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Filippi, &c.; and "Cox and Box."

CRITERION.—"Still Waters Run Deep," comedy, Mr. C. Wyndham, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. Blakeley, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Mary Moore, &c.; and "A Pretty Piece of Business."

DRURY LANE.—"The Babes in the Wood," pantomime, Mr. H. Nicholls, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. C. Lauri, Mr. H. Payne, Miss Florence Dysart, Miss Harriet Vernon, &c.

GALEITY.—"Faust up to Date," burlesque, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. G. Stone, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, &c.; and "First Mate."

GRIFFIN REED'S.—"The Bo'sun's Mate," musical comedy, Mr. Alfred Reed, Mr. E. Laris, Mr. W. Browne, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss K. Tully; and "A Day's Sport," Mr. Corney Grain.

LYCEUM.—"Macbeth," tragedy, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Wenman, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marriott, Miss Seaman, Miss Desborough, &c.

LYRIC.—"Dorothy," comic opera, Mr. B. Davies, Mr. Furneaux Cook, Mr. A. Williams, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss A. Augarde, Miss E. Chapuy, Miss Harriet Coveney, &c.; and "Warranted Burglar Proof."

OPERA COMIQUE.—"Tares," drama, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Hendrie, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss M. Collette, &c.; and "A Regular Fix," Mr. Chas. Collette, &c.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—"Paul Jones," comic opera, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. Templer Saxe, Miss Agnes Huntingdon, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Wadman, &c.; and "John Smith."

ROYALTY.—French plays, under the management of M. M. L. Mayer.

SAVOY.—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. R. Temple, Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss G. Ulmar, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss R. Brandram, &c.; and "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie."

TERRY'S.—"Sweet Lavender," comedy, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. Saint Matthews, Mr. Prince Miller, Miss Victor, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Blanche Horlock, &c.

TOOLE'S.—"The Don," farcical comedy, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. Lytton Grey, Mr. Shelton, Miss Kate Phillips, &c.; and "Deaf as a Post."

VAUDEVILLE.—"That Doctor Cupid," Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. C. Maude, Mr. Fred Thorne, Mr. F. Gullmore, Miss Winnifred Emery, Miss F. Robertson, Miss Dolores Drummond, &c.

Foreign Sequige Magazines.

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES.

THE MILITARY MAGAZINE (*Voyenni Sbornik*). (St. Petersburg.)
February, 1889.

The Origin of Standing Armies, and the Condition of the Art of War in the time of Lewis XIV. and Peter the Great, by General Puzyrevski—Sore Backs in Cavalry Horses—Infantry Intrenching Tools—On the Lubrication of Fire-arms—Abyssinia, I.: A Physical and Historical Sketch.

THE ENGINEER JOURNAL. (St. Petersburg.) December, 1888.

Investigation into the Newest Resources for the Attack and Defence of Land Fortresses (with sketch)—The Construction of the Principal Tunnel on the Suram Line (Caucasus) (with sketch).

REVISTA ARMATEI. (Bucharest.) Edward Weigand. December, 1888, and January, 1889.

Voyage of the Training-ship *Mircea*—The Russian Troops in the Field—On the Revolution in Infantry Tactics.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE - ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER.
(Paris: 37, Rue Bellechasse.) January and February, 1889.

The Regulations for Infantry Manœuvres—Naval Architecture—Russian Manœuvres with Ball Cartridge—The Military Application of Instantaneous Photography—Mitrailleuses and Quick-Firing Guns—A Military Reconnaissance of Vauban, described by Himself—The Dardanelles—The French Railway Troops—The Austrian Danubian Flotilla—The Lancer Question.

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES, REVUE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE.
(Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.)
January, 1889.

Commissariat Tactics in the Field, by General Lewal—Saint-Cyr and Saumur—The Action of Cavalry against Infantry (*concluded*)—The Delimitation of the Chinese Frontiers (*continued*)—Notes on the Reorganization of the Army (*continued*)—The Organization and Command of Troops (*continued*)—The Artillery Horse (*continued*)—Patrols in Germany.

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire; Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) January, 1889.

General Broysere (1772-1818) (with a portrait)—The Cavalry and Three Years' Service (*concluded*)—Notes on Service in the Field (from the German) (*continued*)—French Horsemanship (*concluded*).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. Le Yacht. (Paris: 50, Rue Saint Lazare.) January 19th and 26th, February 2nd and 9th, 1889.

Studies on Vessels of War—The French Navy—The U.S. Navy—The Solomiac Torpedo Netting.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th January, 1889.

The Japanese Corps d'Officiers: Their Material and Moral Position—The Italian Estimates—The Composition and War Effectives of the Austro-Hungarian Army—Civil Employment of Non-Commissioned Officers in Italy—The Organization of the Portuguese Reserves.

JAHRBUCHER FÜR DIE DEUTSCHE ARMEE UND MARINE. (Berlin: R. Wilhelmi.) February, 1889.

The Rhine Campaign of 1798—The Manœuvres of Large Bodies of Cavalry—The Training of Field Artillery—The Value of Indirect Fire—The Unification of the Swiss Army—Coast Defence.

MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM GEBIETE DES SEEWESENS. (Pola: Druck und Commissionsverlag von Carl Gerold's Sohn in Wien.) No. XII. 1888.

Naval Officers of Consuls—The German Naval Estimates 1889-90—The Rule of the Road at Sea—The Italian Armoured *Re Umberto*—Submarine Boats—Schichan's Torpedo-boats with Triple Expansion Engines.

MITTHEILUNGEN ÜBERER GEGENSTÄNDE DES ARTILLERIE UND GENIEWESENS. (Wien: Druck und Commissionsverlag von R. von Waldheim.) No. I. 1889.

8-mm. Small Arms in Austria: Their Development and Ballistic Qualities—The Monier System of Cement and Iron Construction—The New Italian Repeating Rifle—Changes in the *Matériel* and Equipment of the German Field Artillery—Krupp's Trials with New Varieties of Powder.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Roma: Tipografia del Senato.) January and February, 1889.

The Port of Marseilles—Naval Construction in 1888—Montoria Steel Guns—Torpedo Tactics in Offensive and Defensive Warfare—Naval Warfare in the Future—Explosive Gases in Incandescent Lamps—Torpedo-boat Defence in Spain.

RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Roma : Via Astalli, 15.)
December, 1888, and January, 1889.

December, 1888.—The Application of Ballistic Tables—The Italian Field Artillery (*concluded*)—The Italian Coast Artillery—The Cartridges of the New Italian Repeating Rifle—Photography of Artillery Projectiles—The Preparatory Works in the Construction of the Meuse Fortifications—The Use of Quick-Firing Guns—The Reorganization of the Field Artillery in Germany. January, 1889.—Repeating Firearms—The Engineer Arm—Trials with Quick-Firing Guns at Thun—The Determination of Gas Pressures in an 8-mm. Rifle—The French Field Artillery—Trials at Antwerp with Electric Light Projectors.

THE UNITED SERVICE. A Monthly Review of Military and Naval Affairs. (Philadelphia : L. R. Hamersly & Co.) February, 1889.

The Physical Training of the Soldier—Farragut and His Services during the Rebellion—Battle Tactics—The Organization of the Loyal Legion—The Recruiting Service in the U.S. Army.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE REVIEW. (New Jersey : Barnegat Park.)
December, 1888, and January, 1889.

December, 1888.—*Matériel* for Field Artillery for the U.S. Army—Extracts from the Report of the Chief of the (U.S.) Ordnance—Berdan's Torpedo. January, 1889.—Torpedo Warfare—A Mosquito Flotilla.

EL EJERCITO ESPAÑOL—PERIODICO DEFENSOR DE LOS INTERESOS MILITARES. (Madrid : Libertad, 23.) Daily. January 15th to February 15th, 1889.

12th January.—The Guardia Civil—Chinese Notes—The Question of Non-Commissioned Officers. 13th January.—The Spanish Infantry. 24th January.—Reform in Russia—Officers of Reserve. 1st February.—Naval Questions.

Notes.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was received at the *Académie Française* on the 24th ult., as successor to the late Baron de Viel-Castel. The gallant and popular admiral is the second seaman who has received the much coveted honour of election to a seat amongst the forty "Immortels." In 1715, Vice-Admiral D'Estrées was chosen to fill the eighth *fauteuil*, rendered vacant by the death of his uncle, Cardinal D'Estrées. On taking his seat, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière followed the time-honoured custom of the *Académie*, and made a long speech in eulogy of his predecessor.

M. de Mazade, director of the *Académie Française*, replied in an eloquent oration, which fills six columns of *Le Temps*; but we must of necessity confine our notice of this lengthy, but interesting, harangue to a very brief *précis* of M. de Mazade's sketch of the services of the distinguished seaman and brilliant writer whom he was addressing.

The future Admiral and Academician began his naval career as an *aspirant* on board the *Aurore*, a frigate. This was in the reign of Louis XVIII. Since then M. de la Gravière has faithfully served his country under Charles X., Louis Philippe, the second Republic, the second Empire, and now under the third Republic; the gallant old sailor, at the age of seventy-seven, is still on the active list, and ready and willing to go anywhere and perform any duty redounding to his country's honour. As *lieutenant de vaisseau* in charge of the despatch-boat *Comète*, attached to the French squadron in the Levant; as *capitaine de frégate*, commanding the *Bayonnaise*, and cruising for nearly four years in the Eastern seas; as Admiral Bruat's chief-of-the-staff, assisting in all the operations in the Black Sea; as rear-admiral in 1859, blockading Venice; again, as rear-admiral, in 1862, performing a half-military and half-diplomatic rôle (a duty which frequently falls to the lot of naval officers) at Vera Cruz; next, as vice-admiral, from 1868 to 70, commanding the Mediterranean fleet; and then, on his

return to France (ten days before the outbreak of the Franco-German war), as naval adviser to the Imperial Government; and, once more, after the fall of the Empire, as commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet,—Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, in every grade he has filled, has proved himself an able and gallant officer, a thorough seaman, a strict disciplinarian, and a Frenchman true and loyal to France, whatever form her Government has taken. M. de la Gravière is also a man of gay and genial disposition, very popular in the navy, and a welcome guest at the best Parisian *salons*.

We have not space to enumerate his various works—the gallant Academician has written on naval matters, ancient and modern, for nearly fifty years—and, as yet, shows no sign of laying down his pen. As to the literary merit of his work, we have only to point to the fact that he has been adjudged worthy of a seat in the most illustrious, the most exclusive, and the most independent *coterie* in the republic of letters. His last two works (1888) are the lives of his old friends and patrons, Admiral Roussin and Admiral Baudin, and they give no indication of loss of brain power.

Oddly enough, when M. de la Gravière was about thirty, Admiral Lallemand, his old and revered chief, said to him: “And so you wish to write? Now, look here, to write an article you must have youth. Have I not always told you that, past twenty-five, one is but a stupid old creature?” (“*passes vingt-cinq ans, on n'est plus qu'une vieille bête.*”)

However true this may be as a general rule, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière has proved himself a marked exception to it.—T. S. G.

The subjoined extract shows that American opinion values our navy at about the same rate as we do:—

“Three British admirals testify that England’s reputed supremacy on the ocean now rests upon tradition and not upon fighting power. France possesses a more effective navy. Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds shows from official statements that of ‘really effective modern fighting ships’ the British have only seventeen, three of which are armed with obsolete muzzle-loading guns, while the French have twenty-five, and eight splendid gunboats. The comparison as to inferior vessels is of less importance, but even in these the English possess no advantage.

“The British battle-ships ‘are armoured on only a part of the length of their water line, while in the French the armour is



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LONDON: W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE. S.W.



No. 4.

APRIL 1st, 1889.

Vol. I.

Lieut.-General Lord Abinger, C.B.,

COMMANDING WEST LONDON BRIGADE OF INFANTRY
VOLUNTEERS.



It has occurred to us that it would be both useful and interesting to Volunteers, residing in the Metropolis and elsewhere, to make acquaintance with the portraits of the Generals of Brigade under whom they may be called upon to serve in peace or war. We have therefore commenced the series with a portrait of Lord Abinger, who commands the West London Brigade. The Lieutenant-General served in the Crimea in 1854-5, and was present at the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava; also at the sortie from Sevastopol on the 26th October. In the following month he was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir James Yorke Scarlett, in which capacity he served till May 1855. For these services he was awarded a brevet majority, a medal with four clasps, the 5th class of the Medjidie and the Turkish war medal.

THE ILLUSTRATED
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equalled only by Turenne and Napoleon in one of the most searching trials of a leader in war, the operating against divided enemies superior in force should they once unite. Stonewall Jackson was one of the ablest lieutenants who have served under a great commander; it is doubtful, indeed, if he is not entitled to the chief merit in the fine movements which defeated McClellan in 1862; and Chancellorsville, that marvellous triumph of the South, was in the main due to his insight and genius. Grant was scarcely a captain of the first order; but he had two of the best gifts of a real general: he was not inferior to William III. and Frederick in constancy, in firmness, in unflinching energy, and he knew how to select subordinates and to give free scope to their independent faculties, a quality often wanting in directors of war. We do not undervalue Sherman, though his celebrated march has been extravagantly praised; but Sheridan, in our judgment, was the most brilliant among the eminent soldiers of the North, and was, on the whole, its most distinguished warrior. He never commanded large armies, indeed; and there is no evidence that he could have directed great operations to a successful issue, or that, like Lee, he could have won victories repeatedly against enormous odds. But he had many of the parts of a master of war: he possessed, in the very highest degree, the secret of inspiring troops with confidence; he has scarcely been surpassed as a leader in the field; his stubbornness, his *coup d'œil*, his insight, his readiness in the shock of battle were most conspicuous; and, more than any chief on the side of the North, he had one of Napoleon's distinctive gifts, skill in following up a defeated enemy. But for the admirable stand he made at Murfreesboro, the campaign of 1862-63 in the West would have had a very different result. The defeat of Bragg at Missionary Ridge, which opened the gates of the South to Sherman, was mainly due to a bold charge of Sheridan, and would have been a complete rout had his advice been followed; and Sheridan had not only the great distinction of overthrowing, in successive combats, the previously unconquered horsemen of the South, but was the only one of the commanders of the North who understood the true uses of cavalry. Though he was in supreme command on one occasion only, his operations in the Valley of the Shenandoah are excellent from every point of view; and, in one instance at least, he turned a reverse into victory, by the magical spell of his influence over the hearts of his men. If, too, he was only the chief lieutenant of Grant in the closing scenes of the war, it is not too much to say that the surrender of Lee and the final collapse of

that great leader's army are to be largely ascribed to Sheridan alone.

Sheridan was born in 1831, one of many sons of an Irish peasant who had tilled a farm in the county of Cavan. The name more than once has been linked with genius; but we have no means of knowing whether the future warrior was a kinsman of the author of the *School for Scandal*, or of his illustrious descendant, the present Lord Dufferin. The family emigrated in 1832, and found a home by the banks of the Ohio, in a region almost a wild in those days and far removed from civilized lands. The boy, like many other eminent men, owed much to the care of a devoted mother; but though he gave proof, at an early age, of readiness, intelligence, and apt cleverness, he was not distinguished among the pupils of a village pedagogue for parts or learning. He tells us, however, that he always had an intense longing "to become a soldier"; and in this, as in other instances, nature indicated the career that led to greatness. He graduated at West Point in 1853, and probably none of his teachers or fellows ever thought that a young lad without promise would develop into an illustrious warrior. Sheridan spent some years on the frontier of Texas, engaged in the round of trivial duties which belong to an outlying garrison, and he was thence transferred to the distant wastes of California and the Pacific sea-board. The principal business of the young officer was to lead raiding parties against the savage tribes which still infested the inland forests, and to keep watch over the settlements of the whites; and he soon showed that he was quick and capable in this scarcely noble yet trying service. An accident gave him his first chance of rising. A little colony of the conquering race had been surrounded by an "Indian" horde, and seemed doomed to a miserable death; but Sheridan extricated it with such daring and skill, turning the advantages of the ground to the best account, that he was singled out for praise at head-quarters, and was specially named by the Commander-in-Chief.

At the outbreak of the great war of 1861, Sheridan was made a colonel of Volunteers, and attracted the attention of the Minister, Halleck; and for some months he was employed in the task of auditing accounts for the new Army of the West, having learned book-keeping while still in his teens, in a "store" not far from his home in Ohio. He was soon, however, placed in a more fitting sphere, and he quickly proved that he was no ordinary man. The Federal Armies in the summer of 1862 had made their

way to the verge of Missouri; and Sheridan, sent to the front with his regiment, ere long made his mark by his daring raids, and his notable skill in tracking out the enemy. On the first occasion which put him to the test, he exhibited the resource, the decision, the insight which made his subsequent career splendid. His little force, not 1,000 strong, was suddenly attacked near the town of Booneville, by a Southern detachment fourfold in numbers, and it must have been overwhelmed or captured had the Confederates had an able chief. Sheridan instantly seized the one chance of safety; he sent a small body, well screened by a wood, to fall, "like a forlorn hope," on the rear of the foe; and he charged home when his keen eye perceived that the turning movement was producing its effect. The Southern general, who had paused and doubted, lost his head, caught between two fires; his men disbanded in headlong rout; and Sheridan plucked brilliant success from peril, having boldly, yet rightly, violated the rule not to divide your force in the face of your enemy, this being his single hope of escape. "He is worth his weight in gold," was the just remark of his commander when made aware of this exploit.

A brigade was justly given to Sheridan for this remarkable passage of arms. He took no part in the brief campaign marked by the bloody contest at Shiloh; but about this time he made the acquaintance of Grant, the future leader of the North, who, from the first, seems to have appreciated his great qualities. After the fall of Corinth in the spring of 1862, the Federal forces in the west were divided, one army moving to besiege Vicksburg, another advancing on Chattanooga, Halleck, made confident through his recent success, apparently believing that the cause of the South west of the Alleghanies was utterly lost. The false strategy expressed in the phrase, *qui trop embrasse mal etreint*, has been seldom more clearly displayed; and, probably by the advice of Lee, the Confederates made a great effort to strike in between their divided enemies and to carry the war into the heart of Kentucky, a state wavering in its Federal sympathies. Two armies, under Kirby Smith and Bragg, assumed the offensive and crossed the Tennessee; and Buell, far from reaching Chattanooga, was driven back nearly to the line of the Ohio. Bragg, however, was ultimately compelled to retreat; and Rosecrans, the successor of Buell, unjustly dismissed through popular passion, advanced and slowly pursued his adversary, who fell back, fighting, behind the Columbia. Sheridan by this time had obtained a division—he had distinguished himself in an indecisive action between Buell

and Bragg near the town of Perryville—and ere long he performed a service which was one of the most important of his glorious career. Having crossed the Columbia, in the last days of the year, Rosecrans reached Murfreesboro in the heart of Tennessee, his purpose being to attack Bragg, who awaited him near the stream of the Stone, and, should he defeat the Southern chief, to advance rapidly on Chattanooga. Bragg, on his side, had resolved to attack; and he hoped, should he achieve success, to cut Rosecrans off from his base at Nashville, and to force him back, discomfited, into Kentucky. The battle that followed was one of the sternest, and not the least memorable, of the Civil War. Bragg took the initiative and, in the dawn of the last day of the year, fell in full force on the extreme right of the line of Rosecrans, the Confederates, issuing from the recesses of a wood, having taken their enemies completely by surprise. The effect of this sudden onslaught was great: two Federal divisions were swept from the field, and the Southern soldiery, flushed with their triumph, turned fiercely against the right centre of the North, which seemed involved in the common disaster. Happily for the Union, Sheridan was in command. He strikingly proved, at this critical moment, what is the power of a great chief over troops, and rallying the line that was about to yield, he threw it back and confronted his enemy. All the efforts of Bragg's lieutenant, Hardee, were wasted against the little band of warriors who fought under their heroic leader; successive detachments were sent up in vain to snatch a victory that appeared certain. Sheridan, well aware that the fate of the day depended upon his unaided struggles, maintained stubbornly his position for hours: and reinforcements having at last arrived, Hardee ultimately gave up the contest. Bragg made several attacks during the next two days, and the brunt of these fell upon Sheridan; but Rosecrans had taken a new position, the efforts of the Southern chief were spent, and the North could boast a hard-won victory gained by Sheridan after a terrible reverse. The best Federal historian of the war justly ascribes to Sheridan the whole merit; and what the encounter was may be judged from the fact that he lost more than a third of his soldiers.

Sheridan was raised to the grade of major-general for the magnificent stand he made in this battle, which saved the Federal Army of the West. The war lingered in Tennessee for months, Rosecrans being unwilling to move to the ranges which divide the state from the region of the South, until the results of the great

detachment from the Northern army, the forces of Bragg would have been destroyed. As it was, however, the honours of the day were felt to be mainly due to him; and Grant, who understood men, marked him out from this moment for high command.

In the early spring of 1864 Grant was invested with the supreme command of the forces of the now victorious North. One of his first official acts was to make Sheridan chief of the cavalry of the great army which he was about to lead through the wasted plains of Virginia against the Confederate capital. By this time the overwhelming power of the North had begun to tell decisively. The resources of the South were well-nigh spent; and its cause had really become desperate, though this was not understood in Europe. On all sides of a huge semicircle the Federal forces were in motion to invade the territory of their exhausted foe. Grant disposed of nearly a million of men, to a considerable extent well-trained soldiers, and provided with all the appliances of war; and while, as we have seen, his aim was Richmond, Sherman, issuing from Chattanooga, through the gap in the ranges that fence the true lands of the South, was soon to begin his singular march through the heart of the Confederacy to the Atlantic seaboard, in which he was scarcely to meet an enemy. Meanwhile the Federal fleets had closed to the world the entire coasts of the beleaguered South, and had stilled it, so to speak, by a stringent blockade; the Western States had been effectually cut off, and the vast waterway of the Mississippi, an avenue into the Confederate territory, was completely under the control of the North. The condition of the South was at least as hopeless as was that of France in 1814, when, after Leipsic, she confronted Europe; and there was this difference to the detriment of the South, that it had to cope with a single foe, wielding enormous power with a fixed purpose, and not with divided and jealous Allies. Yet in both instances one great man kept the balance of fortune trembling for a time; and in his last memorable defence of Virginia, Lee accomplished marvels of skill and genius that may be fitly compared with the immortal campaign of Montmirail, Montereau, and Vauchamps. Lee had been a great chief in the season of success: he had, with very inferior forces, driven McClellan routed from the verge of Richmond; he had, manœuvring finely between divided enemies, caught and overwhelmed Pope near Centreville; he had crushed Burnside, though at the head of a much larger army, at Fredericksburg; he shares with Jackson the renown of Chancellorsville, one of the most memorable battles

of the war; and though his attack at Gettysburg was a mistake, he extricated his troops with remarkable skill. But he was to be even greater in adverse fortune, when at the head of what, compared to the legions of the North, was a handful of men he, in 1864, resisted Grant and defeated him over and over again; and the true student of war will always dwell with sympathy and admiration on the last stand of the great Confederate warrior in the region of woods and rivers that covers the Virginian frontier, and on his protracted defence of Richmond.

Sheridan disposed of no less than 12,000 sabres when he received his command in the spring of 1864. Up to this moment the cavalry of the North had been of little use in the battles of the war. It had seldom been employed in the open field, and it had chiefly been used in mere outpost duties, and in covering the flanks of the Federal infantry, services ill performed in too many instances. On the other hand, the horsemen of the South had done wonders under Jackson and Stuart. Not only had they made audacious marches of the greatest value to a strategist like Lee; but they had proved invincible in many encounters, and their renown was so great that the Federal cavalry had scarcely ever ventured to cross swords with them. Sheridan, with the intuition of a real chief, perceived the true uses of the arm he directed. He resolved that his troopers should no longer be wasted as a mere secondary force; and he insisted that they should act in a mass, should meet the Southern cavalry in fair fight, and should perform their proper functions as a powerful vanguard at the head of the invading army. Meade and Grant, accustomed to the old routine, remonstrated and held Sheridan back; but Grant, a man of strong sense, at last yielded, and Sheridan was permitted to turn his squadrons to the purposes for which they were really designed. By this time Grant, attacked by Lee in the thickets and marshes of the "wilderness," where the immense superiority of force of the North was comparatively of no great importance, had suffered a succession of defeats; but, doggedly persevering, he toiled on, and, painfully making his way, he endeavoured to turn the right of his enemy and thus to advance. Sheridan, hitherto restrained by the commander-in-chief, took scarcely any part in this murderous conflict, and, indeed, his arm could scarcely act in this region; but he has asserted that had he been allowed to operate boldly on the flank of Lee, the desperate battles of Spotsylvania and others that followed need not have been fought, and the Confederate leader would have been unable to make the extraordinary stand he made

on the river lines to the north of Richmond. He was set free, however, in the second week of May, and he quickly proved that he had the resource and inspiration of a cavalry chief. Moving rapidly on the extreme right of Lee, he got to the rear of the Southern army, and having closed with Stuart, sent to arrest his progress, he brought him to bay not far from Richmond, and utterly defeated the Southern leader in a well contested and bloody action. The moral power of the Federal cavalry—all important to horsemen—was thus established; and Sheridan, scarcely meeting a foe, swept the whole country around Richmond, destroying railways, roads and canals, and thus seriously crippling Lee and striking his communications at a vital point. Although pursued and nearly hemmed in after this brilliant and successful raid, he extricated himself with boldness and skill; and having ultimately rejoined Grant, still labouring on his slow offensive, and losing thousands of men on his way—so terrible were the master-strokes of Lee—Sheridan was ere long directed to unite with Butler, moving from the James to the aid of Grant. Sheridan accomplished this task with little difficulty, and he seized the position of Cold Harbour, where Grant had resolved to fight a great battle in the hope of carrying Richmond from the North. As is well-known, however, Lee emerged victorious from this terrible conflict, though Grant was immensely superior in force; and the Federal chief, undismayed and steadfast, though reeling from his crushing defeat, crossed the James and sate down before the south of Richmond, convinced that, with his great preponderance of strength, Lee ultimately would be obliged to succumb.

While Grant was attacking the Southern capital, and stretching his lines as far as Petersburg, Sheridan and his horsemen were not inactive. They scoured the whole country south of Richmond, and continued the work of destroying the avenues which led to the beleagured city, cutting off its supplies, and almost investing it. Sheridan, in the autumn of 1864, was entrusted by Grant with a higher command, and charged with a service which brought out his talent for war in striking relief. Throughout the war the Valley of the Shenandoah had been a battle-ground of the belligerent States; it had been a rallying-point for Southern armies to push forward and menace Washington; and the passes through the Blue Ridge Hills, connected by railway lines with Richmond, gave opportunities to the Confederate chiefs to fall on the flank of any Northern force that might enter this debatable region. In the beginning of the campaign of 1864, Sigel had been directed to

descend the valley, and to co-operate with the main army of Grant; but he had been completely beaten by Breckenridge, and compelled to fall back behind the Potomac. Lee had despatched Early, one of his best lieutenants, to ascend the Valley, and to approach Washington, in order to relieve the pressure on himself, and to induce Grant to relax his hold on Richmond, and Early's movement had been so successful that he carried terror into the Northern capital. Sheridan was now sent by Grant to hold Early in check, and to drive him, if possible, out of the Valley; and his operations were brilliant in the extreme, and ultimately crowned with complete success. The opposing armies were not ill-matched, about 26,000 to 20,000; and though Sheridan had the superiority of strength, he had to observe the Blue Ridge passes, and he was in the midst of a most hostile country. Sheridan played a game of manœuvres for a time, justly apprehensive of an attack on his flank, and urged by Grant to be cautious and steady; but at last he boldly took the offensive, and moved down the Valley to await his enemy. He caught and all but destroyed Early, near Winchester, in the south of the Valley—a fine movement, by which he had hoped to reach and beat his foe in detail, having failed only through an unforeseen accident. As it was, Early fell back, defeated; and he suffered another severe reverse at Fishers Hill, to the south of Winchester, his left wing having been turned and routed by a brilliant stroke of Sheridan. The Northern army had advanced rapidly, and spread over the Valley far to the South; but Early was no ordinary man, and fortune for a moment turned against his adversary. Sheridan having gone to Washington by Lincoln's orders, his army was left without a head; and Early, seizing the occasion, fell in full force on a detached part of the Federal force. The scene that followed shows how marvellous was Sheridan's influence on the men he led. When he reached Cedar Creek, the position assailed, the battle seemed altogether lost; hundreds of his soldiers were in headlong flight, and the Southern columns were pressing forward, exulting in the assured hope of victory. The presence of Sheridan was like a stroke of magic; he led his broken troops to a point of vantage, and instantly re-forming their shattered lines, and summoning his divisions from the rear, he confronted Early and restored the combat. After a desperate struggle, a new triumph was added to the successes of the North. Early left the field completely defeated; and the result was, beyond question, due to the personal ascendancy of the Federal chief. The result of this

battle made Sheridan master of the Valley of the Shenandoah. He proceeded, at the instance of the Federal Government, to lay this debatable region waste; a harsh measure, not unlike the ruin of the Palatinate by the order of Louvois and reluctantly carried out by Turenne, but merited from the point of view of the North. Having swept Early aside in a final action, Sheridan and his army crossed the Blue Ridge passes, in the first spring of 1865, and, traversing the harried plains of Virginia, carried havoc up to the walls of Richmond. The end of the struggle was now at hand. Grant, indomitable and superior to defeat, held the avenues to the capital of the South in his grasp; Lee, though victorious in many a combat, had been unable to shake off his foe; Sherman, after his long march, was approaching; and the Confederacy was little more than a carcass to become the prey of the gathering eagles. Yet Lee and his army were still unconquered; such a chief was even yet dangerous, and Sheridan played a most important part in bringing the strife to a final issue. He rejoined Grant in the last days of March, and was surprised to learn that it was the wish of his chief that he should leave the theatre of war at Richmond, and should enter into communication with Sherman, still far off, though advancing rapidly. Sheridan most wisely protested against this division of the forces of the North at the evidently decisive point of the contest; and Grant, always willing to listen and learn, yielded to his able lieutenant's counsels. The result completely justified Sheridan, and, indeed, but for his promptness and energy, Lee might have eluded the hold of Grant, have joined Johnston in the far south, and for some time have kept up the struggle. Sheridan was placed again at the head of the cavalry, and his first move was to observe the avenues leading from Richmond to the south-west, this obviously being the way by which Lee would endeavour to make his escape. He was only just in time, and, in fact, the state of the weather was such that Grant urged him to pause before he attempted to march; but his decision prevailed, and the result was fortunate. Lee, striking out from his extreme right, repulsed a detachment of Sheridan's force at a place known as Dinwhiddie Court House; but Sheridan, gathering his squadrons together, caught and overwhelmed the Confederate troops in a bloody and decisive action at Five Forks. Richmond and Petersburg had now fallen, and Lee, in extreme peril from the results of Five Forks, tried to retreat along the lines of the roads that tend southwards across the Appomattox. Sheridan clung to his flank, and even crossed his path; and but for

the delay of Meade and his infantry, Lee would have been surrounded at Amelia Court House some days before the final surrender. The delay, however, was a respite only; as is well known, the retreating army found itself suddenly without supplies. Sheridan closed on it as it was brought to a stand; Grant came up in irresistible strength, and the war ended with the capitulation of Lee and his famished troops at Appomattox Court House. To Sheridan is unquestionably due the merit of bringing the great Confederate leader to bay.

We need not follow the career of Sheridan after the Civil War of 1861-65. He attained the highest rank in the United States army, and held commands in several of the provinces of the South, showing wisdom and clemency as became a soldier. He went to Europe in 1870; was an eye-witness of some of the most stirring passages of the tremendous conflict between France and Germany; and visited Paris after the siege. He was on the right of the Germans on the great day of Gravelotte, and he fully confirms the true view that Steinmetz nearly threw away the battle, and that, had Bazaine been a capable chief, he could have destroyed the right wing of Moltke, ruined as it was by ill-directed efforts. He beheld the terrible disaster of Sedan and the surrender of the French army in the field; but he is much too lenient, we think, to Macmahon, whose march to the Meuse against his better judgment, whose hesitations in that desperate enterprise, and whose vacillation on the 31st of August deserve the severest censure of history. The death of Sheridan was before his time; and yet, like the heroic warrior immortalized by the pen of Tacitus, he had lived long enough, for he had done his duty, and gained renown in a grand life of action. The hard and stern Puritan nature of the North may have had more sympathy with the endurance of Grant; but the judgment of his comrades pronounced Sheridan to be the most brilliant and able chief of the army; and he was mourned in the ranks with universal grief. A national funeral met to do him honour. As an eye-witness has eloquently written:—

“Under the deep foliage of the fringing trees, bare-headed, silent, reverent thousands lined the broad avenues along which he rode. All the great dignitaries of the State were in his train; all the great soldiers of the nation followed his triumphal car, that sombre flag-draped caisson. Guidons of his faithful horsemen, banners of the red artillery, crape-trimmed, bowed above the helmets of his escort, solemn strains of martial music rose and fell with mournful cadence as with muffled tread we bore him on. Up

the broad thoroughfare with its bordering ranks of sorrowing faces, white and black, over the graceful arches that span the Potomac, through the winding aisles to Arlington we followed our old commander, halting at last where the declining sunlight slanted down that beautiful green slope. At its crest, the stately portico of the old Virginian mansion, and the roadway ranked with silent troopers; at its base the fringe of the thick-leaving trees, through whose foliage came the glint of arms, and the scarlet colours of the batteries; beyond them the broad, peaceful valley, the winding sweep of the noble river; beyond them all the gleaming shaft of the distant monument, the shimmering dome of the Capitol, all bathed in August sunshine. Near at hand a silent, reverent group of uncovered heads, from whence there rises presently the chanting ritual of the Church of Rome. The solemn service is soon complete, the reverend clergy fall slowly back; the Loyal Legion sadly take their last look upon the shrouded form of their honoured chief, and then—then tears gush forth from eyes long unaccustomed, and strong men bow their heads or turn aside, as, with tender care, a soldier's daughter, a sorrowing woman, is led away from the grave of him who was her hero and her pride."

We shall add nothing to these eloquent words; Ireland, a land of famous and brilliant soldiers, can boast few more splendid military names than that of the son of the Cavan peasant, whose genius, insight, and conduct in the field largely contributed to the hard-won triumph and the preservation of the Great Republic of the West.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

now describe. One half the crew stop up one part of the night, while the others go to sleep : hence, one of the requisite qualifications to make a good sailor is the ability to lie down anywhere, like a mastiff, and go to sleep. At eight o'clock one portion, or "watch," of men are mustered under proper officers, and the care of the ship is duly given over to them until midnight ; every half hour a marine on sentry comes on deck and strikes a bell so many blows to indicate the time ; men are stationed at various parts of the ship with certain duties to perform. Some are placed at the head of the ship to peer into the darkness and to raise an alarm in case they see any danger ahead ; sometimes one is placed at the stern, ready to let go a life-buoy should anybody fall overboard. This event is also provided for every night at dusk, by having one of the boats furnished with food and water, and a crew directed to be ready at a moment's notice ; and it is usual, all through the night, when the sentry strikes the bell for these men to assemble, and for the others who are at their posts to respond "All's Well," in order to let it be seen that they are on the alert and not asleep. Now it is very likely some people may be of opinion that this ringing a bell must be a great nuisance, especially to those near it. Perhaps it is so ; assuredly, Her Majesty's Navy will not suit weak nerves. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how one gets accustomed to a thing ; we have often had the morning gun fired over our head, while asleep, and have not known anything about it. Still, one is now and then afforded a curious illustration in proof of the disturbing nature of this practice ; for it has sometimes happened, when we have been near a body of sleepers during the night, and the bell has sounded, that suddenly we have been startled to hear from one of the snorers "All's Well," in more subdued tones, but otherwise, just as if he were on duty.

Twelve o'clock, midnight, comes round, and all is commotion ; for now, fair or foul weather, those men who are in their hammocks are awakened by the sounds of a shrill whistle, and ordered, in hoarse, discordant, and what to them must prove very disagreeable tones, to "Rouse out." Scant time is afforded them to prepare an elaborate toilet, even if they should be in the humour to do so, which we are bound to say they are not. In five minutes sharp, by the light of a lantern their names are called over, and one by one they pass under the eye of the inspecting officer. Should there be any skulkers they are looked up, and pay the penalty by standing on deck in the wind. The care of the ship is turned over to the new comers, and the men who have been on deck until

boatswain's mate blows a peculiarly shrill whistle; whereupon the morning watch, who have flung themselves down in odd corners, drag themselves sleepily to their respective vocations. The main portion of the seamen turn up their trousers high up the leg (hence the reason why the orthodox pattern are so very wide at the bottom), go down in rows upon their knees, making up a very good congregation, and each, furnished with a scrubbing brush, performs his morning's devotions well and truly upon the ship's deck, as he gradually advances along it; the petty officers, meanwhile attending them, and dealing out homœopathic doses of sand, which they scatter broadcast over the deck planks. During this stage a little water suffices, supplied by an occasional turn of the pumps, which are worked by the "idlers" so-called, a term we ever regarded as a misnomer, for it comprehends all the artificers, the blacksmith, cooper, armourer, tinsmith, and carpenters, &c., who in the old war-time days may have been lightly esteemed; now, however, in the complexity of mechanical appliance presented by our ironclads, the artificers are, surely, anything but drones of the hive.

Idlers we have represented them for the moment, as they loll at the pump-handles; they are not, however, long allowed to remain so, for the sailors having traversed the deck with holystones and brushes the time has come round to wash down. "Heave round" is the order, and accordingly the dry idlers grind away for a good spell, which is partly relieved of its monotony by the execrations of those in their hammocks overhead who, in the motions of the pump-handles, are every now and then bumped and disturbed in their fitful slumbers. The fore and main-top housemaids having washed down the deck, next proceed to dry up the same with swabs. What is that? Well, if we were asked to define a swab we should answer: A bundle of ropeyarns frayed out. It is used also by sailors as a term of contumely, probably on account of the base uses to which it is applied. Its etymology, however, need not much concern us, for it is being superseded by a modern tool, the squeegee. After the deck is thus dried up, the ropes, which have been hung up in the rigging out of the way, are artistically coiled down and all hammocks have to be stowed. It requires a little practice before one is able to present a hammock fit for stowage; a lashing is drawn tightly round it about every foot of its length, and by means of kneading, punching, and otherwise treating it, you finally mould it into the shape of a huge German sausage, and it is allowed to pass muster. It is now

breakfast time, and the boatswain's mate pipes what is this time welcome intelligence, for there has been no meal since the previous evening, and early rising and sea air are good appetisers. During breakfast time (the meal consists of a basin of cocoa and a handful of biscuit) the men wash themselves. Water, that is fresh water, is scarce. Each man has a certain allowance, all to himself, if he prefers; but the crew believe in the principle of co-operation, so that a mess of twelve or so generally combine for the advantage of a good rinse in one tub, after which the prudent and thrifty economise the water for rubbing out their small linen. The meal being over, a portion of the men go on deck to finish what was previously left incomplete, while the remainder wash up the mess utensils with the second-hand water, and clean up the deck upon which they live. This is divided off into messes, each of which is a community of itself, having no connection with the next mess so far as its domestic economy is concerned. The sound of a bugle soon calls off another relay, leaving only two men to each mess; these are the cooks for the day, and their special duty is to finish off the mess, and prepare the dinner ready to take up to the ship's cook. The bugle sound was a call to clean the big guns and firearms, and while the major part are so engaged, the kroomen and a few others are busy with rubbing up the wood and brasswork, irreverently called "spit and polish."

Thus far the description applies to any day of the week, and the work goes on afterwards as we have already described; but if it is Sunday, the crew now go below to clean themselves for inspection. A sailor's wardrobe goes into a black canvas bag, which he now takes out, and from which he brings forth his changes, and thus supplements his natural endowments by the adornments of art. All hands assemble at the sound of the bugle, and having been inspected by their respective officers these duly report with ceremonial observance to the lieutenant or commander, who, in his turn, reports to the captain. (This part of the programme varies in elaboration with the size of the ship and rank of the commanding officer; thus when an admiral steps forth from his state-room for the inspection the band strikes up an air of salutation, and he is attended by an imposing procession.) The captain, with the heads of the various departments of the ship in his train, proceeds to make an elaborate survey of the different divisions of men. He notices whether the least article of dress is omitted, the trim of their hair and whiskers, the shape of their uniform, and so on. A good sprinkling stand



SURVEYING A CREEK.

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up at attention for inspection with naked feet. Shoes are so often dispensed with on board that it is torture to many to wear them ; but lest such should be offered as an excuse for the non-possession of a pair, most officers insist that their men should muster with them. This habit of going unshod, bounding about aloft or below, is regarded as a peculiarity by civilians. We have frequently heard astonishment expressed, and it has been thought that "Our Special Artist" has wielded an imaginative pencil in representing sailors, amid complex machinery, at drill with an 80-ton gun, without shoes; yet it was true. Then the captain goes below, making a tour of all the decks and compartments; he looks into the officers' mess-rooms, visits the gloomy recesses of the hold, and examines the water in the bilge, peering into every cranny, to the great discomfiture of those who have resorted thither as stow-holes, whose rags and trinkets are drawn forth and taken possession of by the police in attendance. Upon the reappearance of the captain the crew are dismissed, and "church" is prepared by the carpenters, who arrange the mess stools (brought up on deck in the open in a hot climate). The bell is tolled; the corporals send up the men, many of whom are endeavouring to evade attendance, and the service begins by the chaplain in a big ship, or the commander in a small one, reading the Church Service from the Prayer Book, with the addition in the former case of an orthodox sermon, weather permitting. The temporary church is then taken down, and for the rest of the day, as a rule, as little work as possible is done. The tone of the Sabbath depends very largely upon the captain, who, by his authority and influence, can foster or check the spread of a good work among the ship's company. We are therefore pleased indeed to note that not a few captains arrange for their inspections on week-days and see to it that no unnecessary duty takes place upon the Lord's Day. And yet we do not think the navy is any the worse for this, much less going to the dogs, as some ancient mariners and modern pessimists assert, even though it is thus often seen that times are changing: for instance, when we first went to sea, it was the custom of the ship to wash clothes on Sunday evening, flag-ship though she was. And we have heard of another commanding officer who, very strongly impressed with the notion that Satan would find employment for the idle, piped his hands to make and mend clothes on the Sabbath afternoon.

Now there is an evening service, with optional attendance, in some vessels.

There is another day which deserves more than a passing

A few final orders may be given, and the day is over. The procession disperse for a final smoke, or to pass remarks upon anything unusual that may have turned up during their perambulation.

In harbour they go the rounds an hour later; so that after the ship's company's lights are put out, there is, every evening, some spare time on hand before the general dispersion to bed, just before 10 o'clock.

And now, perhaps, some will say "Of course that is spent in 'spinning a yarn.'" Not so fast—we are well aware that such a notion is pretty general. It is popularly supposed that sailors are great at story telling; that no sooner are the yards squared before a steady breeze, and the ropes coiled down, than the fore-castle hands close round one of their number, and with fixed attention hang upon his lips as he recites some tale of the sea. But the whole thing is a popular fiction. In our experience we have never noticed any story-telling worthy of the name, before or abaft the mast, either in invention or sustained narrative of personal event. Of course there is plenty of talk, and, as some of the company have gone through a chequered career, there is frequent allusion to former times; but such talk is always short and disconnected, which soon works round to, and becomes merged in, conversation upon current events, and you may be sure the conduct of the officers is very freely criticized around the fore-castle.

It may excite some interest in those of our readers who live at home at ease, where every accessory is brought into requisition to solicit sleep, if we give a description of our own sleeping accommodation. Unlike shore-going folks who go *up-stairs*, a ladder leads down to our dormitory from the upper deck; this opening affords an unvarying amount of ventilation, not enough in a warm climate, while a good deal too much in a cool one. On both sides are cabins, and between these is a space as large as a moderate sized room. Just overhead, if you notice, are a number of hooks, upon which towards evening hammocks, or *dreaming sacks*, are hung, wherein we and a dozen others are to woo the drowsy god; not in privacy and retirement though, for we must inform you that this space is devoted to many other purposes besides being the sleeping and dressing-room of the officers whose chests you see lying about the deck. These chests are, of course, private property; just so, but they have to conform to the regulations, the first lieutenant says, so they are very considerably white-washed and the lids and handles nicely tarred over every week. This is

not at all handy for the proprietors, nor for ourselves, when we retire to our elevated swinging couch at night, as we discover we are situated, like Archimedes, without a fulcrum; for we find it absolutely necessary to obtain a foothold somewhere, in order to succeed in the gymnastic performance of scrambling into our hammock. This is bad enough; but we were told not to expect to have it all our own way on board ship, so we make believe we enjoy the novelty. Suppose, then, that by the exercise of ingenuity, or the friendly assistance of another in giving us a leg up, we have succeeded in climbing into our swinging hammock without tarring our feet very much. It feels comfortable enough, and so it is—we shall always cherish a kindly feeling for a hammock—but still sleep is out of the question. On one side of us is the gun-room; and young midshipmen, who will doubtless develop into sedate officers if we give them time, are every other minute singing out to the steward opposite for a box of sardines, a bottle of beer, or a tin of jam; and as he scrambles across in a fluster and at his wits' end, by their incessant and importunate demands, he generally manages to let us know he is "coming, Sir," by running his head fair into our hammock; so that, for the matter of that, we could keep a very fair account of the gun-room extra book, by scoring on the beams overhead at every such reminder.

However, we console ourselves that it will soon be over; we know that, according to routine, they must put out lights and close at ten. When that hour arrives, one or two of the elders, wishing for a little extension, keep the master-at-arms in play with a glass of grog; hence it is nearly half-past ten before there is comparative quiet. Now, we think, there is a goodly prospect of slumber, but the Fates are against us. Straight in front of us, affixed to the mainmast, is a large reflector lamp, that flashes into our eyes with a powerful glare, and fascinates us by its intensity of blaze, besides contributing to the small compartment an amount of heat well-nigh intolerable. We put up with this for some time, and then appeal for a concession; but it is represented to us how necessary the light is to the discipline of the ship, so, to meet the inevitable, we afterwards improvise a rude screen with part of our bedding (none of which we require) every night when we retire. Moreover, of all places in the ship, our bed-room has been selected for the promenade of a sentry, who in his tramp, tramp, to and fro, comes into contact ever and anon with the lashings by which we are suspended, and though they vibrate like harp-strings they yield no harmony to us.

All through the night various little disturbances go on, even if there be no bustle on deck immediately over our head from making sail, &c.; in all probability we ourselves have to go on watch, either at midnight or four o'clock; but if not some of our sleeping neighbours have to be aroused to relieve others, who come below to their chests and undress. At stated periods the sentry is visited, that he may be always on the *qui vive*; but for all that he can either have no nose, or he must fancy it harmonises with the witching hour of night to allow a candle to flicker in its socket for a full half-hour. If you wake up sniffling, and gently draw his attention to the expiring "dip," he passes the word on to his relief how "mighty particular some people are." The ship's police also roam about, as if in search of Guy Fawkes, and exchange whispered badinage with the marines and quartermasters that proves anything but a lullaby, while towards morning there is poor chance for you, as the crew begin to punish the deck a few inches above your nose with holystones and energy such as we have already described.

With the young and vigorous, free from the thralldom of school, and knowing little of the pleasures and comforts of home life, as also with those rather more advanced in years, these discomforts are not so much as thought of. Such could repair to their hammock, or failing that to the lid of their chest (provided the first lieutenant's tar, before mentioned, had become hard), and ere long they would be enjoying refreshing slumber. But with staid men entering upon a seafaring life after having experienced the happiness and attentions of comfortable homes, it is a very different matter, which soon tells upon the constitution and sours the temper. As for ourselves, in the end, we purchase a grass hammock and hang it up over the mess-table, while our companion claims a corner of the mess-lockers.

While speaking of retiring, we may say there was a delay upon some nights which made a serious curtailment of rest for one night at least, often for several; it arose thus. A general standing order of the Admiralty Regulations, framed with the view of rendering our war vessels prepared to meet an enemy at night, has to be complied with at least once every quarter. That the spirit of this regulation may be more effectually carried out, the particular night is kept secret; very often, we are informed, the second in command is in ignorance, and the captain himself has been known to go quietly to the hammock of the drummer and arouse him with the order to beat to night quarters. Then, in



REPAIRING STEAM CUTTER.

shall be very tight about the hips, and very slack at the bottoms of the legs to make up for it. Anon, your notice will be given to a marine busily engaged upon small strips of red, blue, and black cloth, with which he is making a hearthrug, the while a kindly smile playing over his face, as in fancy he looks forward to the time when it shall adorn his quarters at Eastney or Chatham. But they are not all snips. What we have hitherto recorded takes place on deck under the awnings; let us step down this ladder (it is an iron ladder, so take care you don't slip). We shall notice now several other groups, who are braving a close atmosphere because it affords them greater quiet and privacy to write home. Yonder is one in his shirt-sleeves; notice how he perspires, and how his arm is tattooed with a scene laid on the coast, having a ship in the background ready to sail away, suggestive of the lines:—"Farewell, remember me," in his favourite song. With most of these you can see it is a labour of love that engages them; but look, there are two very close together, though apart from all others. One only is writing; the other looks sheepish, and evidently fears the approach of strangers. He deserves our sympathy, poor fellow, for this is his case: unable to write himself, he is forced to seek the help of a shipmate in so delicate a matter as writing to his sweetheart. The groups more particularly described are in relief, as it were; the groundwork is a mass of prostrate, anoring humanity, disposed in every variety of attitude, such as is assumed when decorum gives place to ease. These vicissitudes have to be borne, in order that the lives and property of English traders may be secure. Though these do not always observe the golden precept in their dealings with the natives, and, consequently, it often becomes difficult to say how far we are justified in resorting to physical force on their behalf, more especially as there is a dangerous proneness to stir up the British lion and make him roar upon very slight grounds; yet it cannot be denied that unprovoked and wanton attacks are frequently made upon our traders, and punishment for such is imperatively demanded.

Thus, with the natives who line the banks at the entrance of the river Congo, though they are not pirates in the strictest sense of the word, still they are always ready to plunder and harass any who are in difficulty. Such occasion presented itself when an English schooner, the *Geraldine*, sailing up the river in the spring of 1875 ran upon a sand-bank; they attacked the vessel in her hour of need, killing four of the crew who stood by their captain. An attempt on the part of our Consul to discover the ringleaders

was a failure; the natives fancied we were powerless to thread the labyrinth of streams and network of creeks which form the delta of the river, and so our authorities were treated with disdain. Under the old system of boat service, no doubt this was correct. In those days, to have hunted and sought out these pirates would have been attended by so many and great dangers to the lives and health of our men that, possibly, our captains would have been fully justified in declining to prosecute. But of late years the application of steam, not only to ships, but also to small boats, has furnished us with a powerful ally; and our naval officers, to whom the question had been relegated, came to the conclusion to undertake the task. Having come to this determination, preparations were pushed forward for its execution, and the Admiralty charts giving little or no knowledge of the locality concerned, it became of the first importance that a map-plan should be obtained showing the direction, depth, and other physical features of the streams, together with any information bearing upon the case in hand. This was a service requiring much forethought and discretion, and H.M.S. ——— was deputed to obtain all preliminaries, so that, upon the assembly of a force of ships, we should be enabled to strike a sure and certain blow without that delay which would expose the whole expedition to the risk of fever.

In pursuance of this plan, the autumn of 1875 finds us in the Congo, a broad, noble river rushing out into the sea with such fury that the skill of sailing masters is tested to the utmost in entering it. For many miles far out into the ocean its current is very clearly defined by a muddy hue and the large plots of grass-land that have been detached and swirled away by the raging current. Our coal, having been long exposed to a tropical sun, was not worth much, and the firemen found it necessary to coax the old steamer with doses of tar, tallow, and oil in order to get her into the river.

A week passes ere we are ready to pursue the more serious part of our task; but do not suppose we have been idle. A heavy steam-launch has been hoisted out and fully prepared for surveying service; visits have been made to the trading houses and important chiefs in the vicinity, and all particulars that may be useful noted down and fully considered. Petty kings, the state of whose exchequer does not allow them to sport trousers, and whose regal robes are an old billycock hat, and a very-much-worn uniform coat, with a tin-plate tacked on for a medal, have been induced to come on board. Presents are given them, and, being alternately

pressed with persuasion and threat, they have at last disclosed valuable news ; so that all is now ready to begin work in earnest. We are among the few told off for exploration, and are not, therefore, surprised one evening at receiving orders to leave soon after midnight in order that we may arrive off the mouth of a certain creek, nearly twenty miles away, in the early morning, thereby securing a long day for our special duty. At the dead of night we are aroused by the sentry (if the mosquitoes have not made it too lively for us and banished slumber from our pillow), and each, having first taken a dose of quinine to keep away fever, proceeds about his own duty. As it is a dangerous errand we are going upon, cutlasses and pistols are placed in the boats, and a surplus of provisions. The captain, providing against every contingency, has arranged that the small steam-cutter shall accompany the larger launch, and, gently answering to the rise and fall upon the ocean's bosom, both boats are lying alongside enshrouded in gloom. This is only partially enlivened by a streak of ruddy glare that, issuing from the furnace, falls full upon the rugged countenance of a weather-beaten sailor, or reveals the outline of some object situated within the line of its radiancy, and then, becoming lengthened and diffused, declines and finally vanishes into the surrounding darkness. But the little compartment whence this brilliancy proceeds is all aglow and picturesque in the extreme, by reason of its vivid lights and shadows ; to an artistic eye it is suggestive of one of those wild and rude interiors among the Apennines depicted by *Salvator Rosa*. It needs no specialist to discover that the machinery is all ready, for at several little crevices and joints the steam is fizzing and spluttering impatiently. But the engineer is in a dilemma. He is debating whether or not he shall take another sack of coals, fearing to over-weight the boat upon the one hand, and running short of fuel upon the other ; and to steer an even keel between this *Scylla* and *Charybdis* requires serious consideration. However, the point is finally decided ; the last article is passed over the companion ladder, and shortly after two o'clock we put off from the dusky hull of our ship, under the direction of a native guide who professes to know the country. None of us seem disposed to talk. Were it not that ever and anon a faint moan—the sound of the breakers dashing upon the sea-coast miles away—reaches our ears, silence would be supreme, and we are just able to detect the white vapours that overhang the thick jungle and brushwood of the river banks. All who smoke find out the cosiest

At intervals we startle small flocks of parrots from the mangroves around, and they soar away screaming to the opposite bank.

Breakfast being over, we are approaching the creek that is to be honoured by our attentions; we carefully sound about and note its entrance, in case a gun-boat should be required later on, cast a final glance up and down the river, and then dart into the creek among the thick foliage.

A seaman is now placed in the bow; standing up and swinging a small lead forward, as it drops into the water he sings out the depth every minute to the surveying officer, who, by keeping his eye upon a compass, is thus enabled to map out the direction and depth of the stream, and to jot down the situation of any peculiar tree, rock, village, or any incident he may deem worthy of remark. We see scarcely any signs of animal life; the little noise made by our machinery may scare away a few monkeys, and an occasional splash draws our attention to a receding alligator which, half buried and asleep among the soft mud, looked so like a decayed tree, that no particular notice was taken of it as we passed by. Some of the creeks are fine, straight streaks of water, whose margins, though lost to view among the undergrowth, present regular and well-defined sides; indeed, the general appearance of several of them, in parts, is frequently very like that of the grand avenue of a noble park, the glassy surface dark from the shadow of overhanging mangroves and branches of forest trees, except where, from the devastating effects of a hurricane, the leafy mass is broken, allowing a shaft of sunlight to flash athwart its unruffled bosom. Amid the haze at the end of the vista, a glimpse of green sward gives the appearance of a fairy glade. Our eager glances are thrown all around, but mostly in front, and we often catch sight of a canoe stealing along the dark sides of the stream long before its occupants detect us. When, however, they do so, nothing could exceed their consternation; a few guttural sounds are heard as they communicate the intelligence to each other, a hurried scramble ensues, and the canoe shoots sideways among the branches, which close behind the fugitives, so that when we come up and pass the spot whence they vanished not a trace of them is to be seen.

A native village merely consists of a number of huts surrounded with banana and an occasional palm tree; we see many of them on the banks of the creek, and note their position and size for future reference, but deem it prudent not to land; indeed, at any point of our course since we entered the creek, the leafy screen

has been so thick that we could have been assailed at great disadvantage; but the natives, as yet, do not divine our object, and so we give them the go-by.

At this stage, very likely, a desire for dinner is expressed; and one of the crew, upon whom the lot has fallen to be cook, has been very busy in that capacity for the last hour.

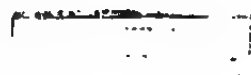
On these expeditions, for the sake of convenience, one standing dish is generally adhered to, called "hot-pot," since everything goes into one saucepan, which is boiled upon hot coals which the stoker shovels out of the furnace. They fall to; a sailor always carries his knife slung around him, and fingers were made before forks; so they *Robinson Crusoe* it as best they can, tapping their biscuit affectionately on the side of the boat to drive out all sorts of insects that have taken up furnished apartments there. The meal is supplemented by a small allowance of rum and, of course, a smoke; the officers, meantime, bestowing their best attentions, it may be, upon a box of sardines fried upon the stoker's shovel.

All this time we continue our course; the creek is winding and irregular, now being of such width that we feel sure we are all right, and, anon, making us anxious as it narrows so much that we steer among the overhanging branches that flick across our faces. Of course, among so many hundred twistings and turnings, we are sometimes unlucky enough to enter what turns out to be some trumpery little stream that leads nowhere in particular, though it promised well at first; so, after vainly trying this way and that way, and every other way to extricate ourselves, we are compelled to do, as in a Christy Minstrel troupe Bones is obliged to do when Banjo asks him a hard riddle—give it up! We hark back, therefore, and make another shot for the main creek, doing our utmost to emulate the busy bee and improve the shining hour. Thus we potter on, congratulating ourselves if by any means we are rewarded with a sight of the broad river before the shades of evening appear; for even then, you know, we have to make good above twenty miles before we reach the safety of our ship.

The sagacity that prompted the commander to send away the two steam-boats in company, stood us in good stead upon one occasion in our early explorations; for while the small cutter piloting the larger boat was advancing through the placid water of Melilla Creek, a slight concussion was felt, and it was soon found she had bumped upon a "snag," as the stump of a tree broken off just under the surface is termed. The water poured into the boat,



HUTS UPON PILES, PUNTA DE LENHA.



and it became absolutely necessary to run her ashore to ascertain the nature and extent of her injury. Fortunately, a suitable opening in the forest bank was at hand, and everybody, Captain and Consul included, worked with a will to haul up the boat into shallow water, when it was discovered that one of the planks for a considerable distance was stove in.

The opportunity of doing a good thing, and perhaps oneself some benefit, was seized by the engineer in attendance, who, with the rough materials at his command, and by breaking up some of the slight woodwork of the boat to get the nails which he required, was enabled to repair the boat so efficiently that, when launched again, she was sent back to the ship eight miles away unattended, without any signs of leaking; whilst the larger boat continued her projected voyage, thoroughly exploring the creek, and emerging at sundown near *Punta-de-Lenha*, passing on her homeward journey some huts built over a swamp, upon piles, to protect the owners against alligators, a few of which we now began to notice. In the warmer water higher up the river they abound, as well as hippopotami, and many other forms of amphibious life. The further up the river we go, the area of the delta becoming contracted, the level uniformity of forest gives way to a bolder configuration; already eminences show up, and the higher stretches of the river exhibit diversified views of park-like clearings and scenery.

Such is a sample of the daily trips that are taken for a fortnight, at the termination of which our Consul considers the geography acquired sufficient for the purpose in view; and thus our special duty is concluded. For several days past the Captain has been anxious to get away, since the surgeon fancies he detects symptoms of fever, and our orders expressly forbid a longer detention in the river than is absolutely necessary. We, therefore, put out to sea for a cruise, when the ocean breezes revive our languid frames and dissipate the signs of sickness.

(To be continued.)



Great Britain's Horse Supply

(FROM A MILITARY POINT OF VIEW).

By W. A. KERR, V.C., LATE SOUTHERN MAHARATTA HORSE



RETURNS lately furnished by the War Office disclose a lamentable paucity of remounts and the consequent inefficiency of the British cavalry. On the peace establishment the English army requires annually about 1,800 horses, and to meet this demand there are about 2,000,000 horses of all kinds in these islands. The regulation price is £40 to £45 per head at four years old.

Actually the strength of the British cavalry is 19,100 officers and men, or, deducting the officers who provide their own chargers, 18,800 non-commissioned officers and men, and of this number 6,500—equivalent to thirteen regiments of 500 sabres each—ride "Shanks' mare." We hear and read a good deal of our two vaunted army corps ready at any moment to take the field; but what is the position of the seven regiments attached to the first of these corps? The 4th Dragoon Guards have less than 300 horses to carry 400 troopers, the 5th Dragoon Guards 400 for nearly 700 sabres, the Royal Dragoons being in the same "footy" condition; the 11th Hussars 420 to carry 700 of Prince Albert's Own, the 16th Lancers 420 for 680, the 18th Hussars 420 for 700, and the 19th Hussars 380 for 550. The Household Cavalry, which have from the brigade to provide a regiment for this army corps, have only 800 of the black long-tailed chargers to mount 1,200 stalwart troopers. The three regiments to be added to the strength of the cavalry division, in the event of the two army corps being utilized, are the Scots Greys, the 3rd and 4th Hussars, and these are 480 horses below the complement. But it is not at home alone that the authorities seem determined to keep up a force of permanently dismounted cavalry, for the nine regiments on the Indian establishment have only 4,100 horses to 5,900 men. Seeing

that, as stated in a previous article, the country-bred horses of our Eastern Empire are not up to the weight of the British Dragoon, and that he has to be mounted, at present, almost exclusively on imported *Walers*, it is shameful that these invaluable corps should be kept so underhorsed, and that there should be absolutely no reserve to fall back on. The King's Dragoon Guards have only 500 mounts for 660 men, the Bays 470 for 650, the 3rd Dragoon Guards 470 for 600, the 7th 460 for 670, the 7th Hussars 500 for 650, the 8th 500 for 600, the 17th Lancers 460 for 660, the 21st Hussars 500 for 630, and the 5th Lancers on landing 700 strong found that the Carbineers had left them 250 horses, or 2'8 men to each horse. At Natal the same penny wise and pound foolish system prevails, for the Inniskilling Dragoons can only muster 350 horses to 470 men. The eight other regiments at home, not belonging to the first or second army corps, and the depots of regiments abroad, have amongst them 2,700 for 4,700 men. Never in the memory of man has the artillery been so badly horsed as it is at the present moment, and little wonder is there that at last His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief should have been constrained to issue orders to the effect that officers commanding batteries of horse and field artillery should, forthwith, furnish casting returns of all horses which from age or disease are not fit for service. If this order be carried out in its integrity, and the casting recommendations not coaxed or slurred over, the weed-out will be, ought to be, startling.

Some better result might reasonably have been anticipated from the late discussion in the House of Lords and the ventilation accorded to the important subject of England's Horse Supply in the newspapers. The solicitude of Lord Ribblesdale, of many influential members of Parliament, and a host of anxious and intelligent breeders and tenant farmers was repaid by the conversion of the Queen's Plates into Queen's Premiums, whereby the sum of £5,000 was diverted from the racecourse into the show-ring. By this means twenty-two thoroughbred stallions were distributed throughout the breeding districts at a fee not to exceed two guineas, no restriction whatever being put on the class of mare they should be mated with. These sires had to pass a crucial veterinary examination, but the 1,609 mares they smiled upon last season may, for all that is known to the contrary, have been stricken in years and afflicted with all the hereditary unsoundness equine atavism is disobligingly prone to hand down and illustrate. The Royal Commission entrusted with the distribution of this lordly dole—the

national wealth is increasing at the rate of £160,000,000 per annum, and its income is, in round numbers, £750,000,000—put this pertinent question to the district committees superintending the *amours* of these horses, "Give your general impression of the class of mares sent to the premium stallions in your district as regards size, soundness, quality, age," but elicited only the vague information that the mares were of a varied kind. Pearls, probably, in many instances, were thrown before swine. But under the most favourable and best managed conditions the paltry grant, which is to be continued, is but "a sop to Cerberus" coming far short of national requirements. Possibly it may be an earnest of good things to come, but till some doughty champion for the army appears on the floor of the House, and outside St. Stephens, such as the navy has found in Lord Charles Beresford, the old policy of *laissez aller* and *laissez faire* will prevail. When as much care comes to be exercised in the selection of mares as of stallions then the industry of breeding really good half-bred horses for the field and road, which has for many years been on the wane, will be resuscitated, and once more we shall find ourselves the owners of superior brood mares which, as in the past, we shall sell to the Continental buyer. During the last thirty years, since the early days of the Second Empire, the foreigners have been raiding on our paddocks and stables, outbidding English buyers, and carrying off our best mares and stallions. Optimists insist upon it that the country has as large and choice a stock of half-bred mares; but gentlemen such as Messrs. Tattersall and East, who by reason of their daily and far reaching experience must know (Mr. East has gone over to the majority), deplore the depletion as a national loss. During the eleven months ending November 30th we exported 12,045 horses as compared with 8,888 of the previous year, and of these 5,205 were mares. In one month 300 carefully selected, well-bred, and valuable young mares, purchased in Yorkshire, were exported from Hull. It is true that we imported 1,928 mares in the same period, but almost all of these were Russian and Norwegian ponies and common animals of an average value little over £16. 14s. Already our impoverished tenant farmers are too prone to breed from any rubbish, sire or dam, they can cheaply come by, and these soft foreigners are not desirable substitutes.

I do not suppose that the country ever suffered from a plethora of good general utility horses, and, since the formation of colossal standing armies on the other side of the Channel, the supply has fallen far short of the demand. Free Trade—soon, let us hope, to

give place to Fair Trade—brought an enormous accession to the national wealth, and with it a demand for numerous *chevaux de luxe*, hunters, high-stepping carriage and phaeton pairs, park hacks, and blood cobs being in the category. The metropolis, the great manufacturing towns and seaports, growing rapidly as the country became covered by a network of railways, and the great highway of nations bridged by steam, created a vast demand for heavy and active dray horses and vanners, the omnibus and tramway systems using up large numbers of animals well adapted for artillery and transport service. One industry in particular, known as the mineral-water trade, appropriates the class of horse so admirably adapted to our gun-teams. The pale ale brewers are now patronizing a thick-set, powerful, active, and most valuable breed, smart, quick walkers, and able to trot, such as a cross between a well-bred roadster of the "Reality" type might be expected to produce in union with a compact, muscular, and not too well feathered Shire or Clydesdale mare. I am writing from Yorkshire the largest and, with the exception of Shropshire, best horse breeding county in England. Thirty years ago there was hardly a farmer in the East or North Ridings who had not one or two brood mares. In a day's ride a good judge could, in those times, easily have picked up a dozen or so fresh young hunters up to fifteen stone, in some instances weight carriers, from these farmers. Now they are about as scarce as feathers on a frog's back, and why? Simply because the Germans, following the lead of the late Emperor of the French and his Master of the Horse, General Fleury, have agents all over the country who are quietly but persistently buying up all the promising fillies at from £40 to £60 each! The numerous purchases made last year on French account averaged all round about £75. From time to time we find, from the local press, that the foreign buyers are here, there, and everywhere. Such paragraphs as the following arrest the eye:—"A well-known Cheshire horse-dealer, of Wrenbury, has received instructions indirectly from the German Government to buy a large number of horses for military purposes, and has accompanied a representative of the German army in a tour to the different horse fairs of the northern counties." The Hon. G. E. Lascelles (a gentleman described by that undoubted authority, Lord Cathcart, as a keen sportsman, an able man of business, a practical farmer, and a successful breeder of horses, inheriting the sporting traditions of several generations of the House of Harewood) writes to the special commissioner of the

and abroad. We must not wait for a formal declaration of war, and lock the door when the steed is stolen and the stable empty. We may not at first be drawn into the hurly-burly, but assuredly we must be prepared for all eventualities. To this end we might have to thoroughly equip a force of 50,000 infantry, with a due complement of artillery, cavalry, hospital and commissariat, for foreign service. At such a crisis there must be no robbing Peter to pay Paul, as was the case when we sent an army corps to Egypt, every battery remaining in England being practically crippled in supplying teams for field service. Government talks of 22,966 horses as sufficient for the mobilization of this force. Should, as seems probable, these two army corps be despatched in the first instance to Egypt, our experience of the climatic effect of the land of the Pharaohs on the British horse teaches that to keep the army efficient an additional reinforcement of at least 10,000 horses a month would be called for. With Persia ripening to fall into the lap of Russia, mayhap Mohammra and Ahwas may once more see the Union Jack unfurled, in which case, our cold-blooded horses would suffer grievously. We must have 100,000 horses to meet all contingencies, or 30,000 more than the number upon which we can, under such exceptional circumstances work. No doubt we could draw on the 300,000 engaged in agriculture and trade, but this would be a very serious step, one fraught with enormous loss and inconvenience to the community. Irrespective of the Royal Artillery Reserve and Militia manning the coast batteries, we should, for national defence, require at least 100 volunteer field batteries, or batteries of position, fully and efficiently horsed. Trade and manufactures, in case of war, would shrink, and that shrinkage must release a number of very useful draught horses. But those of the farm must not be drawn from their work, for what with high freights and war risks a large amount of pasture land would be brought under cultivation and the area under wheat largely extended. Be the mercantile fleets of the nation ever so efficiently guarded and watched, and our forty-eight millions of tonnage ever so safely convoyed, home-grown food will then be greatly enhanced in value. It may be urged that an army operating in the East could draw a supply of remounts from Hungary, but Austro-Hungary would for certain be in the thick of the struggle and could not spare a single horse. Moreover, the Hungarian horses we see at fairs and elsewhere are of a poor powerless stamp, "not strong enough," as a well-known dealer remarked, "to pull a sprat off a gridiron."

and this applies to all the "darned furriners," save the thorough-breds and those coming from across the Atlantic. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, however, speaks in high terms of these horses, and is satisfied with the performances of a few sent out to South Africa and Egypt.

The Secretary for State at War, in bringing forward the Army Estimates, thinks to bridge over the horse difficulty by taking powers to increase the number of registered horses from 7,000 to 14,000. This is not grappling but fencing with the question. The system of registration has doubtless been loyally and patriotically accepted by many large horse-owners in the metropolis and elsewhere, but it is nothing better than a makeshift. Mr. Stanhope has been informed that a considerable number of these animals are suitable for cavalry, and it may be accepted as absolutely true that all are "broken to bit and bridle." How many horses of the General Omnibus Company, of the Road Car Company, and kindred concerns, are fit for fast work in the field? What age are the horses registered by them, and how many are sufficiently sound to meet the requirements of active service? Some of the active light vanners and express horses would render good account of themselves as wheelers in the gun teams; not a few of the freshest of the 'bus pairs would find suitable employment in the dragging guns of position, in the transport waggons, and in the essential and too long neglected ammunition columns. The Shrewsbury and Talbot Cab Company could mount a few troopers well, and perhaps furnish the Horse Artillery with a hundred or two leaders. Reading between the lines, the plain interpretation of Mr. Stanhope's statement is that he means to lean on this broken reed registration for the normal requirements of the services, and that the establishment is to remain on its present footing. There is no intention whatever to purchase the 7,000 of which we are confessedly short; so the depletion of our stock will continue, and, till some dire emergency drives us into the market, our splendid regiments and batteries are doomed to remain half-horsed.

The position is serious, our wants pressing and not to be blinked. We must "face the music," as the Americans say. There is but one difficulty in forthwith finding a sufficient number of good seasoned horses to supply existing deficiencies, and that is the desire of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take another penny off the Income Tax. As in 1878, when war with Russia appeared imminent and the late Lord Beaconsfield acquired Cyprus, and brought Indian troops into the Mediterranean, so now the pur-

chase of a few thousand horses must be effected in hot haste and at high prices. The value of an article of commerce, according to the old Hudibrastic couplet, is exactly what it will fetch. That is the law of the horse market. This pertinacious purchasing effort of foreign countries can only be curbed by the War Office stepping in and becoming the purchaser. The prices paid by Lord Arthur Somerset some ten years back were most satisfactory to breeders and dealers, though perhaps not quite so to the British rate-payer. Matters also a decade back were not all fours with existing circumstances. Then, there was then only a probability of our having the Muscovite to deal with, but now we must reckon on having France against us also. Our generals had not then learnt by actual demonstration how much depends on making every arm of the service as mobile as possible, and of what vital importance is great activity, rapidity of movement, and boldness in seizing the initiative. The lesson taught by the independent brilliant "push" of the German artillery at Sedan had not been laid to heart. If the elastic precepts of the new Army Drill Book are to be reduced to practice, then horse artillery is destined to be extensively used in connection with the advanced guards, and let us hope that Mr. Stanhope may see his way, or, if need be, be forced to strengthen this important arm, and to take the "necessary steps" so long promised. The time is no longer when a horse, which in dealers' parlance is termed a "soldier," is one usually considered to be good for nothing else. Under the altered conditions of war, it is essential that both cavalry and artillery—horse artillery especially—should be provided with a superior class of remount. The question of expense must not be permitted to stand in the way. It's all very well for General Ravenhill to give out that he wants young, sound, fresh-jointed four to six years old, from 15.2 to 16 hands high, bays, browns, blacks, and chesnuts, without material blemish, the draught animals able to "trot their seven miles an hour with a ton weight behind them, a portion of them being good enough to do their ten miles an hour for twenty-five miles (without wearying), and then gallop another five miles to take up a position, straining themselves at full pace like fire-engine horses"; and all this usefulness is to be got for £40 to £42, so much as even £45 being allowed in cases of exceptional value! This is the very stamp of military horse the French, whose price averages 1,500 francs, or £60, are in the market for and have long been persistently buying. Exporting horses is about the only set off the farmer has against imported eatables.

department of agriculture which is now of a remunerative character, and English breeders will not find it to their interests, for many years to come, to turn their attention to anything but *recherche* pedigree stock, or in any way to jeopardise the undoubted and apparently unassailable supremacy to which the United Kingdom justly lays claim.

In our present emergency we must turn to the United States and Canada, in order to satisfactorily mount our two army corps, and to furnish a reserve of horses. The making such a suggestion is akin to high treason, and cannot fail to invoke the *anathema maranatha* of our home breeders. When it was noised abroad, on good authority, that the War Office had made arrangements for importing 3,000 horses for the artillery from Canada, a Yorkshire tenant-farmer ejaculated: "It's nae better nur a smack i' t' mooth for uz." Charity begins, or ought to begin, at home no doubt, but when the country has not the wherewithal to supply the nation's imperative wants we must needs try abroad. I by no means advocate putting any business into American hands, and would rejoice if by Imperial Federation—a federation which no shock of arms can break, and no question of contending interests weaken—every product of the United States could be made to feel the weight of a hostile tariff. In this matter of transatlantic horse supply, we should endeavour to throw all the business into the hands of our own kith and kin settled in Canada. General Ravenhill, after a hurried run through the Dominion, reported on the Canadian home bred horse as being "a clean-legged, hardy, good-coloured, reliable, tractable animal, enduring, and capable of undergoing great and prolonged fatigue; but they are over-worked too young, and it is the exception to find a sound horse arrived at years of maturity, though he may still be serviceable, and as such perform a considerable amount of work." It appears that many of the brood mares were worn out, and the stallions often of inferior quality. But the visit of the Inspector General of Army Remounts set breeders on the *qui vive*, with the result that numbers of good mares and superior sires have been imported, and ranching on the vast grassy plains, the former home of countless buffalo, at the foot of the "Rockies," has been extensively developed. Sir John Lister Kay, representing an important Canadian Land Company, has, during the current month, purchased the well-bred stallion Porton by Pellegrino.

Horse shows and fairs, too, are working a reformation. General Ravenhill adds:—"The experiment (of importing from Canada) on

behalf of the Government, has tended to show that with proper foresight and management the British farmer can best provide for the ordinary requirements of the army during peace," and yet, in the face of this assertion, our army remount is in its present condition of inefficiency. There is wheel within wheel, and we may rest assured that some parsimonious "skid" causes the wheels of the Remount Department unwillingly to drag. It may surprise many not in stable secrets to learn that numbers of American and Canadian horses reach this country, are hid away for a few weeks till well over the voyage, and some gloss is got on them, and then sold as the real native article. If our Canadian cousins have not what we want, they can readily obtain them from over the border where there are over eleven millions and a half to select from. The marching power of the Cow Boy Cavalry, attached to the Alberta Field Force, on their hardy enduring bronchos, "rum 'uns to look at, but good 'uns to go," testify to the pine-knot sort of animal the climate of the north-west of Canada can produce. With a soil so rich that it only requires to be "tickled with a hoe to smile with a harvest," where heavy crops of oats are grown by merely broadcasting the seed on the virgin soil, and then turning a thin sod over, and where thousands of acres of the natural unoccupied meadows are so full of grass that the stranger camping out feels inclined to look round for the owner to ask his leave, the cost of horse keep is trivial. All the conditions necessary to success are ready to hand. In some of the Western States of America, it is found that horse-breeding is now a more profitable industry than cattle-ranching, the death-rate, during the severe winters, being in the case of the former very low. The cost between the two at three or four years old is inappreciable. There is this in the horse's favour that at two years old he can be, and is, put to light work, subsequently paying for his keep, whereas the steer of a graded-up herd does nothing of the kind. How, in the face of such advantages, can we of the Old World hope to strive with our own people in the Dominion who have at their disposal a territory 18,000 square miles larger than that of the United States, including Alaska? Our *role* is to breed animals only of highest merit and greatest price: to them we must abandon the task of supplying our armies with good and cheap remounts. To encourage them in developing this enterprise as a national industry the British Government must show its *bona fides* by entwining the Imperial interests with theirs. They must not be coaxed into breeding precisely what we

want, to find themselves left in the lurch. Of this, however, they may rest assured that young, sound, vigorous, well-bred "ride-and-drive" horses will always command a remunerative price here, provided they be unblemished. Let them bear in mind that quality, style, and action mean money. We can take all such, the more the merrier, at four years old, and our dealers will find it to their advantage to put them by for a season, during which a wondrous improvement will be wrought in manners and condition, to say nothing of the attractive bloom. That the Canadians are alive to the future of horse-breeding is amply testified to by the fact of their having, during the past year, taken 1,826 stallions and 884 mares from us; but most of these were of the heavy agricultural class. But I am diving somewhat into the future to the neglect of the present, or rather, highly probable immediate future.

I know not if army horse supply comes within the province of the Intelligence Department, if not then, with due deference, I submit that it is a subject that might forthwith be advantageously taken up. In such critical, uncertain times, we should know precisely where, in what numbers, and at what figure, we could lay our hands upon the horses we shall, on an emergency, require. Our Canadian cousins could readily give an estimate of what they can find, and, through them, we ought to be able to gauge the capacity of the United States pretty nearly. It might be practicable to make conditional contracts with substantial American breeders or firms for the delivery on Canadian soil of remounts selected by our agents. Having lately had some experience of the lengths ministers will go in order to curry favour with the Irish-American *badmashers*, delivery on British territory should be a *sine qua non*. Horses are "contraband of war," and Brother Jonathan is nothing loth to twist the lion's tail. Nearer at home we may expect to find the League forbidding the sale of Irish-bred horses to "a foreign country" such as England. Inquiry on the spot can alone determine what States can best supply our wants. The best blood prevails in Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, where are to be found the descendants of Diomed, Tranby, Priam—unquestionably the head of the horses of his time—Glencoe, Leamington, Prince Charlie, Mortemer, Rayon d'Or, a long line of others of merit. Illinois, during the civil war, put and maintained twenty-seven regiments of well-mounted cavalry in the field, but of late years the breeders in that go-ahead State have chiefly patronized heavy horses in the shape of Shires, Clydesdales, and Percherons. These

last, descended from the Arabs and Turks brought back by the Crusaders, when crossed with blood produce very useful, hardy, and active horses. Within the last three or four years, several of the useful Cleveland bays have been imported, and these horses put to trotting mares are yielding the happiest results. On the Snake River, Idaho territory, Alturas, Ada County, numbers of very useful light horses are to be found, and an agent stationed at Boise City could render signal service. Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Utah, and New Mexico are all horse-breeding countries. Depots would have to be organized for the reception, conditioning, and despatch of the purchases, at which employment could be found for numbers of rough-riders and discharged troopers and gunners, an arrangement, with our present system of short service, likely to be popular and to work well. A horse for campaigning purposes is of little use without some good keep in him. For transport we should naturally turn to those "greyhounds of the Atlantic," destined as valuable auxiliaries to the British Navy in war time. In the case of actual hostilities they should sail under convoy of belted-cruisers. The Admiralty might take them by the forelock and have horse-fittings for these vessels stored, ready for immediate use, at Quebec and Montreal, and, for winter service, at Halifax. The summer passage occupies but six days from land to land, so that, carefully handled at sea, the horses would suffer but little.

Let us now hark back to the question of our home supply. The controversy which has occupied so much space in the public press, and has been the topic of serious consideration and debate with every landlord and farmer in the horse-breeding counties, narrows itself into the following issues, which may be briefly summarized thus:—

1. That the breeding of horses for field and road has been on the decline for many years past, consequent on the depletion of our best brood-mares by foreign buyers, which depletion is at present active, and will so continue so long as Continental agents are empowered to outbid our English buyers. Numbers of good hunting mares leave the country because almost all hunting men, from a mere whim of fashion, buy ten geldings to one mare. Mares being cheaper than geldings, the best leave the country, the inferior sort going by thousands into slavery at four years old in London, there to be speedily used up and sent to the slaughter yards. Most of our farmers, feeling the pinch of bad times, have been constrained to part with their favourite three-parts-bred brood-mares to the Germans, who purchase with growing keenness.

2. That in the present condition of the markets it pays better to breed any class of horse, from the thoroughbred to the Shetland pony, than the half-bred. There have been "booms," and are still in some cases, in Thoroughbreds, Hackney or Roadster, Clevelands, Yorkshire Coach-horses, Suffolk-punches, Shires, and Clydesdales, but these breeds are protected by stud-books of more or less reliability. The foreign buyer not on the look out for "soldiers" insists upon pedigree. These horses are all saleable as yearlings, whereas the half-bred seldom finds a market till four years old, by which age he has had time to develop the curse of roaring and other infirmities.

3. The great risk in breeding half-bred horses; no uniformity or certainty attending the venture. This risk is accentuated by the haphazard selection of stallions and the inferiority of mares. Farmers prefer to breed heavy horses, their dams needing only to be three weeks or so out of work, their produce not being subjected to the risks of breaking and schooling. Not one farmer in a score can break in a young horse; not one in a hundred is fit to ride a young horse over a country to sell him, and it is rare to find one capable of instilling that valuable and readily saleable virtue—manners.

4. That the system under which the State purchases is wrong. No doubt the dealer saves the remount officer a vast deal of trouble and running about, and there is no reason why anyone bringing a suitable animal should not be paid a fee or commission; but, hitherto, the dealer has had by far the best of the bargain. If the truth be known this middleman has not in many instances paid over £25 ahead for his purchases. The best find their way into private hands, the medium into the ranks, the inferior scrubs going to the cab rank. It is pretty certain that many of the four-year-old troopers are in reality a year younger. The ridiculous stipulation that only undocked horses are to be taken must be rescinded. Fashion has decreed that docking is *de rigueur*, and for a paltry £40 breeders cannot afford to be out of the fashion. For campaigning in a hot climate long tails, to brush away the flies, would be a merciful consideration; but as our horses are (*vide* late operations in Egypt) useless for such work, a few inches off dock are hardly worth bothering about.

5. That till lately, and then in a very niggard and wholly insufficient manner, Government has done nothing, directly or indirectly, to foster and stimulate the supply of first-class troopers. On the contrary, despite numberless warnings of the serious and

examination compulsory. Probably he is right, for the first question a breeder would ask would be "where's your certificate?" Without it the horse's occupation would be gone. This clause would not exempt the horses covering at over £10, but as such expensive sires are seldom used in getting general-purpose horses, their services being almost exclusively confined to the task of propagating blood stock for the turf, their owners can very well afford to pay the duty. As a rule breeders of thoroughbreds, intended for racing, look more to fanciful and fashionable combinations of running blood than to hereditary soundness. Those interested in this subject will do well to peruse Lord Ebrington's article published in *The Live Stock Journal Almanack* of the current year.

Though Government studs are not to be thought of in this country, State aid without State intervention would be welcome. As already stated, I am doubtful if the owners of the premium or subsidised stallions will find the inducement, especially if service be restricted, attractive enough to continue the arrangement. One gentleman, who has bred some great animals in his time, I know has sold his horse, finding his earnings insufficient. Owners of these sires, moreover, seeing that no selection of mares has been stipulated for, are afraid that their good horses will be "crabbed" when the first crop of foals makes its appearance. My suggestion is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should lend the breeders of Great Britain £166,666, which, at 3 per cent., would be equivalent to the annual grant of the £5,000 at present doled out in the shape of premiums. This sum to be applied to the purchase, as opportunity offers, of young thoroughbred horses of the very opposite stamp to those we see so freely advertized for sale as "valuable for country sires, or the foreign market, standing over 16'2, with great bone and substance." Vested in a "stable-minded" committee appointed by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, or by the Hunters' Improvement Society, assisted by local county committees, the money should provide 200 blood stallions at an average of, say, 750 guineas each, leaving £8,500 for thirty pedigree hackneys or roadsters. The class of thoroughbred should be that of which Omega, Escamillo, Aerides, and Lion are apt illustrations, close knit, "big little 'uns," or, more elegantly, of the *multum in parva* sort. Well laid back, long shoulders, and good smart action must be a *sine qua non*. Let the hackneys, if possible, be of the Denmark (Bourdass's) and the Fireaway (Triffitt's) strain, with a dash of the thoroughbred, carefully eschewing short "carty"

quarters, goose rumps, heavy shoulders, and coarse heads, the tell-tales of plebeian "strong" alias cart-blood. We cannot except "top-sawyers" such as Confidence, Candidate, or Reality, at about £280 each, though the price is high enough to secure a really good animal.

These 200 blood stallions with 100 subscriptions of £2 10s. each and 5s. to the groom would yield a gross yearly income of £55,500; the thirty hackneys at £1 10s. each producing a further revenue of £4,500, or in all £60,000. The cost of travelling a stallion may be put down at £3 10s. a week for thirteen weeks, and at a guinea per week—a very liberal allowance—for the period he is not at service; or, in round numbers, say £90 per annum. Deducting £20,700 on this account, a net yearly balance of £39,800 remains for disposal. Of this £16,666 might be appropriated to form a 10 per cent. insurance or purchasing fund, £5,000 to pay interest on capital, and £2,500 for unforeseen contingencies, when there would remain about £15,000 for distribution in premiums for mares and their produce, which should be distributed, with no niggard hand, for the restoration of Queen's Plates, as an encouragement to farmers and others to make the breeding of half-breds a study, and for the generous fostering of the raising of "the general-purpose horse" throughout the land.

The 28,000 mares annually covered might be expected to produce, in round numbers, 17,000 foals, of which at least a moiety, or 8,500, would be fillies. These, for some years at least, should be retained in the country, and their exodus hindered either by an absolute embargo on the exportation of mares, other than agricultural, over fifteen hands high, or by levying an exportation fee of £25 each on all mares begotten of these stallions. In order to levy this fine the mares would have to be branded, so as to cause no disfigurement, under the mane, at the setting on of the ears—as is the case with Arabs, on the back so as to be covered up and concealed by the saddle or harness-pad, or in the inside of the thigh. This brand would in no way militate against the animal's sale, but, on the contrary, ought to enhance its value, being the mint mark of excellence and soundness of its paternal ancestry, and an indelible record of the superiority of its dam. Doubtless this trade-mark would be fraudulently appropriated, but experts would readily discriminate between a brand put on the yearling and that applied by the copier to a mature animal. In opposition to this scheme it may be argued that suppose a farmer were to take a mare a dozen miles or so to one of these Government

stallions, and she were not approved, he would return home with his nose out of joint and growl to his neighbours, who would take good care to steer clear of such disappointments and take their ribs elsewhere; but with the suggested clause to the Excise Duties Bill in force, where would they find another horse at anything like their low figure? The capital to breed horses with has gone out of the farmer's hands; and, therefore, it is imperative that by some co-operative arrangement the interests of landlord and tenant should be linked and entwined together. I believe that the future of the Kingdom's agriculture lies in co-operation. Those who scout this idea will do well to ponder over the fact that in 1884 twenty-eight poor men first started the system by saving twopence a week which they invested in a small stock of groceries. These few members of the first store now number 800,000, possessed of a capital of £10,000,000, doing a yearly business of £95,000,000, a profit of £9,000,000. When landlord and tenant can come together in horse-breeding, with mutual interests clearly and fairly defined, then the question of our national horse supply will be well on towards a satisfactory solution. It is the province of the State to aid both, and in so doing to aid itself. If Mr. Goschen desires to help breeders and add to his surplus, let him put an import duty on geldings; and for three years, at least, let the export of any mare, except those of the heavy breeds, be absolutely forbidden.

I would suggest that mares be extensively used throughout the service, and that, at ten years old or when incapacitated by accident, they should be passed on to the farmers, on condition that they be put to the Government stallions and that the Army Remount Department should have first offer of the produce. This would necessitate a careful system of registration and a periodical muster. Of course these mares would be branded on the quarter with a big broad arrow. Great benefit would result, if this idea were adopted, by mounting the Horse Artillery, Heavy Dragoons, and Lancers on very superior mares.

It would be hard to assign the *raison d'être* of cavalry depôts being retained at Maidstone and Canterbury, with a regiment stationed at Shorncliffe. Kent is not a horse-breeding county. We want a system of cavalry centres in the breeding districts, to which the remounts, purchased as three-year-olds, can be sent, there to be carefully broken in and conditioned for service in the ranks during the coming year. In these establishments the young soldier would learn his duty and be instructed in the art of

handling a horse, the old "reservist" finding in them a comfortable and suitable home. Appointments to these centres should be looked upon as one of the prizes of the service. The task of finding and purchasing horses had best be confided to retired officers resident in the different counties, gentlemen known to be critical judges of horseflesh, and fully, from experience, conversant with what is wanted. Of such there are scores to be found, on whose probity and judgment implicit confidence may be reposed; who, if only to kill time, would gladly undertake such an office. On the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire, these Remount Agents should have a travelling allowance and suitable honorarium. By attending markets, fairs, local shows, and otherwise keeping themselves *en rapport* with the farmers, these agents will get to know of every likely young horse on the country-side, and the breeders will know where to find a ready purchaser when they have the article of the sealed pattern to dispose of. The nearer buyer and seller are brought together the better for both.

I would have a word or two with hunting-men in general, and with the "Town division" in particular. You ride over farmers' lands and damage their fences all for your own amusement; don't you think that at the end of the season you might not appropriately "send the cap round," and present those farmers with subscriptions to some good sound horse noted for getting good hunting stock? Nine out of ten of you ride geldings, and you cannot assign any valid reason for the preference over mares: if a gelding meets with an accident or breaks down there is an end of him so far as you are concerned; but a mare, if anything happens to her, you can breed from her yourself or hand her over to a tenant-farmer to breed from. Why not buy from a farmer, when you see one astride "a topper" at the cover-side, and thus do all that in you lies to resuscitate a languishing national industry? We all long for the return of the good old times when young Bean, on Beanstalk, one of his own breeding, "set" the whole field at Kirby Gate, and some troopers of the Yorkshire Hussars rode 200-guinea "tits" in the ranks.

It cannot be disputed that our essentially national sport—now developed into a thriving trade—of horse racing has, more than anything else, contributed to the establishment of the true high-bred English horse, of which we are so justly proud, "a most absolute and excellent horse," as Constable says, in Henry V. So much sport, after the modern drawing-room style, is now provided in the vicinity of the Metropolis, Cottonopolis, and other

head-centres, that of late years hunt and local meetings and steeplechases have almost passed out of memory. Racing confined to half-bred horses, to the total exclusion of the so-called qualified hunter—as often as not some weedy cast-off from a racing stable—if resuscitated would certainly encourage breeding and add to our scarce supply of really tip-top hunters. No good can ever be anticipated from the modern system of steeplechasing upon all grass of billiard-tablelike smoothness and over made fences, most of which can be comfortably negotiated by a lad on a clover donkey. We want a serviceable class of sport, than which there can be no better than the popular local hunt meetings, the course a natural one, over a fair hunting country, with a genuine brook, a double oxer or two, a due amount of ridge and furrow and plough, four miles, in fact, of a course which in stable *parlance* requires “a bit of doing.” It wants a veritable clinker to carry a hard man, riding fourteen stone, with the Pytchley, the Atherstone, the Billesdon or Cottesmore, where the fences are real obstacles difficult to negotiate, the bursts frequent, long, and rapid, the hounds possessed of the keenest speed, and staunch, when “mute as a dream his pursuers are racing.” Such horses, now very rare and very dear, would best be produced by the re-establishment of these fixtures. Let them be on such a footing as to induce farmers possessed of capital to make breeding of half-bred horses a science. The stakes might be small, but the cups handsome trophies, and the purses substantial. With this object in view, I would apportion a moiety of my £15,000 surplus annually for prizes. Entries for the local meetings should be confined to animals bred within the limits of the respective hunts, the produce of the Government stallions. Care must be taken that, as at the shows, the travelling professional winner be prevented from carrying off all the plums from local meetings. The “cracks,” their owners being desirous to try conclusions, could meet later on at champion meetings over such courses as the Grand National at Aintree, and those at Rugby, Market Harborough, Aylesbury, Abergavenny, &c. I would not restrict the terms to cross-country contests, but would have a wholesome diversity of flat and hurdle races at high weights, and over no distance less than a mile and a half for the former and two miles for the latter, keeping the weights high. Why not revive the good old fashion of hunting-matches, or catte-matches, so much patronized by our ancestors? As a test of speed, stamina, and jumping power, nothing better could have been devised, and the fun must have been fast and

the height—for generous feed means increase of size—these miniature racers will have to be bred on the poorest pastures, of which there are many thousands of acres in these islands. Those troubled with that incurable complaint, “the slows,” will, if the present system of welter weights be maintained, be available for mounted infantry remounts. No horse for this branch of the service should exceed fifteen hands high. Galloways so bred would possess the hardness of the proverbial tinker’s dog; unlike their big brethren, never be sick or sorry, and the bulk of them, on short commons, would live and work bravely up to five and twenty years of age. It is probable that breeders of these pigmies will have to revert to the Arab blood on the side of the stallion, a retrograde movement to be devoutly hoped for.

In conclusion, I venture to quote the words of two undoubted authorities, viz. Lord Ribblesdale and the Honourable G. E. Lascelles:—“If we wish to keep our best blood at home, and to outbid the foreign purchasing power, we must use the same means—pounds, shillings, and pence.” “At the present the foreigner takes away our best horses and mares because we allow him to outbid us in our markets, whilst he carefully shuts out our buyers from his country, and forbids the exportation of horses entirely. So it appears in this matter, as in the importation of foreign food and manufactured articles, we are suffering from the incubus of not free but most unfair trade.” Should General Boulanger come to power we shall be inundated by buyers for the French army, when, to our cost, we may learn what it is to be beaten with weapons taken from our own armoury, and find ourselves in that awkward predicament of being “between the Devil and the deep sea.”

The Sabre.

By G. W. BARROLL.

II.

Feints.



FEINTS are of great service, here as in small-sword play, to induce your adversary to believe that you mean to attack in one line, and to make him move to a guard, while you deliver your real attack at the uncovered spot.

For instance, you feint at the head, and, as your adversary is moving to the head-guard, by a rapid turn of the wrist cut under his right arm.

The guard for this attack is the head-guard, and the engaging guard; but, if you can possibly avoid it, you are not to follow feints, but to wait for your adversary's last movement, and guard that, and immediately to riposte.

To riposte immediately you find the blade, is a necessity, as before explained (*Observations on Fencing*), and a guarantee against remises and redoublements.

You may proceed in the same manner, feint at the head, and deliver your cut lower down at the right leg; when your adversary may do one of two things, either guard his leg, which is done by simply lowering the hand from his engaging guard till it is opposite his right hip, or he can smartly draw his leg back to the first position, and counter at your head.

This counter is perfectly admissible and, if the leg is drawn cleanly away, an exceedingly useful manœuvre.

Should you observe that your antagonist has a great tendency to do this whenever you attack at his leg, you can turn the tables on him by feinting at the leg, lunging, and, instead of delivering your cut, forming your head-guard, and cutting either under his arm or at the leg, or making any simple riposte you please.

Or, again, you may make your feint as before, and, as your adversary draws up and prepares to counter, you can make a half-lunge and cut upwards and inwards at his sword-wrist, and immediately get away; but this requires judgment and quickness, or it will result in a double hit.

Upon feinting at your adversary's head, you may observe that in forming his head-guard he throws his point up; in that case nothing is easier for you than, by the action of your wrist and fingers, to carry your point under his, lunge and cut upwards at his left cheek or breast. Unless he has a remarkably quick hand, and can form *quarte* in time, this will result in "a very palpable hit."

You may feint at the head and cut at the inside of the knee.

The proper guard to form upon this attack is *low prime*, from



DRAWING UP AND COUNTERING AT HEAD ON LEG ATTACK.

which a very pretty return can be made at the outside of the leg, there being a good deal of chance that your adversary in instinctively trying to guard *low seconde* will help you to bring the hit home.

Upon the above-mentioned attack being made on you, you can spring up and counter at the head or arm, and this can also be done upon the counter-riposte.

You can, if you have in front of you a man who answers feints easily, and who does not seek to counter irregularly (the only regular counter being that I have endeavoured to describe above), commence by feinting at the outside leg, and deliver your real

attack at the head; but you must be very careful not to lower your hand too much in the feint, and to be ready to guard the arm, should your opponent attempt a time cut at it.

The way to guard your arm in this contingency is to return to the position of engaging guard.

I cannot recommend that you should feint at the inside of knee or breast, as the movement is too wide, and a smart opponent would be exceedingly likely to point or time-cut you on it.

As a rule, with the sabre, you will find one feint before your real attack as much as you can make with reasonable safety. But a one-two-three is practicable with regular players, in this way: feint at the head, then lower your point and feint under outside of right arm, and deliver your real attack at the head. In this



THE COUNTER AT THE HEAD GUARDED ON THE LUNGE

case I prefer that the first feint should be made at the right cheek, as it makes the movement closer.

Or the movement may be reversed: you will feint at the outside of leg first, then at the right cheek, and, on your opponent's forming his head-guard, cut under the arm or at the leg.

In this case you feint first at the right leg and not under the arm, simply because your antagonist is covered by his engaging guard in the second-named position, and it is evidently useless to feint where a man is covered.

Another very good attack is made by feinting at a man's leg outside and, on his dropping his hand to guard the leg, cutting at the fore-arm.

The Point.

All the attacks that are initiated by feints at the head may be commenced by feinting a thrust above the blade (in prime), and the feints at the outside of the leg may be replaced by feinting a thrust under the blade (in seconde).

But here it is necessary that we should explain the delivery of the point. I am always supposing that you are engaged in high seconde, and that your adversary has taken the same engaging guard—in fact you cannot otherwise be properly said to be engaged; you might as well speak of engaging a man's blade in tierce who had the engagement of quarte, an evident absurdity in the case of two right-handed men. You have then an equal engagement, and you will find that your opposition, which is downwards and outwards, guarantees you against a direct thrust. Should either of you, therefore, desire to point, he must disengage, that is, he must by a movement of his wrist and fingers make his point describe the greater part of a circle over his adversary's hilt and wrist, and thrust above the blade, in prime.

This is parried by forming prime, or, as is laid down sometimes, the head-guard; but we think that unless the thrust is delivered at the face, the regular prime, in which the hand is opposite the left shoulder, is best.

When you have formed this parry, should your adversary be merely feinting, instead of attacking in earnest, he can disengage by moving his point round your hilt and wrist in the reverse direction, and thrust in seconde or under the blade. Or, of course, should you not have closed your line of engagement, he can directly point in seconde. The guard is seconde, or, in other words, your outside leg-guard.

The great majority of sabre-players deliver the point with the back of the hand up, or, as it is more commonly described, with the nails down; but it will sometimes be found convenient to turn the nails up, as, for instance, being engaged in high seconde, and having the advantage of the engagement (for it is no use to attack or feint in a closed line), you may feint a straight thrust in seconde by simply completing the extension of the arm, and then, turning wrist and hand into supination (with nails up) you will thrust over the blade, the hand in quarte.

Again, after parrying quarte either against a cut at the inner side of the body or a thrust, you will return, should you elect to do so by a thrust, with the hand in quarte. In each case you



ATTACK AT OUTSIDE OF LEG AND GUARD SECOND

adoption of an engagement with the point down (though it cannot be called an engagement in the low lines in the present case) that the disengagement passes over the wrist instead of under, and that the *coupes* pass under the point instead of above it, which is exactly the reverse of what generally takes place in fencing. It is perhaps the occurrence of these differences that explains the fact, not unfrequently observed, that men who are good fencers and sabre-players sometimes fail in a marked degree to use the point well in the latter exercise.

It might perhaps be well for those who wish to practise with both weapons to endeavour occasionally to practise fencing from the engagements of *prime* and *seconde*, or to ask their fencing masters to practise them in these parries. It has only to be remembered that the point is to be delivered in the same way as with a foil, the arm being fully extended before the lunge, and that the thrust is generally directed at the body, sometimes at the face, and very rarely at the limbs, from the difficulty of directing the point.

The parries are to be formed in the same manner as upon an attack made with a foil, except that only simple parries are used, and you have at your disposal a much larger field of *ripostes* than in fencing.

It is a common subject of remark among players that the point is all very well if it gets on, but that, if parried, there is no escaping the *riposte*. Certainly there appears to be a good deal of truth in this, and I cannot perfectly satisfy myself as to the reason, but think that it is very frequently to be traced to the fact of sabre-players over-reaching themselves when they thrust, and not being able to recover with sufficient quickness. Another cause appears to be that generally the arm is too much stiffened on the delivery of the point, the consequence being that on a firm parry being formed, not only is the blade beaten aside, but the arm also, and in some cases the body is actually twisted a little out of line. Yet another cause, and perhaps the most important of all, is the tendency of broadswordsmen to practise "*cavation*," that is, to neglect deliberately, and of a set purpose, their opposition, with a view of getting on inside the line of defence in attacks on the inner line (*cavation* cannot well be practised on the outer line). This wilful neglect of the line tends to throw the attacker off his balance, and renders getting back in time to guard the *riposte* almost impossible.

To avoid these evils, the sabre-player is enjoined to be very

careful to keep the body upright on the lunge, and to remember that though the arm is to be fully extended on his first movement, it is not to be held rigidly, and that immediately he has either hit his antagonist with his point, or encountered his guard, he is to be ready to return at once to the guarding position. On no account and under no temptations is he to "*caver*." It is "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence."

I am afraid that sufficient attention is not always paid in the lesson to the delivery of the point, and it has happened to me more than once to watch an entire lesson of some duration, with the sticks, without having once heard the pupil ordered to thrust. I feel sure that, on reflection, masters will agree with me that this important omission should be rectified.

When you start from the engagements of tierce or quarte (*sixte* is never used, as it is not a sufficiently strong parry with the heavier weapon), the disengagements are made in the way that we described when treating of the small sword, but you must meet them by the simple parries, as the counters are not feasible with the broad heavy blade of a sabre.

Arm or "Manchette" play.

We have said hitherto nothing specially on the subject of arm play, what is called by French broadswordsmen *manchette-play*, because the guard we have advocated entirely precludes it, which is not one of its meanest advantages; but it is necessary to deal with it in case you should be opposed to an adversary who uses a point-up guard.

Of the two engaging guards with the point up, much the more common is that of tierce, and here you will see at once that the outside of the arm is covered, but that it is open on the inner line; you can, therefore, cut over the point and cut straight down at the arm, or you may make your movement slightly wider and cut at it horizontally from right to left, or, lastly, you may, by a nearly complete circular movement, make a slanting upward cut at its under surface.

I mention the cut-over first, as here it is easier of performance and better than the disengagement; but you can disengage by dipping the point of your blade under your opponent's sword-hand and cut at his arm with the false edge. All these attacks may be parried by the guard of quarte-croisee previously described.

From the engagement of quarte, you can attack the arm by cutting over and cutting vertically downwards, or horizontally; or,

making your point describe a nearly circular movement, you may cut obliquely upwards and outwards.

From this engaging guard you have an excellent attack by the disengagement, or, more correctly speaking, the half-disengagement, upwards and inwards at the under surface of the fore-arm. *Seconde* will parry this and the other upward cut, and tierce will meet the others.

But let it be repeated that a man who takes the engaging guard with the point down, such as we described in the first place, is covered from all these attacks. In many instances, when attacked at the hand, you may draw your hand back to the shoulder and cut straight at your opponent's head; this you may also do upon your adversary's beating on your blade, that is, if his beat is *what has been described as a real beat, i.e.* a strong beat intended to beat you out of line or even disarm you.

Beats.

As may be gathered from the above remarks, beats are of two kinds: one, described by some authors as a real beat, is made with considerable force, and is intended to beat the blade out of line so as to make an opening, and even to shake one's hold of the sword; the other, called by La Boessière a false beat, is a light beat which, with a handy sabre, can be made with the fingers, and is intended to deceive and probably make a man cover the side in which the beat is made, in order to attack him in another line.

All the attacks, which we have rather indicated than described as being preceded by feints at the head, can be commenced by a light beat on the blade above; but you must be careful in using this mode of attack, as many players, immediately they feel your blade, will cut at you, and, should you continue your attack, the result will be a double hit.

The beat, like the feint, is always to be made while in the second position, before you move forward in the lunge, and you should be ready, if your adversary attacks upon it, to guard and riposte.

Of Countering and Rushing to Close Quarters.

In the present state of sabre-play in England it is necessary to bear in mind, in the performance of any compound attack, that you may have to interrupt your movement of attack in order to guard a counter, when you should be prepared to riposte immediately.

before making his attack, and if he be wise he will provide himself against the risk above alluded to by beating the blade on his advance. Should his adversary have read his design aright, he will deceive the beat by a disengagement; and, again, if the man advancing to the attack has judged that his adversary will disengage, he will advance with a beat above the blade.

Of Measure.

I have had occasion to speak of measure, and may be expected to explain what is meant by this term.

By being in measure, I mean that the assailant is within that distance of his adversary which will enable him to reach him either by point or cut, in such a manner as to be able to deliver either with efficiency. If he is too far off, he will fail to hit (*tirer dans le vide*); if he is too near, he will have to draw back his hand to thrust, or to make a wide movement to cut.

If two men are opposed to each other who are of different height and reach, it is evident that one may be in measure for attack and the other not, when the latter is in the disadvantageous position of being susceptible of attack, and not himself capable of it without a preliminary advance. It is this fact which gives a certain advantage to tall men, though necessarily in the act of lunging, they bring themselves into measure for the riposte; still more so, evidently, if they advance so far as to be able to attack without lunging.

The ready appreciation of relative distance, which we call measure, is one of the most valuable qualities a swordsman can possess, and is only to be learned by practice.

The appearance of distance will, of course, vary according to the nature of the light, and Cordelois advises fencers (in view of duelling) to practise occasionally in the open air, as he points out that under this condition the idea of distance is sensibly altered, one's antagonist appearing considerably nearer than he really is. The absence of the mask must also make a difference.

The same eminent authority describes measure (*portée, ou connaître la portée*) as not alone giving you an idea of the distance which has to be travelled from the position of guard to that of the lunge in order to reach your adversary, but as furnishing valuable information as to his movements of advance and retreat, and keeping you, in fact, constantly "in touch" with him.

He recommends its assiduous study in these words: *Je ne puis trop recommander une étude constante pour acquérir cette con-*



CUT AT THE ARM ON A JOINTER AT THE HEAD.

if not most cases, the quickest return, that equivalent to the riposte *de tac-au-tac* in fencing, will bring you into an opposite line to that in which the attack was directed. Take as an example an attack at your left cheek, which you guard in prime, and riposte under the right arm; your adversary will probably guard seconde. Here, though you have chosen what is probably the shortest round to travel to the riposte, the line has been changed. Again, you are attacked at the outside of the right leg; as quick a riposte as you can make after guarding seconde, is to turn your hand and cut at the inside of his right leg, which will necessitate his guarding prime or semi-circle unless he draws up and counters.

When the counter-riposte is delivered, there is in all probability another change of line, and in this way the weapon with which we are concerned is made to travel over more space than is the case in fencing with the point alone.

The Riposte with the Point.

It has been proposed, and is taught, I believe, in the naval cutlass drill, that from each guard the riposte shall be delivered by a thrust; but the danger of passing appears to me too great to make this practicable, except in the case of outside guards, where the point is better placed. For you will find that outside guards are, as a rule, formed with the point in line, while the inside ones are made with the point decidedly out of line, and it is very difficult, with the hand in pronation, to direct a point and maintain your opposition to the left.

Of course you can, from the inside guard in prime, riposte with the point by the "prime coupe"; but this movement, which has about it a great amount of dash and brilliancy, is very difficult of accomplishment, even with a foil, and is scarcely worth trying with a sabre, that is, *as a point*, the return at the head after guarding the left side or inside leg being nothing more than a "prime coupé," or cut over (here, by the way, is an instance of the faultiness of our nomenclature, as it really is a cut under, the coupe being one in the low lines), twice deserving of its name, as it finishes with a cut instead of a thrust.

Guards to be formed well forward.

It has always appeared to me that, as a rule, it was of advantage to form the guards well forward, as obviously the distance to travel

The Centre of Percussion.

I am reminded of an important omission made in the description of the sabre. I said nothing of the centre of percussion. This is a point which, in a blade of about 32 inches, will be found about 6 or 8 inches from the point, and in which resides the chief cutting power of the weapon. You can easily find it for yourself by making experimental cuts with your sword; for instance, at small bars of lead, after having greased the blade so that the marks of the cut may remain on it. Some sword-cutlers mark it for you; but even in this case it is as well to prove it.

Of the False Edge and Drawing Cuts.

I am unable to divest myself of an idea that the use of the false edge is unduly neglected, and I was confirmed in this view by my experience of the system adopted by a fencing master whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Dresden this year, which system (though I think it by no means equal to the English one) is yet, in the hands of a sabre-player of Herr Staberoh's excellence, a most formidable one.

After guarding the right cheek and side of the head in tierce, the opposition of the blade is maintained, and a quick drawing cut is made with the false edge at your adversary's left cheek or neck.

This is but one instance; but a little attack which is often made with success consists in (from the engaging guard in high seconde) beating sharply upon the opposing blade in seconde, and, without turning the hand, delivering a cut with the false edge at the inside of the knee-joint. This is made as a drawing cut as lightly as possible, with a half-lunge, and in the very act of forming the head-guard, as on the beat many men immediately counter at the head.

Other uses of the false edge could be mentioned if space allowed it.

It will be noticed that I speak of these as drawing cuts, and here, perhaps, the critical reader will confront me with a previous condemnation of these cuts; but there is a time and place for everything, and whilst, as a rule, the sword should cut directly forward with as much boldness and swiftness as possible, there are occasions, as in time-cutting at the wrist, when the cut should be made, as it were, in the act of retreating.

Attacks to be made with Boldness.

Whilst on this subject I should like to mention that one often observes that young players attack with timidity, frequently not

completing the extension of the arm; in fact, their attack is checked by an evident desire to be in time to guard the riposte, and "out of the nettle Danger to pluck the flower Safety."

They should be made to bear in mind that the simple fact of a well-formed, boldly pronounced attack, with good opposition, acts as a defence, by transferring the onus of guarding to their adversary. In the oracular words of an old friend and fencing master of mine, who has long joined the majority, "l'attaque c'est la défense."

If you attack timidly and short, you render the task of guarding and riposting unduly easy.

Of False Attacks.

I am not going to say that false attacks, which should be shorter than real ones, are not to be made; on the contrary, they furnish us with the best means of dealing with the "carpet-beater," by drawing his counter, and enabling us to riposte upon it. But in every case the extension of the arm should be complete, the difference in length of the attack depending upon the greater or lesser length of the lunge.

(To be continued.)



The Nile Expedition in 1884-5.

By MAJOR LAWSON, R.E.

II.



THE troops specially organized for desert work consisted of four camel regiments, a camel battery, a detachment Royal Engineers, a naval brigade, a camel bearer company, a movable field hospital, and three transport companies. The camel regiments were entitled respectively the Heavy Camel Regiment, the Light Camel Regiment, the Guards Camel Regiment, and the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment. Of these, the first two were formed of volunteer detachments from the "heavy" and "light" regiments of cavalry respectively. The unit drawn from each cavalry regiment was 2 officers and 43 men, and, with ten of these units, each camel regiment numbered, exclusive of officers, 430 men. It seems probable that when these regiments were first organized, it was thought that their *rôle* would have been to act as auxiliaries to an infantry boat expedition, and to do the outpost and look-out work on shore. These duties would have resembled more those of a cavalry than of an infantry soldier, and it was probably from an idea of this sort, quite as much as from a desire to let all branches of the army have their representatives with the Relief Expedition, that two of the camel regiments were formed of cavalry soldiers. That the first of these suppositions is probably true may be inferred from the fact that the earliest organized of the camel regiments, the Mounted Infantry, was trained at Dongola for some weeks to do regular mounted infantry work, viz. scouting, &c., on camels, before it was authoritatively promulgated that the camels were but to serve their riders as a means of locomotion, and that all their work as soldiers was to be done on foot. As it was, the cavalry soldiers were armed with what was to them a new weapon, viz. the infantry rifle, and were trained to a new system of foot-

It should be remembered that with our system of voluntary enlistment, and with the present low rate of pay given to the private soldier, the latter can never be a fair representative of our nation in the way a continental soldier is of his. Individual men may and do sometimes enlist from a love of soldiering, but with pay so much less than the market cost of labour, it is impossible to get the best men to enter the ranks. The soldiers who volunteered to serve in the Camel Regiments, and from whom those who actually joined them were selected, were in reality the best men in the army, and their appearance did not belie them. Furthermore, be it said to their lasting credit, that these men as a rule were always cheerful under hardships, and intelligent to understand and quick to obey an order. Amid the many and often exceedingly great hardships which the camelry had to undergo, the writer, who had many opportunities for judging, never heard the camel soldier grumble or saw him aught but cheerful and obedient.

The regiments were most carefully equipped: a special pattern saddle and saddle-bags had been devised for the occasion, and each man was supplied with clothing and kit suitable for desert work. He carried his 150 rounds of ammunition in a bandolier, or belt, across his shoulder, and was armed with a Martini-Henry rifle and a sword-bayonet. The organization of the bearer company had likewise been carefully worked out; it was provided with litters, carried on camels, on which wounded or sick men could be transported lying down, and with cacolets to carry men who were well enough to sit up. The Army Hospital Corps attendants were all mounted, and the company was, in fact, equipped so as to enable it to march, carrying its sick and wounded, as fast as could the rest of the camel force. The field hospital, whose *raison d'être* it is to attend to the sick and wounded in the field, while that of the bearer company is to carry them on the march, was similarly made quite mobile. The transport companies, varying in strength from 200 to 300 camels, were officered by combatant officers, with commissariat warrant officers to assist, and with Somali Arabs, and in some cases Fellahs, to lead and tend the camels. By these transport companies all the water, food, and spare ammunition of the force was carried, for on his own camel a soldier could only carry three days' rations for himself and his animal.

The Naval Brigade, comprising 53 men, with 2 Gardner guns, as well as the detachment of Royal Engineers, 2 officers and 25 men, were fitted out and equipped at Korti. The former carried,

with his men, and this they well knew and appreciated. Few soldiers in their lifetime have ever been more loved by their men, or in their death have been more regretted than was Herbert Stewart.

Such, then, was the composition of the Camel Force, and such was its leader. Formed of men all volunteers, and all, therefore, following their pleasure as well as fulfilling their duty, no wonder that when the order to march was given their hearts beat high. It was a force of a kind which had never been organised from the English army before; it was going to march across a country almost unknown, and to face difficulties and dangers impossible to forecast. Its duty was to rescue a brother soldier, whose character and whose deeds had won him a place in every English heart. With this goal before them, and the unknown and the untried to overcome, can we wonder if some at least thought that great things were at hand, and that the Desert Column would do deeds worthy to rank side by side with some of the proudest achievements of our past?

The climate, too, at this season was quite perfect, with bright sunny days and cool refreshing nights, whilst the exhilarating desert air gave an exuberance to the spirits of all, and made every man look forward to the coming march more as a pleasant picnic than as a prelude to a struggle for life and death.

On the road between Korti and Metemneh there was known to be water supply at three points, viz., El Howeyiat, Gakdul, and Abu Klea, and it was Lord Wolseley's intention to form posts at each of these places, and then to push forward supplies by means of convoys working between them. The number of camels available at Korti was not sufficient to make it prudent to send a force direct to Metemneh without first establishing a fortified post and depôt at an intermediate point. It was determined, therefore, to occupy Gakdul which, 100 miles from Korti, was more than half way to Metemneh, and was the place where the largest and best water supply in the desert was known to exist. On December 29th orders to this effect were issued. The Guards and Mounted Infantry Camel Regiments and the detachment Royal Engineers were to march to seize the reservoirs at Gakdul, whilst all the remaining camels were to accompany the force laden with stores of rations and ammunition. The reservoirs seized, Sir Herbert Stewart was to return to Korti, leaving the Guards and Engineers to fortify and guard Gakdul, whilst he brought back with him all the camels preparatory to a second trip.

needed rest and food. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the march was recommenced, and continued till 1 A.M. on the morning of the 31st, when at fifty-three miles from Korti, the wells of El Howeyiat were reached. These wells, dug at intervals over a water-course, supply a considerable amount of good water, and on this occasion were useful in quenching the thirst of the horses of the force. After resting at the wells for the night, Sir Herbert Stewart, leaving a small detachment behind, took the road again at 8.30 A.M. on the 1st, and with a two-hours' halt at mid-day, and an hour and a half's halt between 7 P.M. and 8.30 P.M., when he waited for the moon to rise, marched on without intermission till 7.30 A.M. on the 2nd January, and the goal, Gakdul, was reached. This march of ninety-six miles had been accomplished in forty-seven hours, with a loss of fifteen camels; this is interesting, as it showed what the camels could do at their best, but on no subsequent march in the desert was such rapidity attained, whilst the proportion of camels lost on the march became soon a very rapidly increasing one.

The wells, or rather the pools, of Gakdul, lie in about the centre, as regards length, of that range of hills, Jebel Jilif, which runs parallel to, and to the left of, the caravan road: distant about one and a half mile from the road, they are found at the farther extremity of a sort of punch bowl, which lies surrounded by many steep and rocky hills; the pools themselves are natural hollows in the bed of a steep, narrow, and rocky ravine which runs into the punch-bowl, and which during the short rainy season of the desert is the bed of a swift torrent. Lying one higher than the other they are filled in succession before the torrent reaches the plain, and when the rains cease, and the torrents disappear these natural reservoirs remain full of water. Of the pools at Gakdul the lower one, being readily accessible, has from all time been visited by, walked into, and fouled by animals; its water was in consequence pronounced unfit for human use. The water of the two upper pools was, however, perfectly clean and wholesome. The amount of water stored at Gakdul was calculated when Sir H. Stewart arrived, and there were then 400,000 gallons in the lower, and 120,000 and 80,000 gallons in the two upper pools respectively. The day of his arrival Stewart spent in watering and resting his camels, but at 8 P.M. the same evening, leaving the Guards and the Engineers, in all 400 men, to hold Gakdul, he started on the return march to Korti, taking with him all the transport animals.

battery, Royal Artillery, the Mounted Infantry and Heavy Camel Regiments, 400 men of the Royal Sussex Regiment, 1 company of the Essex Regiment, and the Naval Brigade; a total of 98 officers and 1,509 non-commissioned officers and men. This march was made much as the first one, the additional infantry being mounted on the camels belonging to the Guards Camel Regiment; the company of the Essex Regiment was left at El Howeyiat to hold the wells, and with a halt at the wells of Abu Halfa *en route*, the column reached Gakdul at mid-day on January 12th. At Gakdul, which, in the ten days' interval since Sir Herbert Stewart had left it, had been made as defensible as the size of the garrison and the unfavourable nature of the ground permitted, a two days' halt was made, and the final arrangements for the march which was to take the force to the Nile were elaborated.

The information which Sir H. Stewart had, led him to anticipate no resistance at Abu Klea and but little at Metemneh. A hostile force of 300 men under one of the Mahdi's emirs, Wad Sad, was indeed known to be at Metemneh, but it was also confidently believed that there too would be found several of Gordon's steamers ready to establish communication between the relieving force and Khartoum. The actual state of affairs, as was learnt later, was widely different. Within two days after Sir Herbert Stewart had for the first time occupied Gakdul, the news of it had reached Berber, and the Emir of that place forthwith despatched reinforcements to Metemneh. The news can have been but little if any longer in reaching Khartoum; the Mahdi sent some troops north at once, and the fall of Omdurman, which took place between the 6th and 13th January, released more men for the same purpose. These troops, mostly Dugain and Kenana Arabs from Kordofan with a sprinkling of Jalins and Ababdehs from the Bayuda, were gradually pushed out from Metemneh to Abu Klea, and by the 16th January from 9,000 to 11,000 of them were encamped around the Wells.

On the 14th January Sir Herbert Stewart formed up his force outside Gakdul on the caravan road; its composition was as follows:—

	Officers.	N.C.O.'s and Men.
Staff	8	6
Naval Brigade	5	53
19th Hussars	9	121
Heavy Camel Regiment	24	376
Guards Camel Regiment	19	365

and the Hospital and Bearer Company; on the right flank marched the Artillery and Engineers, on the left flank the Naval Brigade, whilst the Sussex men on foot brought up the rear. In this formation Herbert Stewart entered the hills; the ground, for the most part sharply undulating, rose on either side of the road into hills of several hundred feet in height; these hills completely commanded the road, and if occupied by the enemy would have made advance most difficult. Whilst the force was pushing on, the General went to the outposts, and soon took in the situation; across the valley, a couple of miles away, could be seen a line of banners and of men, whilst, further off still, rows of tents betokened a considerable encampment. There was no doubt that the enemy was in great force, and against such numbers the General saw that it would be the reverse of prudent to enter into a decisive action that evening. Accordingly, at 4.30 p.m., Sir H. Stewart halted his force in the valley (there some 1,400 yards broad), at about one and a half mile distant from the enemy's line, and took up his position for the night. The camels were closed up into a compact mass and made to lie down, and were firmly secured; a rough parapet in some places of saddles, in others of commissariat boxes, and along the exposed side of stones, was formed in an oblong around the camels. Along one face a tolerably strong zeriba was formed, and in front of the salients wire entanglements were laid down. On the hills on the left, within 400 yards of the bivouac, a picquet was established, but the hills on the opposite side of the valley (some 1,000 yards off) were too far distant to occupy. As the darkness began to fall in, the Arabs, disappointed at their amusement being postponed to the morrow, occupied the hills on the right and commenced a desultory rifle fire on the zeriba. Later in the evening additional firing commenced from the front, and with but little intermission the shooting was kept up during the whole night; this fire, though doing little or no actual damage, yet served the enemy's purpose in disturbing the garrison, and effectively spoiling their night's rest. The tom-toms, or native drums, sounded throughout the night, and showed that on their side the Arabs were not napping; at one time so close did the drumming approach that a night attack on the zeriba seemed a probability. The unexpected, however, happened, for when the rising of Venus, an hour before dawn, called the force to arms, the tom-tomming once more died away in the distance, and the zeriba was left undisturbed.

Daylight showed that the enemy on the hill had during the

and effective fire to bear upon it. The ground towards the enemy's camp was a rolling valley some 1,800 yards in width, and bounded in on either side by hills; close under the left range of hills, along a grassy and wooded nullah, ran the caravan route, whilst to the right the ground was higher and more open. Along this higher ground Sir Herbert moved his square, and to keep the enemy's riflemen at bay sent out skirmishers to the front and rear. The pace at which a square, formed as this one was, must move is necessarily very slow; the movement of the whole is regulated by the crawling pace of the camel, and by the necessity of frequent halts to ensure that correct formation is preserved. At the rate then perhaps of a mile and a half an hour, the square made its way along towards the line of flags. No movement there was visible save now and then when, the square being halted, a well pitched shell caused a momentary commotion. On the hills to the left, and facing the Hussars, could be seen a large body of riflemen, spearmen, and horsemen collecting. At last, when the square had got within 500 yards of the flags, and when all were wondering if the enemy would attack, in the twinkling of an eye from the nullah on the left rose three solid phalanxes of Arabs ready for the fray. In front of each phalanx rode its emir, and behind him, mounted dervishes, prayer-books and banners in hand, chanting hymns to Allah, led the van. In close, solid and regular formation did these three phalanxes move forward against the front and left faces of the square. In sublime indifference to the breech-loader, and over ground as bare and open as the historic glacis of St. Privat, the Arabs advanced to the attack. Their appearance was so sudden that the English skirmishers were taken by surprise, and the fear of shooting these very skirmishers in their retreat, delayed and delayed most seriously the fire of the square. However, as soon as could be, the front and left faces opened fire, and the artillery was brought into action on the front side of the square, the Gardner guns on the left. The fire, owing to the suddenness of the attack, was at first somewhat hurried and wild, but the men soon settled down, and against the hail of bullets and canister coming from the front face, even the most fervent believers in the Mahdi could not make way. Then occurred the most surprising feature in the day's event. Under deadly fire from the square, suddenly, but in disciplined order, the phalanxes moved to the left, and wheeling round threw their full force against the left rear corner of the square. Here stood the men of the Heavy Camel Regiment. Obstructed, however, in their fire

found, and here the exhausted soldiers quenched their thirst. A position round the wells was taken up, and despite the absence of blankets or coverings to protect them from the intense cold of the desert night, the force gladly laid them down to rest. At 8 o'clock a call was made for 300 volunteers, and was cheerfully responded to. This body of men, under Major Phipps of the Mounted Infantry, marched back across the battle-field, and on to the zeriba, whose garrison they roused. The orders were to pack up and advance, and all through that night the work of dismantling the zeriba, of collecting the stores, and of loading them on the camels proceeded. It was not until the dawn broke that the work was completed, and the procession wended its way up along the valley to the wells.

On the day after the fight, Sir Herbert Stewart had to decide again on his plan of action. Information obtained from some prisoners taken on the previous day was important: Omdurman, the outpost of Khartoum, and on the possession of which Gordon had always attached the last importance, had fallen about a week before; some of the Mahdi's troops whom its fall had released, had fought at Abu Klea the day before; many more were on their way north, and even now must have reached Metemneh. Two facts were very clear, (one) that Gordon must now be reduced to the very last straits, and (two) that the amount of opposition which Stewart would meet at Metemneh would be as great, if not greater, than that which he had just overcome at Abu Klea. His losses on the 17th had been very heavy, and his men were exhausted after sleepless nights and harassing days. Prudence must indeed have counselled a halt at Abu Klea whilst the camels went back to bring up further reinforcements. This, however, meant a long delay, seven or eight days at least, and in that time the fate of Gordon and his men might be sealed; a thousand extra men would be little good once the Mahdi's flag floated over Khartoum. It was an occasion on which to win at all much must be risked, and Stewart was unquestionably right when he decided to advance. Having come to this determination, it remained to be determined whether the march should take place at once, or whether a night's rest should be given to the already fatigued troops. It is more than probable that if there had been any considerable amount of water at Abu Klea, the latter course would have been adopted, but the wells, which had been supplying 11,000 or 12,000 Arabs for several days, and which in addition had just satiated the thirst of Sir Herbert's force, were for the time

each man made his way as best he could. To recover loads from camels which fell exhausted became impossible, whilst in the confusion many camels broke loose, missed the column, and had to be abandoned altogether. Marching in this fashion, and over the most difficult of ground, the pace became very very slow, and for some time could not have exceeded a mile an hour; the result was that when Sir Herbert Stewart halted to reform his troops just before daybreak, the march intended had not been accomplished, and the Nile was still six or seven miles off. All hopes of reaching it undetected were now at an end. The general, too, thinking that the line of direction taken by the guide had been too much to the right, and that this to a great extent had been the cause of the delay, now altered this course to the left, and moving now over clear, open country pressed on. The scouts soon sent in word that Metemneh was straight in front, and that many signs indicated that the garrison was aware of our approach, and would make an effort to prevent the column reaching the Nile. The march continued until, reaching a gravelly knoll within full view of Metemneh, and of the river winding northwards towards Shendy, the general halted. Metemneh, a large and apparently solidly built town, was some three miles off, and signs of activity there were at once apparent; the enemy began to move out of the town, and from the waving banners and orderly movements, it was evident that something more than a few undisciplined tribesmen barred the way. In presence of such a force, it would be foolhardy to attempt to march the whole column with its straggling and tired camels across the open to the Nile, and Stewart wisely determined to halt to park his camels, and give his men a much needed interval for rest and food. This was at about 8 A.M. The Arabs, seeing our troops at a standstill, lost no time but pushed up towards the front of, and to either side of the halted force, and before our men had well commenced their breakfasts, Arab riflemen on three sides were finding the range of the zeriba. Situated on a gravel mound, which rose island-like out of the surrounding tuft-grown country, the zeriba presented a most conspicuous target, while on the other hand the ground falling away from it, covered with grass and shrubs, afforded protection and concealment to the Arabs.

As the morning advanced, the range of the zeriba was obtained by the enemy with an accuracy which, on their part, left nothing to be desired, whilst at the same time the number of their riflemen was largely increased. As a consequence, our men and camels began to suffer. A hasty parapet of saddles and boxes ranged

crept along. Meantime the commanding position of the zeriba, enabled not only those inside it to follow the movement of the square, but the artillery to play with most excellent effect on the dense masses of Arabs collected behind the ridge. To the damaging effect of this artillery fire much of the success of the day was undoubtedly due. To return to the square: onward it steadily pushes, and to the relief of all at last emerges from the tuft and bush-grown slope on to the open gravelly plateau at the foot of the ridge. To have reached the open ground successfully seems a victory in itself: on the square moves, and when within a few hundred yards of the ridge, the Arab advance is at last made; but this time the fates do not smile on the sons of Islam, and the Martini-Henry rifle in the hands of those who know its merit, and had learnt its use, comes out of the ordeal triumphant. Against that sheet of lead no successful advance was possible: the bravest Arabs pushed on to meet their deaths, but those less courageous or less fanatical quailed before the fire and fled. The crisis had indeed come and gone, for the great masses of the Arabs, shaken in their *morale* by the artillery fire from the zeriba, had not joined in the charge, and seeing now the ill-success of their bolder comrades, gave up the day for lost and slowly and sullenly made their way back to Metemneh. In the square the relief was great, and many were the handshakings and mutual congratulations over grave difficulties faced and overcome. The force was still some way from the river, so, after a short pause, the march was continued. Not, however, until after dark did Sir C. Wilson and the square reach the Nile. Now at last could men feel that the first great step towards the relief of Khartoum was accomplished, and that but a hundred miles of water-way separated them from the beleaguered city. In a sheltered valley, and protected by picquets posted on adjoining hills, the tired soldiers enjoyed their hardly-won night's rest.

Daylight enabled those in command to judge the situation, and decide the measures to be taken. The force was encamped some three miles south of Metemneh, between which and the bivouac stretched, along a ridge some 800 yards from the Nile, a series of mud-built villages. Metemneh itself could be clearly seen to be a large town, quite a mile in length, and on low ground lay back from the river about as far as did the villages. The town did not look aggressive and field-glasses showed that some of the inhabitants, at least, were engaged in gutting the town and clearing away their goods and chattels. This would have been a favourable

The town of Metemneh, standing at one end of the Korti road, is much the most important point on the river between Berber and Khartoum, far more so than its perhaps better known neighbour Shendy. It had been made one of the Mahdi's strongholds. Here resided one of his emirs; here stores of grain had been collected, and here some of his few guns had been mounted in position. It was one of his main *points d'appui*, and as long as his flag floated over it, the Korti-Metemneh road could never be said to be open to us. So long as Metemneh remained in Arab hands, so long would the neighbouring country remain hostile to us. The capture of this place, therefore, was a necessary preliminary to any further active military measures. Sir Charles Wilson accordingly determined to make an attempt to take the town, and with this object, the available fighting force was formed up outside Gubat before dawn on the 21st.

The town itself forms an oblong, of which the longer sides, running east and west, are at right angles to the Nile; the eastern side is parallel to, and some 600 yards from, the river, whilst the western side rests on the edge of the rolling gravel hills, which mark the commencement of the desert, and which, sweeping round, join the ridge on which is situated in company with others the village of Gubat. From the south and east, any advance towards the town would have to be made over flat open ground, but to the west and south-west the rolling nature of the desert makes it possible to approach under cover to within a few hundred yards of the place. It was from this direction that a chance of successful attack promised best. Round the western side, on the morning of the 21st, the hussars were sent to reconnoitre whilst the main body moved in parallel columns towards the town. A report that a body of the enemy had left Metemneh on the river side, and with the apparent intention of creeping along the bank to attack and surprise the small force left in Gubat, caused the direction of the march to be diverted towards the river and, crossing the ridge, the force descended to the lower and open ground some half a mile from the town. An advanced village, 600 yards south of Metemneh, was occupied and fortified by a detachment of our troops, whilst the remainder of the force moved on towards the river. The enemy, who, up to this, had shown no signs of life, now opened a brisk fire from loop-holes on the fortified village, and on the square. The southern side of the town had evidently been prepared for defence, and in a few minutes, from behind an earthen epaulment, two guns, firing round shot, began to play on the

The situation was, in truth, an anxious as well as a difficult one. Many things had to be done—what should be done first? The secure establishment of a position on the Nile seemed on consideration first to require attention, and, accordingly, on the afternoon of the 21st, the bulk of the troops moved down to the river bank immediately below the village, and there commenced to construct a defensive work. The Guards Camel Regiment remained in occupation of the village, and began to construct a work, subsequently known as the Guards' Fort. The camels were parked on the level cultivated ground which divided the river from the Guards' Fort. On the 22nd, reconnaissances were made down stream by the steamers, and up stream by the Hussars, to discover the positions and numbers of the approaching hostile forces. No news, however, of troops in any number close at hand was gleaned from the riparian inhabitants, and, accordingly, sure now that his force would have time to fortify themselves before receiving an attack, Sir C. Wilson made his last preparations for the perilous journey to Khartoum. It had become necessary to send the camels back to Gakdul, both to bring up fresh supplies, and to give to Lord Wolseley the first report of the events of the past five days. Accordingly, on the 23rd, arrangements for the two journeys were made: for the first, the two best steamers had to be picked out and supplied with fuel, while the trustworthy among the crews had to be separated from the untrustworthy; many other things had to be done to fit, as far as possible, the steamers for their dangerous trip, and it was late on the 23rd when all was complete. On the same day the camels and their saddles were, as far as possible, reduced to order, and when darkness set in, escorted by 400 men, under the command of Colonel Talbot, they started for Gakdul. Some 54 officers and 868 rank and file remained to hold the post on the Nile. At 8 A.M. on the 24th January Sir C. Wilson, with three English officers and twenty men of the Royal Sussex Regiment, steamed up stream for Khartoum, leaving Lieut.-Colonel Boscawen, of the Coldstream Guards, in command at Gubat.

Thus closed an eventful period in the campaign, and one which had entailed much continuous labour and exposure on the Desert Column. From mid-day on January 16th, up to the evening of January 21st, they had scarce a moment's rest. The night of the 16th, rendered sleepless by the enemy's fire and by rumours of attack, had been followed by the battle for the Wells on the 17th. That night had been spent in loading camels and dismantling the zeriba, and was followed the next afternoon and night by the march

The Krupp Artillery.

By C. J. L'ESTRANGE.



FOREIGN historians have often pretended that the victories of our bowmen at Crecy and Agincourt were due as much to the superior quality of their arrowheads as to the prowess of the men themselves. Be this true or false, it is beyond question that for many years past we have adopted the most effectual way of removing any ground for further reproach on this score. If our troops win battles in the immediate future, it will be in spite of their weapons rather than with their aid. Our home-made bayonets twist, our swords sinash, and our cartridges jam. England, once *facile princeps* in iron and steel manufactures, is now driven to purchase abroad the munitions of war necessary for her own defence. At this moment Solingen is busily engaged in completing a contract for British cavalry swords, the secret of making which, as the Secretary-of-State for War admitted in the House of Commons, is now numbered in this country among the lost arts.

In the manufacture of heavy guns we have been left yet more hopelessly behind by foreign nations. In the first place, we cannot produce guns quickly enough to supply our needs; and, secondly, a terribly large percentage of those guns which we do produce burst during practice.

The object of this paper is to throw some light on a system by which guns which do not burst are manufactured in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements not of one nation only, but of more than a third of the great naval and military powers of the world.

Friedrich Krupp (born 1787, died 1826) founded the now world-famed house at Essen in 1810. On starting, he employed only two workmen, and the foundry was conducted on the most limited scale. On his death, his widow and son joined in partnership to

for small houses, and sympathy for the larger sorrows they too often contain. The object of labour should be the common weal. If work brings blessing, then is labour prayer. May everyone in our community, from the highest to the lowest, thoughtfully and wisely strive to build and secure his prosperity on this principle. When that is done, then will my great desire be realised.

"ALFRED KRUPP.

"Essen, February, 1873.

"Twenty-five years after my taking possession."

On "taking possession," Alfred Krupp found, to use his own words, "three workmen and more debts than fortune." A brief glance at the statistics of the present works will show the magnitude of the change which his skill and energy were mainly influential in bringing about.

The Krupp plant now consists of :—

1. The Essen Steel Works.
2. The Essen and Bochum Coal-Fields.
3. Five hundred and forty-seven iron mines in Germany.
4. Several iron ore beds near Bilboa.
5. Four smelting works near Duisberg, Neuwied, and Sayn.
6. The Meppen Proving Ground.
7. The Essen Proving Ground.
8. Four steamships.
9. Several stone quarries, clay-banks, and sand-pits.

There are in operation :—

- 11 blast furnaces.
- 1,542 furnaces of various kinds.
- 489 boilers.
- 82 steam-hammers from 100 to 50,000 kilogrammes.
- 21 roll-trains.
- 450 steam-engines of 18,500 total horse-power.
- 1,622 machine tools.

The total output of the Essen Steel Works exceeds a quarter of a million tons annually, including crucible, open-hearth, and Bessemer steel, and homogeneous wrought iron. This, of course, is not used exclusively in the manufacture of ordnance. About three-fifths is prepared for purely commercial purposes, for rails, switches, axles, tires, locomotive and car wheels, boiler and ship plates, bridges, &c.

The works consume on every working day 3,100 tons of coal and coke—1,400 tons in the blast furnaces and steamers alone—



THE 7.5-H. FIELD-GIN UNLIMITED

and most homogeneous are reserved for gun-metal charges, the others are used for crank-shafts, axles, &c.

The advantages of this method are obvious; for the expert is able to determine the exact strength which the "melt" of the crucible charge will possess. Puddled steel is the base of the charge, the rest of the alloy consisting of puddled iron, which gives tenacity to the compounds. It is somewhat refractory, but the puddled steel, which forms by far the greatest part of the charge, has a relatively low melting point, and a certain "flux," the composition of which is not allowed to transpire, is added.

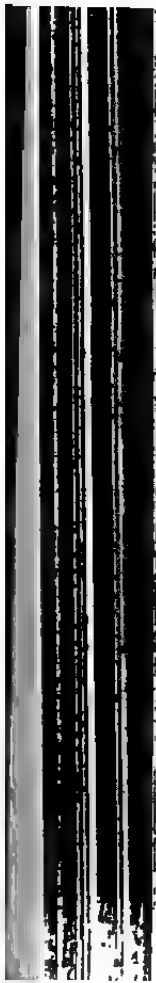
The crucible, whose contents weigh 40 kilogrammes, is carefully luted, heated in the warming oven, and then exposed to the extreme heat of the melting furnace.

The crucible itself consists of a mixture of fire-clay and plumbago, and the material is said to exercise a very considerable influence upon the final constitution of the melted contents. Each crucible can be used but once; but it may be ground up and remoulded with fresh material. One hundred thousand crucibles are kept in store at the works; the drying and storing-rooms alone requiring several large buildings.

The Krupp works include about 130 coke and 30 gas ovens for the casting of crucible steel. Each oven is constructed for twelve or eighteen crucibles, so that casts of 1,600 to 1,800 crucibles may easily be undertaken. The largest steel ingots cast at Essen up to the present time weigh 70,000 kilogrammes. These were used in the construction of the 120-ton guns, and employed 1,700 crucibles each.

The casting pits are dug along the centre of the foundry. When the steel in the crucibles has reached the desired temperature, after being from four to five hours in the ovens, the master-founder places the mould as nearly equidistant as possible from the active furnaces. He then sets up the casting-runners—heavy sheet-iron channels lined with fire-brick—which lead the liquid metal to the mould. The foundrymen are drawn up in two long lines, facing to the centre and divided into twos and threes. One in every three is provided with a pair of tongs, the two others carry a rod somewhat resembling a brewer's mash ladle. When the master considers that the required temperature has been reached, he makes a sign, the covers of the ovens roll back, and the casting commences. The foundryman with the tongs seizes the crucible and, resting the tong-handle upon the rod carried by his two assistants, lifts it out of the oven. The crucible, kept con-





The lower and middle portions of this hole are provided with a copper bouche; the upper enlargement serves as a recess for a gas-check V, a copper cup of triangular section, the base of which rests against the foot of the vent-screw W, preventing by this means the fouling of the wedge and slot.

The breech-cap B serves as a protection against dirt and dust. When the breech is open, it serves as a point of application for the locking-screw. It is fixed to the left face of the wedge by means of three screws C, and carries the journal for the crank handle of the locking-screw. The circular flange which strengthens the breech-cap at this point is provided with a stop which limits the play of the handle on opening the breech.

The locking-screw D has a right-hand thread and a coarse pitch. It is supported in the wedge by its shank, in the breech-cap by a collar-bearing. The screw part projects above the wedge, and when the breech is closed engages in the half thread tapped in the upper face of the slot. In order to allow the breech to be opened and closed by a half turn of the crank, the thread, with the exception of the outside turn, is interrupted for a full semi-circle.

The locking-screw serves two purposes:—

1. It imparts a transverse movement to the wedge.
2. It resists the pressure which, when the piece is fired, would tend to expel the wedge from the breech-slot.

The crank E, which works the breech mechanism, consists of a collar and two cylindrical arms. One, marked with a circular groove, should be on the right side of the gunner who closes the breech. The collar is provided with a stop similar to that carried by the breech-cap. When the breech is closed, these two stops meet. The crank is fixed to the screw shaft by a key F, and a pin G.

The catch H is composed of a flat plate with a handle curved upwards, and roughened on the lower side to prevent the hand from slipping. The catch can turn around the screw J, which secures it to the cap, but owing to the pressure of the binding-spring K, attached to the cap by a screw L, this movement does not take place easily. The catch and spring are designed to prevent the breech from opening accidentally on the march. When the breech is closed, the catch engages with the crank stop, which is consequently prevented from turning. In order to open the breech it is necessary to disengage the catch.

The rear face of the wedge, in opening the breech, remains in contact with the wall of the slot, and hence play is allowed between



THE 7-6-CM. FIELD-GUN LIMBERED UP.

The following special directions are given for the service of the breech-closing mechanism :—

Before practice it should be noted that :

1. The screws of the breech-cap are tight.
2. The breech mechanism is clean and slightly oiled. There should be no rubbing.
3. The vent-screw is screwed home, so that the lower face touches the copper obturator.
4. The vent-hole is clear.
5. The contact surfaces of the ring and plate are not injured.

During practice, that

1. The powder residuum is carefully removed from the gas-check surfaces.
2. The vent-screw is sent well home.
3. The locking-screw is turned until the breech-cap bears against the piece.
4. If the gas escape, proceed as follows :—

Unscrew the vent-screw about 25 mm. (0.975 in.), and take out the wedge. Grease or oil the exterior curved surface of the ring, and after thoroughly cleaning its seat, replace it by hand. The wedge, well cleaned and oiled, especially on the gas-plate, is then sharply pushed into the slot, until the vent-screw can be turned, and the breech closed. This operation, if properly carried out, requires a certain exertion of force. The crank is consequently lengthened by means of a piece of iron piping which forms part of the equipment of every gun.

If the breech closes too easily, a thin sheet of brass should be inserted under the gas-plate. The ring should by this means be so firmly seated that it cannot be extracted by hand. After a few rounds have been fired, one man should be able to open and close the breech without difficulty.

It may happen that after several rounds the ring is forced too far into the bore, allowing the breech-closing mechanism to work too easily. This may be detected by the escape of gas between the plate and ring, the surfaces of which are thereby blackened. In this case a thin brass ring should be inserted under the gas-plate. Experience has shown that, if the piece be put in good order previously, this operation will not be necessary while the action lasts. The spherical surface of the ring is never scored by gas, although its rear face and the bearing surface of the gas-plate may be somewhat affected. If, however, an erosion be produced on the gas-check during action, the fire may safely be

continued, for many rounds may be fired before it extends over the whole width of the ring. In order to meet any eventuality of this kind, each gun is provided with two spare gas-plates and as many rings.

The Heavy Krupp Gun.

In order to show that Krupp's system is practically identical for large and small descriptions of guns, it may be as well to consider the breech mechanism adopted for pieces of heavy calibre.

The breech slot (Fig. 2) is a cylindro-prismatic frustrum. In horizontal plane it is a trapezoid, the front side of which is perpendicular to the axis of the bore, the rear somewhat oblique. The rear wall is provided with a number of circular grooves cut in the metal.

The wedge H (Figs. 1, 2 and 3) is cylindro-prismatic. It fits the slot, and when firmly pressed home completely closes the bore. Its upper and lower surfaces have rectangular grooves, parallel to the axis of the rear cylindrical surface, so that during the entrance or withdrawal of the wedge its rear surface is constantly in contact with the slot, while its front moves parallel to itself.

The body of the wedge carries several seats for various portions of the mechanism.

The locking and unlocking of the wedge is effected by means of the screw C and its nut B.

The screw C passes through the breech-cap, to which it is held by a collar and shoulder, and its foot is let into the body of the wedge. As the thread is situated between these two points, the screw can only rotate around its own axis, and there can be no movement of translation. The nut is entirely within the wedge. It is susceptible of a slight movement to and fro. A smaller nut *x*, carried on the nut near the breech-cap, limits its rotation to one-third of a turn. The nut B has, moreover, several outside circular threads, the first of which is continuous while the others are interrupted. To close the breech, these threads should engage with the slot grooves; to open it, the interrupted portion should face the grooves, in which case the wedge may be freely withdrawn.

The mechanism employed in moving the wedge consists of the screw D, turning in the bearings H and G. It is engaged in the half-nut E, fixed to the gun by the screw F. The screws C and D are turned by the crank R. The obturation is effected by the steel ring K sunk into the chamber and resting against the gas-plate J. A chain, attached to an eye-bolt in the breech and to a hook on the breech-cap O, limits the outward movement of

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the wedge. In loading, the wedge is withdrawn and the charging-funnel W is introduced into the bore. It is held in place by handles Z, resting on the brackets P designed as shot-carrier supports.

The manual for heavy guns is as follows:—

To Open.—The crank-wrench R is slipped over the square head of the locking-screw C and turned as far as possible to the left. This tends to move the nut B slightly towards the axis of the gun, and disengages the thread of the screw from the grooves. The nut, which is still engaged, can move no farther; it consequently turns with the screw until the plug *x* strikes the top of the breech-cap O. The interrupted portion of the nut is now opposite the slot grooves, and on its smooth face appears the word "open."

The plug *x* having arrested the rotary motion of the nut, the latter must move inward until its thread M bears against the breech. The nut is thereby held tight, and as the locking-screw C continues turning, it brings the wedge with it, until the latter touches the interior extremity of the nut.

The crank-wrench R is next slipped on to the traversing screw D, which is turned to the left, causing the wedge to move out. The charging-funnel W is now inserted, and the loading is effected as usual.

It is worthy of note that one screw would suffice, in which case the breech mechanism of light and heavy guns would be almost identical. It would, however, be necessary to withdraw the wedge by hand, a difficult operation in guns of heavy calibre.

To Close.—The charging funnel W is withdrawn, and the wrench R, placed on the screw D, turned from left to right. This operation pushes the wedge forward into the slot, until the shoulder of the traversing screw touches the bearing G. The wrench is then slipped over the locking-screw C, and turned to the right until the nut B strikes the breech-cap O. The nut turns to the right with the screw C, until the plug *x* strikes the bottom of the cap. The word "closed" then appears on the smooth surface of the nut. At the same time the circular threads of the nut B engage with the corresponding grooves, and the wedge is firmly secured in the slot.

The Krupp Obdurating Primer (Fig. 4).

In the Krupp system ignition takes place through the wedge in the direction of the axis of the bore, in prolongation of which the

was obtained.* In the next two rounds the charge was 17 kg., the projectile 51.25 kg., and the initial velocity 540.5 kg. The mean initial velocity of six other rounds fired with the same powder was 545.4 metres, the charge weighing 17 kg. and the projectile 51.75 kg.

The results of a series of rounds fired with black powder were as follow:—

1st round: charge 12 kg., projectile 51.73 kg., initial velocity 425.2 metres.

2nd round: charge 17 kg., projectile 51.75 kg., initial velocity 525 metres.

3rd round: charge 17.5 kg., projectile 51.81 kg., initial velocity 532.5 metres.

4th round: charge 12 kg., projectile 51.6 kg., initial velocity 425.3 metres.

5th and 6th rounds: mean weight of charge 17.5 kg., mean weight of projectile 51.8 kg., mean initial velocity 532.9 metres

7th to 12th rounds: mean weight of charge 17.5 kg., mean weight of projectile 51.95 kg., mean initial velocity 532.6 metres.

In October, 1886, two rounds were fired from a 15-cm. gun against Messrs. Cammell and Brown's 39.5-cm. compound plates at a range of 125 metres. The projectiles used were Krupp's steel armour-piercing shell 3.5 calibres in length. The shells weighed 50.25 kg., the charge 17 kg. The striking velocity was 533 metres, the kinetic energy 727.6 metre tons, representing 15.5 metre tons per cm.-circumference, or 4.17 per square cm.-section. The angle of incidence was 84°.

The first shot penetrated to a depth of 28 cm., and was found intact but slightly out of shape 30 metres in front of the target. From the point of impact on the plate, seven cracks radiated, one extending throughout its whole thickness, the others, partly superficial, partly affecting the rear layer of iron through the steel in front.

The next shot penetrated to a depth of 30 cm., and was found at about the same distance from the target, likewise intact and only slightly misshapen. Eight radial cracks were caused on the plate, affecting in this case only the steel layer.

The last recorded trials with this nature of gun took place in August of last year. As the result of these experiments, the

* All details of these and other trials have been derived from the official reports, *Schießversuche der Gussstahlfabrik Fried. Krupp auf ihren Schussplätzen bei Essen und Meppen, 1879-1888*, which have been kindly furnished us from Essen.

were intended to reduce the initial velocity to the required amount, which was considerably exceeded with the heavier charge.

The results of the trials were as follow :—

Charge.	Weight of Projectile.	Initial Velocity of Projectile.	Kinetic Energy of Projectile				Gas Pressure in Atmospheres	
			Total	Per cm. circumference.	Per square cm. section	Per kg. of Tube.	By Rodman's Apparatus	By Stanch's Apparatus
Kilogrammes.		Metres per second		Metre tons.*		Metre kilogramme†	atm.	atm.
87	205	617	3,978	48.7	7.49	144.5	2,420	2,485
87	276	549	4,241	51.9	7.99	154	2,505	2,555
82	276	530	3,952	48.4	7.44	143.5	2,385	2,455

The maximum contract velocity was therefore attained with a charge of 82 kg. of powder and a mean pressure of 2,420 atmospheres. The charge of 87 kg. gave an initial velocity of 549 metres to the 276-kg. projectile, which, striking perpendicularly at the muzzle, could pierce a wrought iron plate of 60 cm. or two plates of 36 cm. placed one behind the other. Striking perpendicularly at a range of 2,000 metres, the projectile would pass through one plate of 48 cm. or two of 29 cm. This would require a mean pressure of only 2,530 atmospheres.

The number of rounds fired was necessarily too small to throw much light upon the accuracy of the gun. It was, however, apparent, from the few shots fired, that the ballistic qualities of the piece were extremely good. At a range of 2,026 metres, the mean deviation was: vertical, 25 cm.; lateral, 10 cm.; longitudinal, 4 metres. Two rounds with the 82-kg. charge gave at the same range deviations of 40 cm., 50 cm., and 4 metres respectively.

With an elevation of 20° and a charge of 87 kg. the 275 kg. shell had a range of 11,500 metres. The three shells fired under these conditions fell in a rectangle 25 metres by 8 metres.

In the following November two new guns of the same nature were tested with the recently discovered brown prismatic powder, and still better results were obtained. With a projectile of 279 kg. a charge of 83 kg. of the new powder gave an initial velocity of 539 metres per second, with a gas pressure of 2,485 atmospheres.

* 1 metre ton = 3.227 foot tons.

† 1 metre kilogramme = 7.233 foot pounds.

of 345 kg. Mean initial velocity, 532 metres ; energy, 4,977 metre tons ; or 132 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube.

The quality of the powder was changed in each series of rounds except the fourth.

The lighter gun, tested in the following October, gave the following results :—

Eleven rounds were fired with five varieties of brown prismatic powder. The charge in each case was 115 kg., the weight of the projectile 345 kg. The first four rounds fired with the same powder gave a mean initial velocity of 541 metres ; energy, 5,147 metre tons ; or 137.6 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube. The next two rounds, with a different variety, gave : initial velocity, 543 metres ; energy, 5,187 metre tons ; or 138.6 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube. The seventh round, fired with the third composition, gave a mean initial velocity of 560 metres, and an energy of 5,515 metre tons, or 147.4 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube. The eighth and tenth rounds, fired with the fourth variety, gave : mean initial velocity, 551 metres ; energy, 5,389 metre tons ; or 142.7 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube. The ninth and eleventh rounds, fired with the fifth variety, gave : mean initial velocity, 540 metres ; energy, 5,123 metre tons ; or 137.1 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube.

In April, 1885, the trials with the larger gun were resumed. Nine rounds were fired with a charge of 100 kg., and an armour-piercing shell of 344.6 kg. The mean initial velocity was 541 metres per second ; energy, 5,141 metre tons ; or 136 metre kilogrammes per kg. of tube.

Considerable light was thrown on the practical value of this type of gun by a series of trials in May, 1885, primarily intended as a test of Krupp's new armour-piercing steel shell. Two rounds were fired from a 28-cm. piece with a charge of 68 kg. of brown prismatic powder, against 39.5-cm. Dillingen compound plates without backing, placed at a distance of 125 metres.

In the first case the projectile, weighing 250.2 kg., passed through the Dillingen plate and penetrated 62 millimetres into a forged iron plate standing 25 metres behind it. The shell then rebounded, and was found intact. The point was uninjured, but the length of the shell was decreased 18 mm., while the breadth was correspondingly increased. The striking velocity of the shell at the Dillingen plate was 463 metres per second ; its energy, 2,734 metre tons ; or 4.44 metre tons per square centimetre of section.

The second projectile, weighing 248.5 kg., behaved in a similar

The trials against deck-armour were carried out at first with cast-iron percussion-shell, then with steel armour-piercing shell, and, lastly, with chilled shell.

With cast-iron shell the 75-mm. plates which formed the target were not penetrated, but only slightly bent at the point of impact. Plates of 50 mm. thickness, on the other hand, were completely destroyed. The fact that the projectiles broke up was regarded as conclusive evidence that cast-iron shells are almost valueless as against modern deck-armour. The difficulty of obtaining hits with indirect fire is strikingly exemplified by the published tables of these trials. Although the ballistic qualities of the howitzer are unusually good, 60 rounds were fired at a range of from 1,500 to 2,000 metres to obtain only five hits on a target 36 square metres in area.

The difficulty of obtaining hits at the 2,000 metre range necessitated a change of venue. Deck armour of 50 and 75 mm. was placed at the distance of 125 metres from the muzzle, and inclined at an angle of 60 degrees. The side of the plate facing the gun was covered with three layers of 20-mm. boards. A cast-iron shell of 345 kg., with a charge of 11 kg. of black prismatic powder, struck the 75-mm. plate with a velocity of 173 metres per second, but succeeded only in bending it. The next round, fired under the same conditions at the 50-mm. plate, broke up the latter. With a charge of 18 kg. and a velocity of 232 metres per second, the 345 kg. cast-iron projectile tore a circular fragment out of the 75-mm. plate and produced an extensive crack. On the other hand, a steel armour-piercing shell of 255 kg., with a charge of only 5.5 kg., and an initial velocity of 135 metres, not only shattered the plate, but remained itself intact, whereas the cast-iron shell invariably broke up. In March, 1887, a chilled shell, weighing 230 kg. with a charge of 8 kg. of powder and an initial velocity of 175 metres, passed through a 75-mm. plate inclined at an angle of 60 degrees, and placed at a distance of 50 metres from the muzzle.

Three rounds were fired to determine the effect of 28-cm. shell fired from this howitzer against earthworks. The shell used weighed 348 kg., and were fired at an elevation of 58 degrees with 15 kg. of powder. The trench produced had the following dimensions :—

- | | | | | |
|----|-----|--------------------|--------------|---------|
| 1. | 2 | metres long by 2.3 | broad by 3.3 | deep. |
| 2. | 1.7 | " | " 1.9 | " 3.4 " |
| 3. | 2.1 | " | " 2.1 | " 3.5 " |



THE 40-CM. (150-TON) GUN.

In shape and weight the projectiles employed in these experiments resembled Krupp's steel armour-piercing shell. They were constructed, however, of cast-iron; and the required weight was obtained by carefully filling them with lead.

The dimensions of the projectiles were as follow:—

Length (3·2 calibres)	. . .	1,280 millimetres.
Length of ogival head	. . .	520 "
Diameter of cylindrical portion	. . .	398 "

As a result of eighteen preliminary rounds, it was found that the required energy of 14,000 metre tons could be obtained with a charge of 330 kg. of Dineberg brown prismatic powder, and at a pressure of 2,400 atmospheres. This charge was consequently employed for all succeeding rounds.

In order to arrive at the most complete knowledge of the capabilities of the piece, the 50 rounds were fired at the following ranges: 19 rounds at 2,500 metres, 4 at 3,500 metres, 8 at 4,000 metres, 15 at 5,040 metres, 6 at 6,498 metres, 5 at 8,310 metres, 5 at 10,254 metres, and 5 at 12,621 metres.

The main results of these range trials were:—

2° 29'	of elevation gave a range of 2,432 metres.
2° 32'	" " " 2,450 "
3° 37'	" " " 3,497 "
3° 54'	" " " 3,965 "
5° 21'	" " " 4,996 "
7° 27'	" " " 6,588 "
10° 30'	" " " 8,407 "
14° 15'	" " " 10,438 "
18°	" " " 12,133 "

The data obtained at the trials may be summarised as follow:—
 With a charge of 330 kg. of powder a velocity of 550 metres per second was obtained at the muzzle, and of 543 metres at a distance of 100 metres. The total energy of the projectile amounted to 14,236 metre tons, representing 113·3 metre tons per centimetre diameter, 11·83 metre tons per square centimetre area, 43·13 per kilogramme of powder, and 116·2 metre kg. per kilogramme of tube. The gas pressure was registered by one apparatus at 2,409, by another at 2,236 atmospheres. At a range of 2,474 metres the final velocity, measured by the Le Boulengé chronograph, was found to be 483 metres per second; at 3,479 metres it was 456 metres per second; and at 6,416·5 metres it was 387 metres per second. The residual energy of the projectile at 2,474 metres was 10,940

service, the coast and naval guns of heavy calibre are bought of Krupp. Russia procured her artillery from Essen until the year 1877, when she established a national arsenal at Obouchoff, where the method of production is strictly analogous with that pursued in the great German works. The Krupp cylindro-prismatic breech-closing mechanism is adopted in Russian guns together with the Broadwell ring. The Italian heavy artillery *matériel* comprises two natures of guns, 7-cm. bronze and 9-cm. steel. The latter is supplied by Krupp, and the former is constructed on Krupp's principle. Essen moreover supplies to Italy a large number of heavy guns for coast and naval use.

The steel guns used in the Spanish army and marine are also supplied for the most part from Essen.

As regards the smaller Powers, Krupp supplies the whole artillery *matériel* of Sweden and the major part of that of Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, Bulgaria, Turkey, Roumania, Belgium, Denmark and Holland.

These facts speak more strongly than the most elaborate eulogy for the soundness of the Krupp system, and the trustworthiness of the work turned out at Essen.

Of 21,000 guns constructed by Krupp during the last thirty years only twenty-five have met with any serious accident, and of these nearly a third were only partially manufactured at Essen: the forgings were supplied by Krupp and finished at the national German arsenals.

This percentage is strikingly small, and its significance is increased by the fact that during the Franco-German war one gun alone fired upwards of 800 rounds in a day.

Signs are not wanting that English manufacturers are at last becoming alive to the fact that what can be done in Germany can be done equally well, if not better, here. We fear, however, that some considerable time must elapse before we can make up the leeway of the last twenty years. We have not only to learn how to keep pace with the onward march of science, but to unlearn the pernicious system on which our warlike weapons have hitherto been furnished. This will be a work of time and industry.

this, and, as frequently happens, fortune redressed her wrongs with astonishing promptitude in favour of a suitor who would take no refusal. Entering the Danish army at the age of nineteen, and transferring his services to Prussia three years later, he had reached his thirty-fifth year before he obtained his company, and was fifty before he became a lieutenant-colonel; but, to make amends, he was promoted to colonel a year afterwards, became a major-general in 1856, and two years later was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the Prussian army. Again, it seems that Moltke, like Napoleon, was never in actual command of a battalion either on the parade-ground or in the field; he was from the first employed on the Staff, and must, during the earlier years of his military career, have been far more familiar with the paraphernalia of surveying than with the "handling" of tactical units in warfare or its mimic counterpart. Both these examples seem to prove what is apparently paradoxical, viz., that a sound judgment in strategy may be acquired without a previous knowledge and experience of tactical forms; and this is why civilian writers who may have devoted their attention to military history often display an amount of acumen in criticizing events which would do credit to a trained soldier. In fact, if we except the disastrous action at Nisib, which was lost through Hafiz Pasha's obstinacy in rejecting Moltke's sound advice, it was not conceded to the great German strategist to witness a pitched battle till he was sixty-six years of age, at Sadowa; for he took no active part in the war with Denmark in 1864. Thus, it will be seen, his training was almost purely theoretical. Yet his conduct of the Bohemian campaign could hardly have been surpassed, for combined prudence and daring, had the Prussians been directed by a leader whose talent had been nurtured by the experience of twenty campaigns. Like Minerva, the military genius of Moltke sprang into existence armed at all points and invulnerable; for, though in 1866 the armies he led had the advantage in weapons, in 1870 these conditions were reversed. This proves how much may be accomplished by pure theory, apart from experience, in war. True, that the faculty of applying the fruit of peaceful research is a rare talent; yet the possibility that its existence may enable them to accomplish great things in war should act as a powerful incentive to study with military officers.

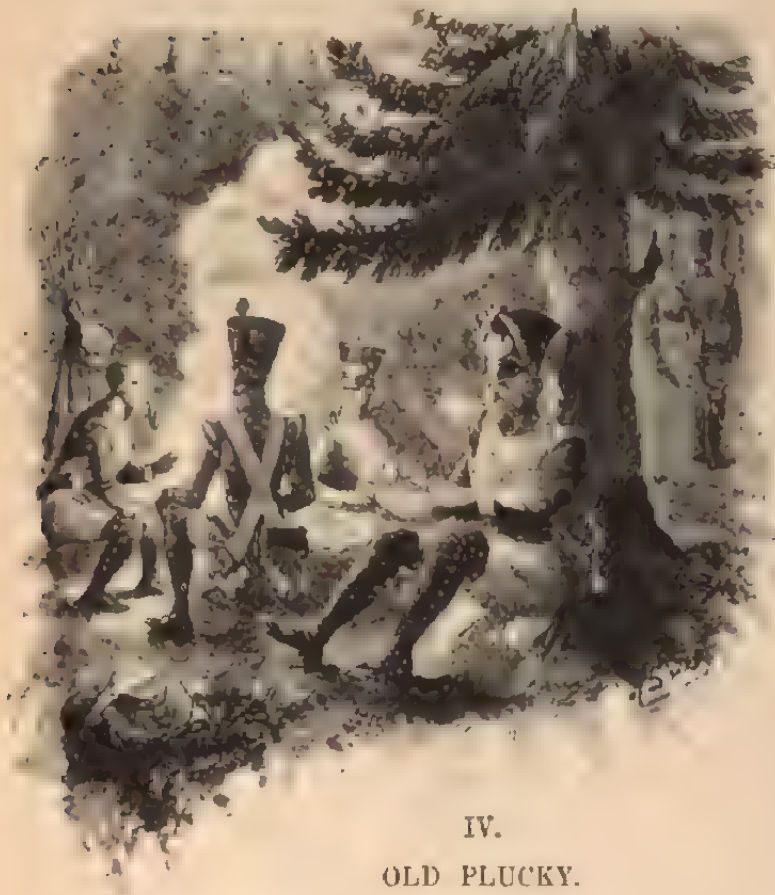
This book, though intended as a popular sketch, and addressed more especially to the young, affords a clear and broad outline of the military events of our time, and leaves on the reader's

free community to undertake for the benefit of the State. At the present moment when, not a day too soon, our own country is to all appearance setting itself earnestly to the task of providing for its safety and the integrity of the Empire—when our foes within seem preparing to play into the hands of our enemies without by obstructing this national effort—it is worth while to repeat these weighty utterances. We need not accentuate the fact that Moltke, though a master of the art of war, is a lover of peace. Even a victorious campaign he regards as a national misfortune. But, while hating strife and bloodshed, he looks upon war as a necessary evil in the present phase of the world's development. Universal peace cannot be realised except "as the result of ages of human progress," of which the present generation cannot hope to see the fruit. Universal peace, therefore, he looks upon as a dream, and declines even to call it a "beautiful dream," because were it substantiated "the world would be overwhelmed in sloth and materialism." "War, therefore," he is of opinion, "constitutes an element in the system of the universe ordained by God." Life from the first is strife. For the nation as for the individual it is a struggle for existence which ought to end in triumph, that is, by rising to a higher state. A war commenced from lust of conquest, or the chimeras of glory and ambition, is absolutely criminal; but if waged in defence of our highest ideals, national independence, faith, freedom of conscience, throne, and Fatherland, then it would be imbecility and cowardice on the part of nations and their rulers to recoil from the struggle. A nation pervaded with the conviction of its historic mission must not shrink from the verdict of the God of Battles; it will discover within itself a moral justification for drawing the sword in the fulfilment of its manifest destiny. Thus much regarding the necessity of war in the present condition of the universe. Let us hear what Moltke has to say in its behalf as a divine institution.

"War," he writes, "brings to light the noblest virtues of the human character: valour and self-abnegation, the faithful performance of duty and the frequent sacrifice of self." Religious sentiment is likewise aroused amid its dangers. It brings home to the individual that his own fate, as well as that of the nations, lies in God's hands. God alone decides the fate of battles. Neither the wisdom of the Emperor William, nor the skill and valour of his armies would have availed aught without the blessing of the God of Battles. This was acknowledged after each success by the Emperor with public thanksgiving. There is in the temperament

The Tales of Insign Steel.

(From the Swedish of J. L. RYNEBERG.)



IV.

OLD PLUCKY.

Round the camp-fire tongues were never idle
 If Old Plucky chanced to be thereat ;
 Through the livelong night would he sit wakeful,
 And of peace and war would chat ;
 Ever and anon his pipe he lit,
 And when lighted cared no more for it.

Third Gustavus was his man. What battles
Fought he not with Russia's haughty Dame !
Comrades, those were rattling times for soldiers,
Now they are not just the same.
Then a king amid the carnage stood,
Now, it seems, a marshal is too good.

Had his nobles never strayed, believe me,
From the paths of duty, honour, faith,
Victory never had his banners quitted ;
Treason since hath wrought his death.
That 's the thanks one gets ; a shameful thing
Thus to deal with such a glorious king.

Then at Anjala, amid the tumult
Of revolt, how mild his accents were !
Whispered Corporal Sword, his coat-tail twitching :
" Shall I point the cannon there ? "
" No, my son," he answered, with a smile,
" There is lots of time ; just wait awhile."

Thus, relating yarns like these unceasing,
Sat the veteran by the watch-fire's gleam,
Winter's snow upon his brow had settled,
Though his cheek was still aflame.
Younger was he when Gustavus lived ;
Now the day of Oravais arrived.

'Twas the night before the mighty battle,
And their camp was in the woodland wild ;
Few that closed their eyelids, yet Old Plucky
Slumbered softly as a child.
He that once the latest vigil kept,
Now before the others soundly slept.

With his back against a pine-tree leaning,
Somewhat of the evening had he spent,
Lit his pipe with many a lamentation
That the army backwards went ;
How he was compelled a way to find,
Foes to face and never look behind.

"Right about," 'twas thus his words were uttered,
 "We have tried enough, and still must try.
 Towards the North we once before have galloped,
 And again are bound to fly.
 Flight! that is our miserable hope,
 And the Almighty knows where we shall stop!

"But a fight will come off in the morning,
 Better manners then should be begun;
 Those who like may go on being hunted;
 Sick is Plucky of the fun.
 Lately he has felt his cheeks aglow
 That he tired not of it long ago.

"No more, comrades, will the old man scamper:
 He hath found his remedy at last.
 And the trick to cure him of retreating
 Is just simply to stand fast.
 Those who keep this remedy in view
 May to scampering bid a long adieu."

Having spoken thus, he merely folded
 Placidly his arms across his breast,
 And against the tree where he was seated,
 Silently did sink to rest;
 Slept without a care or thought upon
 Splendid dodges to escape a run.

Finland's warriors had the following evening
 Fought out doggedly their final strife,
 Gone the power to stand up for their country,
 Time with wretchedness was rife.
 And the army, like a billow spent,
 Pouring in confusion backwards went.

All around was nought but gloom and anguish,
 Nothing heard but smothered groans and deep,
 Not a heart that kept awake was tranquil,
 Yet Old Plucky was asleep.
 Where Kamenski through our line had passed,
 There Old Plucky found repose at last.

Naval Biography.

DEPUTY INSPECTOR-GENERAL ROBERT McCORMICK,
R.N., F.R.G.S.



ROBERT McCORMICK is the oldest surviving officer of the Naval Medical Service of whatever grade. His services extend over the long period of sixty-five years, in every quarter of the globe, from pole to pole. He is now in his eighty-ninth year, inheriting one of the oldest Irish names from "Cormac," one of Hibernia's ancient chieftans, as narrated in the pages of Ossian's *Early Kings of the Green Isle*.

yellow fever to invalid home in the autumn of 1825, returning to England in the *Icarus*, 10-gun brig. He was subsequently appointed to H.M.S. *Ramilies*, 74, in the Downs, and was employed in her tender, the *Antelope* cutter, during that tempestuous winter in the North Sea, and during the succeeding summer at the Epple Bay station of the coast blockade. On Sir Edward Parry commissioning the *Hecla* for an attempt to reach the North Pole in 1827, Mr. McCormick was selected as the medical officer, through the recommendation of his old tutor, Sir Astley Cooper. Sir Edward Parry, in addition to his duties as medical officer, gave him the charge of the natural history department, and also that of a lieutenant's watch during his own absence from the ship in the boats. Sir Edward, having noticed his proclivities for nautical surroundings, was justified in his selection of Mr. McCormick, who had from his first entrance into the service, when on board the *Sandwich* packet, taken his daily observations and kept his own log, and ever afterwards made navigation and seamanship go hand in hand with his ordinary professional duties. This was in the hope of some day having the good fortune to get the command of an expedition of discovery to one of the poles, which had always been the ambition of his existence; and it is only due to the memory of one of the most steadfast friends he ever had, the late Sir Astley Cooper, to say that he owes to him his participation in polar discovery. In the strong competition for appointments to the *Hecla* made at the Admiralty, it was entirely through Sir Astley's powerful appeal on behalf of his scientific attainments and spirit of enterprise, that Sir Edward Parry was enabled to obtain his services.

On the return of the expedition, Mr. McCormick was introduced by Sir Edward Parry to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, then Lord-High Admiral, with other officers on the quarter-deck of the *Hecla*, and on the paying off of the ship, received his promotion and first step in the service at the hands of His Royal Highness. He served again in the West Indies, making altogether three stations in the tropics. His health having suffered much from the West Indian climate, on his return home, in the autumn of 1834, he commenced a pedestrian tour through England and Wales, both for the purpose of the re-establishment of his health as well as to qualify himself for an "antarctic expedition," which his former shipmate with Parry, Captain James Clark Ross, had in view and had promised him he should share in.

During some four years he walked over every county in

support given him by his most valued friend, the late Sir Francis Beaufort, the distinguished hydrographer to the Admiralty, and others, he was, on the arrival of the expedition at Beechy Island, detained there so long before a boat was given him by the commodore, that the season was too far advanced to accomplish anything beyond setting at rest the moot question as to the existence of communication between Baring Bay and Jones's Sound. This was solved after three weeks buffeting with the short cross seas of the Wellington Channel during the boisterous autumnal gales then blowing. His small boat, the *Forlorn Hope*, after having had her rudder carried away by the drift ice, was only saved from foundering by running her aground under the lee of two small bergs to bale her out; then being more buoyant, she ran before the gale to the embouchure of Baring Bay. He encamped under the Black Mount, named by him "Mount Providence," after sledging all round the Bay without finding any opening in the land, or track of Franklin.

On returning to his ship during the winter in Erebus and Terror Bay, he explored all the vicinity around and, on the 13th of March, he was benighted during an excursion to Caswall's Tower, some ten miles from the ship, in a dense fog, and had to bivouac in the snow-drift with his two Esquimaux dogs, and a companion Dr. Torris, of the *North Star*, throughout the long Arctic night. In the ensuing spring, having volunteered an attempt to reach the North Pole, if given the command of the *Mary* yacht of some twelve tons, in which his former boat's crew had volunteered to accompany him, and this offer having been declined by the commodore, he returned home in H.M.S. *Phoenix*, Captain Inglefield, and did not obtain his last step until May, 1859, six years afterwards.

H. BERKELEY, R.N.

The Rambler Papers.

XV.—THE UNPOPULAR MAN.



HE unpopular man sat alone in his barrack-room, gazing at his fire. It had burned low, and the embers every now and again fell in noisy little landslips, changing the whole character of the glowing scene before him, and kindling into existence little shoots of flame which for a time lighted up the room and then died down again, leaving it each time darker than it was before. He had sat thus for some time, scarce changing his position, and making no endeavour to replenish the grate with coal.

He was still in uniform, having flung himself into his chair after coming in from some duty which had kept him later than usual that day.

A tap at the door roused him. The tap was so speedily followed by the entrance of his servant that it was evident the man had not expected to find his master in the room.

"Post, Sir," he said, laying a couple of letters on the table.

Dorman allowed the letters to remain on the table until his servant had left the room, when he picked them up listlessly. He glanced at the upper one, and tossed it away unopened, but the other he held in his hand for a few moments, looking at the direction. It was written in a curiously bold handwriting, unknown to him. The contents were short, and the handwriting was indicative of the letter having been written in a hurry. It was dated Tuesday, and ran:—

"DEAR CAPTAIN DORMAN,

"To-day is my birthday. I am twenty-one. Will you, please, if you can, come and see me to-morrow. I want you to help me in something.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARGARET WYLDE."

"What on earth can she want with me?" muttered Dorman when he had read it. "I dare say only some more books; but she always does things in her own extraordinary way—poor girl! I hope she may never get into trouble."

In an hour he was at the little iron gate, and two minutes afterwards asking for Mrs. Wylde. The servant said her mistress was not at home, but Miss Wylde was in.

After a few words of salutation, Meg said, speaking rapidly, "No doubt you wonder at receiving that note from me, and at my request. My birthday was yesterday. I am twenty-one. I am my own mistress now—and please I want you to explain to me the meaning of these." She drew a number of papers from her pocket and handed them to Dorman.

They were lawyers' letters and documents, telling her how and when her annuity would be paid, congratulating her in legal language on having attained her majority, and enclosing a draft for a half year's instalment in advance, according to instructions. All this Dorman explained to the girl, and then asked:

"But have you not consulted Mrs. Wylde, or someone here at home?"

"I have no home," she broke in passionately.

"What do you mean, Meg?" He never could understand afterwards what had made him call her Meg then for the first time. Perhaps it was her face. The word seemed to melt the hard expression it had worn till then.

"I mean," she said, in an altered and softened tone, "that I am going to leave *this* home, and that I shall stay away for ever."

"What has happened? Tell me all about it," he said kindly.

"I am not going to live here any more."

"Does Mrs. Wylde know what you intend doing?"

"No—I shall write to her when I am on board ship."

"On board ship! Where are you going?"

"To Calcutta, to my brother; I have arranged that long ago."

"Without consulting your mother?"

"Yes."

"Have you told Lady Charteris?"

"Yes."

"She could have helped you as well as I."

"She is away, staying with her mother at Cheriton. Mr. Drone's father is ill; she told me she was going to see him."

"But, my dear girl, this is a great responsibility to take upon yourself unaided."

"I know it is; but I intend to do it—with a little help."

"Cannot you get help?"

"No," she said, decidedly, "unless you will give it to me. I don't know whom to ask."

his mind. He looked at the face before him, anxiously awaiting his answer with reliance in its eyes. Come what might, he decided he would help her if he could.

"Let us take," he said, "the practical part first. You want that draft converted into money."

He showed her how to endorse it, asked her to give it to him, and promised to cash it himself on the morrow and bring her the money.

Meg began to thank him. "Wait," he said; "your going to India is a serious undertaking, and at present I am at a loss how to advise you. Have you decided to go?"

"Quite."

"And your decision is final?"

"Quite; I have considered it for the past four months."

"A hundred and fifty a year is very little to cut yourself adrift on."

"I would rather live on half of it away than on twice as much at home."

Dorman then learnt that her brother George was in "tea" at Calcutta; that he was married; that he and his step-mother were not the best of friends; that they rarely corresponded; that Meg had requested him, when she had written, not to mention her proposed flight; that she had received his answer, which Dorman might read if he liked; that George had always been very kind to her, and that Meg had always been very troublesome to George.

"And now, Meg," he said, when his catechism had ended, "I will ask you to do three things before I promise to help you. You must confide implicitly in Lady Charteris."

Meg said she would.

"And tell Mrs. Wylde of your determination."

Meg demurred a little, but at last said, "If you say I must, I will."

"And you must promise to take no steps until you have received her answer."

Meg promised, but added that her mother's answer would make no difference.

"When you have done these things, and if by then you have not changed your mind, I will do my best to help you."

"I knew you would!" she exclaimed, "I felt sure you would; and I shall be able to go with you and the regiment, shan't I?"

This was a blow from a direction he had not anticipated; it struck him under his guard and he staggered a little.

"You cannot do that," he said; "but Charteris has got leave to follow, and I was thinking—but we must not make plans yet."

"When are you going?" she asked.

"In a few weeks." He named the day of embarkation.

"And shall I ever see you there?"

"India is a large place, and Sikhleepore—and yet, Calcutta—yes, perhaps you may," he said, rising; "the two places are not very far apart, after all—perhaps you may."

"Oh! I hope so; you have always been so good to me. Thank you, Captain Dorman, and—and—good-bye." She held out her hand, and as she looked up in his face he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Good-bye," he said. "You and Tommy Bowles were the only people who have been able to put up with my boorish ways. I missed him when he went away. I am not a man to be liked or loved, and I shall miss you."

"I like you more than he did!" Meg suddenly exclaimed. "You say you are not liked or loved. It is not true; I——"

A flood of light had fallen on Dorman's understanding. He interrupted her before the word that trembled on her lips was spoken.

"Meg," he said very kindly and softly, "will you sit down again for a minute or two, and listen patiently to a little story? It is about myself."

Without a word and without looking at him, she did as he requested.

"When, Meg," Dorman began after a pause, "you have forgotten all your trouble, when life has again brightened around you, as it surely will, it may—I do not say it will—but it may be, that you will repent many a kindly prompted impulse that has led you either to disclose a confidence of your own"—Meg looked up sharply—"or to accept," he continued without looking at her, "too sympathetically the confidences of others. You do not think so now. Nothing would make you think so; but that is the way of the world. For all that, the man who abuses any trust placed in him is a coward and a cad. I speak emphatically because you will, perhaps, remember all your life what I am saying now, and because, when you grow older, you may be glad that I spoke emphatically—when you understand."

He paused again. At last he asked her somewhat suddenly: "Do you remember once asking me if what Mrs. Dropper had told you were true?"

"Yes, well," said Meg, interestedly.

"I said, partly so. I will now tell you the whole truth. My father was a clergyman, and an upright, just, and rather stern man, his wife an affectionate and doting mother. My home was a comfortable and a happy one, my brothers and sisters models. With every advantage of love, kindly home associations, liberal education, and genial surroundings, I did my best to spoil my life and failed, through no fault, or virtue if you will, of my own.

"At school I took part in theatricals, tableaux, charades, and recitations whenever I got the chance. I was passionately fond of acting. I dabbled, too, in verse-making and story-telling. Needless to say, these productions never saw the light, and I only mention them to show in which direction the wind was blowing. My elder brother, being destined for the Church, was sent to Oxford, while I remained at school, idling, devoting myself to the study of plays, and biding my time until I became old enough to be articled to a lawyer—that being the profession chosen for me. I disliked the idea of law more even than that of commerce, the career selected for my younger brother, and at seventeen I urged a strong request that I might be allowed to compete for the army. None of our family had ever been soldiers, and the profession was one against which my father had a prejudice somewhat inconsistent with the common sense and justice of his views generally.

"I entered on my articles without any other feeling of elation than that I should occupy lodgings of my own. In London I soon picked up acquaintances to my own taste, which I was pleased to think artistic and literary. The theatre was my constant resort. From having been perpetually before the curtain I began to be often seen behind it. I speedily became acquainted with managers, authors, actors, and actresses; and grew accustomed to seeing the gilt taken off the gingerbread which is offered nightly to the uninitiated public, without, however, as might have been expected, destroying my own appetite.

"One night I was offered, more in fun and good nature than anything else, a minor part during the temporary absence of an actor. I readily accepted and played it. I saw what you called the sea of eyes; I heard the applause as you did; I was captivated as you were captivated, only my enthusiasm was far greater than even yours was. I longed to go on the stage for good and all. My foolish fancies and feelings I kept to myself, however, from fear of being laughed at. I told no one about them, except one young actress whom I greatly admired.

"I neglected my legal work more and more in favour of re-

"My father, when he heard of what I had done—and I took no trouble to conceal my movements—shut his door in my face, withdrew my allowance, and refused to see or hear from me again. I was an outcast. Without a home, without relations for all soon heard of my story and shunned me—without a penny save my pay, with scarcely any friends, and no tie in life, save one, I started on my career from its very outset a married man—and my wife an actress on the stage. Very few, Meg, know what that means."

"Oh! oh!" moaned Meg, "I am so sorry for you. You try to shield her; but you were too young to know. She made you marry her; and then you found out that she was painted, and wicked, and horrid."

"I deserve no pity, Meg; I did what I did with my eyes open and my wits about me. I was almost certain of the consequences of my act; she was not. You say what all the world at once would say: 'She was wicked and painted.' She was never painted except on the stage; she was never wicked on or off it. It was not until I had married her that I realised her worth. Her grief at what she had allowed me to do, when she knew the truth, was bitter and genuine. She refused to leave the stage until she had made money enough for us both to live upon in comfort; and none of my entreaties that I might at once announce our relationship to the world were of the least avail. On the contrary, she bound me to secrecy, and argued that, as my father had disowned her, any other course would mar my life for ever and do no good. She adhered to this decision, and she was right. She refused to be acknowledged except among our mutual friends; she bade me wait until she had made money, and I some mark in the world, and then, she said, we could but try and do our best. But that time never came.

"In spite of all these troubles we were supremely happy when we were together, and being with her meant for me a halcyon existence. When I was away from her, which for the most part I was necessarily obliged to be, I dreamed and mooned my time away, longing for my next spell of leave. No sun ever shone for me but the smile of her sweet face. One black cloud, however, was daily growing larger, and threatening to spread its gloom over all my sky. My pay was not nearly enough, even with the strictest economy, to meet the daily necessities of life. I was getting into serious debt. My pride revolted against drawing on my wife's earnings. I strove to make money by my pen. Repeated, and it seemed to me incessant, failure began to embitter my life. The

communication from home for years, but my only thought was of my father. I penned a broken-hearted account of my story and my destitution, and implored his forgiveness before I went to India. In answer I received a letter from my mother, urging me to return home at once if I wished to see my father alive. I arrived too late. He was dead; and I remained unforgiven—in words at least, for he left his forgiveness in a dictated letter, which was handed me with a legacy of a few thousand pounds.

“Leaving my child in London to the care of my poor wife’s landlady, who had always been a good friend to us, I went to India, and remained from home until a few years ago, when I came here on promotion. My child, who had never been anything but a weakling, died in my absence.

“That is my story, Meg; told as simply as I can set it forth, shorn of all details or particulars calculated to excite sympathy or pity. It is simply the naked truth. My love, my happiness, and then my sorrow and remorse, have aged me more than my years. Until I met you I have never known one word of sympathy from any living being; I have never sought one. Wrapt up in my own memories I have become cynical and selfish, morose and lonely. Unpopular I always was; unpopular I always shall remain. I was never loved by anyone but her; I am not the man to be either liked or loved by anyone again.”

His voice ceased, and, save with the sound of a stifled sob, Meg did not break the silence. She uttered not one word.

XVI.—JOSEPH DRONE CLOSES HIS ACCOUNT.

Should I go to India with my regiment, or should I accept the appointment opportunely vacant and placed at my disposal at that dull little out-station, Drawly? It was a nice question, and I found some difficulty in coming to a decision. I longed to see the world, and the idea of India charmed me; I clung to the old associations of my regiment, and was loth to cut myself adrift. But then there were grave objections to my leaving England. My father’s desolate condition, his age and rapidly failing health, his depression, due to severe losses on the Stock Exchange, and the consequent responsibility devolving on myself of managing his money matters, were all reasons strong enough of themselves to keep me near my home; but there was one other: a vague hope lingering in my heart that a dream, the fancies of which had haunted me for some time past, might be realized, in which case—“But

much, and people had to come to him, which, he remarked, was not that lady's way. But when he spoke of Noel Charteris and her violin his eyes lit up with pleasure. She would come and play to him as often as he liked, he said, and by the hour together. Miss Klinch, he told me, supplied him with all sorts of delicacies to tempt his appetite, and was constant in her kind attentions. Of Cherry he spoke enthusiastically. "As fine a lad as ever was," he said; "I took a fancy to his honest face from the first, and I'm proud to hear him call himself my son's friend. Those Charterises are straightforward folk, Joe; they've been very good to me, and he'll be good to Mary, bless her heart."

He clung to Mary's memory persistently, and I knew she was his frequent correspondent. He seemed, too, never to tire of listening to Miss Charteris's music, nor the girl ever to tire of complying with his constant wish to hear her play. Almost every evening Miss Klinch would bring her knitting and Noel her violin. It was all so like it used to be, and yet so changed. Then, it was I who felt so diffident and shy in Noel's presence; since Cherry's marriage it seemed to me that it was she who showed a constraint in my society, quite different to her open manner then. As I looked at her I remembered my admiration for her brother and all the changes through which my respect for him had passed; and I knew that, for her, my fascination had developed into yet one more, the strongest of them all.

"It's beautiful to hear her play," my father said to me one day. "It takes me back to those old days." He paused, staring dreamily before him. "I was against your going into the army, Joe, at one time," he continued; "but I was wrong. You chose what you knew you'd do best, and you've stuck to it; that's everything in a man as wants to make his way. I'm glad now, Joe, and I'm glad to tell you. I fear, boy," he said, in rather a frightened way, "you won't be quite so rich as I was when I wanted you to carry on the business. Idleness is wrong. It's lost me money. You were right to stick to your trade and refuse idleness."

I comforted him as best I could, telling him I owed everything I had to him. I tried to change the current of his thoughts, but he continued in the same strain.

"I wish I'd never bought this house. The neighbours all about have been very good and kind, but they could not make me forget that I have ousted my betters. I feel I have no right to live where Charterises have lived for centuries. I had no right to change the name of Granstone Court, so called since the day that it was built.

Learning which road she had taken, I started in pursuit and met her. She was going home, she said, but at my request agreed to make a *détour* through the fields.

It was one of those bright clear days that December seems to borrow from July, only half succeeding in its attempts to disguise the loan with the semblance of winter. The sun was warm, the ground dry and hard, the air crisp, and the day generally what is usually described as a good one for a walk. These conditions having a bracing and exhilarating effect, Noel and I started off briskly enough.

Now, I am inclined to believe that, when alone, rapidity of thought is conducive to rapidity of movement, and that rumination has a contrary effect; but I have noticed that two people, engaged in earnest conversation, are differently influenced, especially when one is talking while the other listens; they rarely walk quickly. Whether it were due to this or to the influence of the sun and previous exercise combined, I know not, but gradually our pace slackened, until our vigorous outset degenerated into a stroll. I told her of my father's illness, and how I feared that the time was fast approaching when he would never leave his bed again; of the anxieties that weighed upon his mind and of the money he had lost in speculation; in short, I told her all I knew of his and my affairs. I even hinted at the future possibility of Broadwick being once more sold, explaining that we were not rich as once we had been, and that I found myself by no means independent of the army. It remained only to tell her of my father's wish to hear her play.

We had stopped. She was leaning against a stile, and I was standing facing her.

"Noel," I said, "do you remember my calling you a syren once?"

Was it the Christian name by which I called her, or was it a something in my voice that made her face flush for an instant with a colour that faded from it as quickly as it came, leaving it paler than it was before?

"I remember well," she answered, speaking nervously and quickly. "I have more reason to remember than you think."

"Your music," I continued, "has bewitched my father, as it does everyone, and as it did me then. I am here to ask of you two things: one for him, the other for myself. My father yesterday expressed an earnest wish to hear you play." I paused, but she made no reply. Her whole attention seemed concentrated on

a blade of grass, which she was twining round and round her finger. "That wish, Noel," I said at last, "I feel certain you will gratify. The other is my own—more than a wish, and far more earnest even than my father's. He has only asked you for a little, I am going to ask you for a great, great deal. Noel, I——"

"Stop, Mr. Drone," she said, suddenly interrupting me. "I have something on my mind to tell you—something I have wanted to tell your father often, but never found the courage—something that I persuaded myself at last I need never tell at all, but—think I ought—now."

The signs of emotion I had noticed were due, then, to neither of those causes at which I guessed.

"You did not think how near the truth you were when you said I was a syren. I was a cruel, scheming girl. I knew you were listening as I played that night. It was a beautiful star-light night, and I was looking at it from my window. I saw the light of your cigar, and I watched you coming down the street. They were wicked thoughts that prompted me to play. I—I did not want you to marry Mary Maxim."

She was speaking slowly now, bending over the blade of grass, which she twined and twisted till it broke. She plucked another and continued.

"Long before you came to live here, Mary Maxim was my friend. I was the only person to whom she confided, and I found out from her about Charlie. It was through me alone that he knew, and then it was too late. I saw you and your father take our house and come and live where we had lived. Between you, you had taken everything from Charlie. That was hard enough, I thought; but when I saw you taking Mary Maxim from him too, I determined, if I could, to prevent her marrying you. I did not know, when I had those letters for the post, that you had already asked her. I wanted to prevent you, and the next day I should have told you all that Charlie did. I did not think she cared for you. I knew that Charlie loved her. I had heard about the money my father had won; but before that I saw that you were fascinated by my music, and—I thought that I could help my brother back—to everything."

"Well, Noel?"

At my question she threw the blade of grass away impetuously, and continued, almost passionately:

"You know the rest. You talked of Charlie and of your affection for him. You behaved so well—you—you, when the time came,

selected me to carry your generous, noble-hearted messages to Mary. Your delicacy prompted you to say nothing to Charlie when you learned from him the truth. You, and your father——”

“My father knew nothing,” I interrupted quickly.

“Your father, Captain Drone, whom, God forgive me, I looked down upon with jealousy and pride, would have kept the secret of his disappointment till Mary chose to tell it. He taught me a lesson I am never likely to forget—the dearest, kindest, most single-hearted gentleman that ever breathed; and I was a wicked, selfish girl. Mr. Drone——” She could say no more. Her confession caused her greater trouble than I thought its importance warranted, and she broke down over its conclusion.

“He has sent to you now, Noel.”

“I’ll come,” she said simply.

“And have you nothing more to say? Did you wish to stop my own request on my lips by telling me of the things you wanted once, and which I cannot give you now?”

“Oh, hush, hush! Don’t talk like that. I hate the very thought of them. I would not take them if I could!” she exclaimed with a little pleading gesture of her hands. “Don’t you understand? It is all so different now. If you had not lost them, how could I have told you all I have? I am glad they are gone—no, I don’t mean that—I mean——”

But what she meant I never heard; I had caught her in my arms.

What we talked about as we sauntered home is nobody’s business but my own. Those parts of our conversation which interested me most would be jejune to anyone else, and I have no intention of revealing them.

I carried Noel’s violin into my father’s room, and there she played to him for a long, long time while he listened and I thought.

“It’s beautiful to hear you play, Noel dear,” my father said when the music ceased.

“Joe,” he said again, after a pause, “is that story true about the phoenix?”

“Yes, father.”

He turned his eyes from mine and looked at Noel. She rose and came to his bed-side.

“Noel, dear,” he said, “the flame will not flicker very long in the socket; will you kiss me before it goes quite out?”

(To be continued.)

covered at the top by a cupola, which is provided with a port-hole for the gun, and serves to carry the latter, thus replacing the ordinary gun-carriage. For this reason the inventor, Lieut.-Colonel Schumann, has called these turrets Armoured Gun-carriages.

The steel cylinder contains the mechanism for revolving the turret, and the ammunition for the gun. It is sunk to its upper extremity in a pit, and only the cupola and the muzzle of the gun project above ground.

For purposes of transport the whole of the turret may be mounted on wheels.

The weight of a turret for the 37-millimetre gun is only 1,300 kilogrammes (2,860 lbs.), while for a lighter gun it need not exceed 900 kilogrammes (1,980 lbs.). It is noteworthy that this



MOVABLE TURRET IN POSITION.

weight is considerably less than that of the projectile of one of Krupp's large guns. The light turret may be mounted in transport on a special carriage drawn by one horse, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Great pains have been taken in constructing the gun to ensure very rapid firing. Forty rounds per minute may easily be discharged from this weapon.

The projectiles consist either of common shell or case. The latter contain each 21 bullets of 15 millimetres in diameter. The common shell weigh 450 grammes, and fulfil consequently the conditions of the St. Petersburg Convention. Their range extends to about 3,000 metres.

Each turret is worked by two men. One trains and fires the gun, while the other loads. The former, seated behind the gun on a kind of saddle, turns the turret by means of a hand-wheel.

Military Problems.

No. XVIII.

(Last of Series).

The village of X has been captured by the advanced guard of a Division.

The advanced guard commander has been ordered to send back a report as to its capacity for housing men, providing them with water, and feeding and watering horses.

The officer charged with reconnoitring the village finds that it consists of two streets crossing each other at right angles, each about 72 yards long, with continuous rows of houses on both sides. The houses average two floors (a ground floor and one above), of 4 rooms per floor. There are 18 detached houses of same capacity as to rooms, each house being about 24 feet long. There is a church in the village, whose floor averages 30 yards long by 15 yards broad.

The two village pumps have been rendered useless by their wells having been partially filled in by the enemy, but there is a stream flowing past the village whose section shows a width of 4 feet and an average depth of 4 inches, with a current flowing at the rate of three-quarters of a mile per hour.

There are 8 stacks of hay, which average 18 feet in length by 9 feet in breadth each, 9 feet high to eaves, and 6 feet from eaves to ridge. There are 4 stacks of straw of same dimensions each.

What would be a reasonable report by the advanced guard commander under the above headings?

SOLUTION OF No. XVI.

Dimensions of irregular pentagonal redoubt.

Apex angle, capital pointing North	-	-	-	120°
Principal faces	-	-	-	40 yards long
Shoulder angles	-	-	-	120°
Side face	-	-	-	15 yards long
Rear face (joining extremities of side faces at 90°)	-	-	-	69½ yards long

Correspondence.

FANE AND MACGREGOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY
MAGAZINE."

SIR,

I read in *The Broad Arrow* of the 23rd ult. an extract from the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, which professes to give, in the actual words of an Indian officer of high standing, the story of "the row with Fane," alluded to in the life of the late Major-General Sir Charles Macgregor. I was at the time a subaltern in Fane's Horse, a personal friend both of Colonel (then Captain) Fane, and Major-General Sir Charles (then Lieutenant) Macgregor, and as I was present on parade when the incident referred to occurred, I send you an exact account of what took place. Fane's Horse was in camp at the Summer Palace, some six miles from Pekin, where the army was encamped. The regiment had been hastily detached late the preceding afternoon to find out the whereabouts of the French force, which had been in touch with the left of the British force advancing on Pekin from the east, but had apparently gone off in another direction towards the north. Captain Fane was given to understand that a search towards the north of Pekin, in the direction of the Summer Palace, might be successful. He found that it was, and the regiment bivouacked near the French. As we were believed to be in the face of the enemy, Captain Fane gave strict orders that no men were to leave camp, and that no looting was allowed. The next morning Dafador Karam Singh (*not* Nehal Singh) was reported for leaving camp against orders, and for looting, loot being found in his possession. Captain Fane having inquired into the case, ordered a foot parade of the regiment, and the Dafador to be flogged. The regiment paraded dismounted, Lieutenant Macgregor being, of course, on parade. As the first stroke was about to be given, Lieutenant Macgregor left his place in the ranks, walked up to the prisoner, put his hand on his shoulder,

Review.

The Standard of Value. By WILLIAM LEIGHTON JORDAN. 6th Edition. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1889.)

The author of this treatise seeks to prove that Great Britain, by persisting in the maintenance of the gold Standard of Value, legalised in 1816, runs the risk of being involved in irretrievable financial and political disaster. Ever since the Saxon era a silver currency governed prices till, in 1717, at the instance of Sir Isaac Newton, the guinea was made legal tender. It is evident from this that by far the greater part of the National Debt was contracted when bimetallism prevailed, the loans raised by William the Third and Anne amounting to sixteen and thirty-six million respectively. Thus matters stood until 1816, when Parliament, during Lord Liverpool's administration, decreed a gold standard to the exclusion of silver, without foreseeing that this step would augment the intrinsic value of the former metal by from 15 to 20 per cent. This result, the author proceeds to argue, had the effect of mulcting the national debtor of 150 million, the bondholders reaping the advantage in the shape of an equal bonus. The disastrous consequences of a continuous increase in the value of gold did not, however, come into full operation till the year 1873, when the German Government, having determined to adopt a gold currency, absorbed 100 million out of an available stock of 800 million, thus enhancing the value of the sovereign by 14 per cent.; and, shortly afterwards, the French Government, alarmed at the prospect of a flood of superfluous silver from Germany, closed the mint against that metal, thus still further depreciating it. At the International Conference for the Simplification of the Coinage, held at Paris in 1867, Mr. Goschen, who represented Great Britain, declined to accept a slight reduction in the weight of the sovereign, which had been proposed in order to make that coin exactly equivalent to twenty-five francs, stigmatizing it as a breach of faith with the national creditor; but it was forgotten that the Act of 1816 had disregarded the interest of the national debtor in a still more flagrant way by factitiously raising its value. The Paris Conference started the idea of demonetizing silver and establishing gold as the universal standard of value; this step, if carried out, would, we are told, practically add 200 millions to the National Debt and, if persisted in, prove destructive of our prosperity: the nation would be crushed under an intolerable and ever-increas-

At the Play.

At the COMEDY the comic cantata on an incident in "Pickwick," by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Solomon, which was produced at matinees only as long as Mr. A. Cecil was engaged at the Court, has now been added to the evening bill, which it materially strengthens. The songs are really funny, and are admirably rendered by the three performers, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Miss L. Venne.

At the COURT Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Weaker Sex," has been produced with much success. It has been somewhat altered since its appearance in Manchester, and a more gloomy, but more natural, ending provided for the play. Mrs. Kendal is seen to great advantage, and there are some amusing scenes connected with the Woman's Rights Movement.

At the GERMAN REED's a pretty little new first part, by Mr. Walter Frith, called "Brittany Folk," has taken the place of "The Bo'sun's Mate," and Mr. Corney Grain continues his amusing "Day's Sport."

The production at the GLOBE of "Richard III." has, in one way, proved a great disappointment to play-goers. It was rumoured beforehand that the alterations of Colley Cibber, the scraps interlarded from Henry VI., and other plays, &c., were to be discarded, and Shakespeare's text adhered to; but the hopes thus raised were destined to disappointment and all the old blemishes appeared. Apart from the question of text, however, the play is well arranged and handsomely mounted, and much of the acting is capable, especially that of Mr. Fernandez, as Buckingham, Miss Carlotta Lesclercq, as the Duchess of York, and Miss Mary Rorke, as Queen Elizabeth. Miss Beatrice Cameron, whose affected style we have never admired, was very feeble as Lady Anne; and some of the other characters did not seem at home either in armour or in blank verse. Mr. Mansfield's own rendering of Richard was uneven, but sometimes very effective and always thoughtful.

At the PRINCESS's a second melodrama has been added to the daily programme, "Now-a-days," a sporting play, being performed in the afternoon, while "Good Old Times" still holds its own in the evenings. "Now-a-days" is an effective piece of work from a dramatic point of view, giving Mr. Wilson Barrett (who is himself the author) a better opportunity than he has had for a long time.

Foreign Service Magazines.

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES

THE MILITARY MAGAZINE (*Voyenni Sbornik*). (St. Petersburg.)
March, 1889.

Origin of Regular Armies and Condition of the Military Act under Louis XIV. and Peter the Great—Independent Initiative of Subordinate Commanders: Why the Germans conquered the French in 1870—Abyssinia (II.)—Sketch of the Present State of Persia.

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE—ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER.
(Paris: 97, Rue Bellechasse.) March 3rd, 10th, and 17th,
1889.

Exercises and Manœuvres by Night—The Italian Communal Militia—The German Cavalry from the Standpoint of a Russian Officer—Mobile Fortification.

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES, REVUE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE.
(Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.)
February, 1889.

Commissariat Tactics in the Field (*continued*) by General Lewal—Saint-Cyr and Saumur (*concluded*)—The Attack and Defence of Heights—The Training of Artillery—A Mobilization Order in 1868—The History of the New (French) Cavalry Regiments (*continued*).

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire; Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) February, 1889.

Service in the Field—General Bruyere (1772-1813) (*concluded*)—The Tactics of a Cavalry Regiment with an Infantry Division—The Manœuvres of the 16th (French) Corps d'Armée in 1888—Historical and Tactical Studies on the German Cavalry in the War of 1870-71 (*continued*).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. Le Yacht. (Paris: 60, Rue Saint-Lazare.)
February 16th and 23rd, March 2nd, 9th, and 16th, 1889.

Cherbourg and Armoured Cruisers, by E. Weyl—The Cruisers of the U.S. Navy—The French Armouredclad *Formidable*—The Canet Artillery—The Loss of the (French) Torpedo-boat "102"—Notes on Forced Draught.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 28th February, 1889.

The German Naval Estimates for 1889-90—The Composition and War Effectives of the Austro-Hungarian Army (*continued*)—



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Vol. I.

Brigadier-General the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald is the son of the late M. Norman Macdonald Hume, Esq., W. S., of Ninewells, by his second wife Grace, daughter of Sir John Hay, of Smithfield and Haystone, Bart., and was born Dec. 27th, 1836. His great-grandmother was the sister of Allan Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, who married the famous and loyal Flora Macdonald, who so bravely sheltered Prince Charles Edward. His father's seven brothers all served in the army.

His eldest uncle was General Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., who was Colonel of the famous 42nd, and Adjutant-General of the British Army for twenty-three years, under the Duke of Wellington; another uncle, Colonel Archibald Macdonald, was Adjutant-General of the Indian Army; and a third, General Alexander Macdonald, R.H.A., served with distinction at Monte Video, the Cape, in the Peninsular War, and secured the commendations of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill for his valour at Waterloo. His brother is Major-General Norman Macdonald, who served in the Crimea,

With reference to the more purely military part of General Macdonald's career, the following facts are those of chief interest:—

In March of the year 1859 General Macdonald joined the Advocate's Company of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade as private, became sergeant in August, lieutenant in November, and captain in December.

At the Royal Review of 1860 his Company, No. 13, was specially picked out for praise by the General commanding in Scotland. He was promoted to major in 1861, and as such commanded the 2nd battalion till 1864, and as lieutenant-colonel till 1880. In 1862, at the Queen's Birthday Review in Edinburgh, when the whole regulars and Volunteers were out, Major Macdonald was appointed to command "the enemy," which consisted of his own battalion and the Volunteer Engineers. The general commanding on that occasion, in complimenting him upon the way "the enemy" had been handled, dubbed him "The Heaven-born soldier," a *soubriquet* which has stuck to him ever since.

In 1882 he became lieutenant-colonel commandant of the brigade, receiving the rank of colonel in 1886, in which year also he was made a Companion of the Bath in recognition of his Volunteer services.

The Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (Royal Scots), as it is now called, has increased by 600 men since he obtained the command, and now numbers 2,510 of all ranks. It is completely equipped with flag-signallers, mounted troop, cyclist troop, telegraph troop, regimental transport waggons, and three bands.

In consequence of the size of this regiment, the War Office has recently divided it into three battalions, each commanded by its lieutenant-colonel under the colonel commandant. It may give some idea of the organization of the Queen's Brigade, to mention that it has no less than 99 officers, and that they are always kept complete, viz.:—

3 Honorary Colonels.	2 Surgeon-Majors.
1 Colonel-Commandant.	4 Surgeons.
3 Lieutenant-Colonels.	25 Captains.
6 Majors.	50 Lieutenants.
2 Adjutants.	—
3 Quartermasters.	99

Brigadier-General Macdonald received his command of the Forth Brigade in the autumn of last year, being the first officer to whom one of these new appointments was given, whose service had been wholly as a Volunteer; only one other such appointment has been

made since, namely, Brigadier-General Sir W. Humphrey. The number of men in the Forth Brigade is about 9,000, and it embraces the counties of Midlothian, Haddington, Linlithgow, Stirling, Clackmannan, Kinross, Fife, and the southern half of Perthshire. Since his appointment as Brigadier of the Forth Brigade, he still holds his command of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade.

In 1872, when a lieutenant-colonel, General Macdonald commanded a Provisional Battalion at the great manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, and got special commendation from his superiors for the work of his battalion. He has acted as Assistant Adjutant-General for several years to Lieutenant-General the Hon. W. H. A. Fielding at Aldershot in August, when the Volunteers are assembled, and has frequently acted as umpire there, and on the last occasion was appointed Chief of the Staff on a divisional field day.

For several years he was captain of the Scottish Twenty in the International Military Rifle Match; and during his time brought Scotland up even with England, she having fallen three matches behind. He was captain of the Scottish team which went to America in 1876 to shoot against the nations of the world. For many years he has been a member of the Council of the National Rifle Association.

On the 11th February, 1878, General Macdonald lectured at the Royal United Service Institution on "The best Detail Formation for Infantry Attack," General the Right Hon. Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., in the chair; and again on February 13th, 1885, on "The Changes required in the Field Exercises for Infantry," General Sir D. Lysons, K.C.B., in the chair, both lectures being attended and criticised by many of the best officers of the day. In his first lecture the new system of forming "fours" was described, having been promulgated by him in 1872, and then admitted by Lord Wolseley and others to be a great improvement. It has at last been adopted in the *Field Exercises* of 1889. Amongst the military works which General Macdonald has issued are, *The Duties of Officers and Sergeants in Battalion*, 1861, *Hints on Drill for Volunteers*, 1862, *Proposals for the Simplification of Infantry Drill*, 1867. In this last book, more than twenty years ago, General Macdonald strongly advocated all the important alterations which have now been adopted in the drill book. The following are some of the chief ones:—

Abolition of fixed fronts and of right-in-front and left-in-front.

Abolition of the gate-wheel, and substitution of "forming."

Placing the captain in centre of the company.

Placing two guides permanently on the flanks, and abolishing the changing of flanks by guides.

The provision of a marker for each flank.

Abolition of countermarch, and the substitution of changing ranks, the supernumeraries doubling round the flanks.

The transposing of companies to suit the movement being executed.

"Forming" into column from line instead of breaking into column right (or left).

Abolition of double column.

Advancing in column from line from any company.

Such advances always to be made by fours.

Formation of columns from line, in rear of the alignment, on any company.

Deployment by fours from column and quarter column alike.

Moving up to the alignment in fours in deploying, instead of moving out parallel to the alignment and then advancing.

Deployment at an oblique angle to the position of the column when necessary.

Invariable formation on the leading company in forming square.

Abolition of the change of front of a line by intermediate formation of column.

Performance of oblique echelon movement by fours.

Change of front of line by fours.

The placing of the men of a file side by side in extended order.

The opening out of the supports from close file.

In 1872 General Macdonald published *The Best Detail Formation for the New Infantry Tactics*.

His *Memorandum of Instructions for a New System of Infantry Attack*, 1884, describes his system of attack in fours deep, which was permitted by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief to be tried in practise, and which proved most successful, and was very favourably reported on by the general officer commanding in Scotland.

This system of attack has been adopted by the officer commanding the forces in South Australia, and practised there with complete success over all kinds of ground, Colonel Downes, R.A., says "to the great satisfaction of both men and officers, the latter being especially warm in its praises." It has also been practised in India.

In this system one great feature is that, when the company is in fours deep, each pair of fours forms a group of eight men. A corporal or lance-corporal forming one of the group will be its

On the March in India.



ONLY a few years ago the powers at Simla ordained that regiments moving from one station to another were no longer to be granted the comfort and luxury of railway travelling, but that whether the distance that intervened be fifty or 1,000 miles every yard must be traversed on foot by the British soldier, along parched and dusty roads.

This is, no doubt, a revival of old customs, or, more correctly, what was the case before the days of railways absolute necessity. Even now, in modern times, we find that many old things are better than new, such as old friends, old wines, or old trees, so that I think, when everything is taken into consideration, we may add to the list above briefly enumerated the old system of moving troops.

The advantages this method present over railway travelling are at least threefold. First, to economize expense; secondly, to give the inhabitants through whose country we pass an opportunity of seeing English troops in a high state of efficiency, and to remind them that we march through their territory as conquerors: and, thirdly, to improve the health and physique of our soldiers, to accustom them to the fatigue and vicissitudes of marching, to adapt them to the exigencies of camp life, and to relieve them for a season from the monotony and temptations of barrack routine.

Long ago, when a regiment marched, it carried all its "Lares and Penates" with it, adding enormously to the multitude of followers—baggage animals, and impedimenta generally; but now-a-days things are changed. We leave behind our wives, families, and heavy baggage properly packed and labelled, to be forwarded when called for, carriage paid, to our new station. Marching orders do not burst upon a regiment like a thunderstorm (except in case of war), and a certain time is thus given to make preparations for a start. Before the march is commenced a regiment is generally placed under canvas for a few days. This gives all ranks an opportunity of general shaking down to camp life, affords time to

supply small omissions that could not be rectified later on, ensures an absence of confusion or hurry at the last moment, and, in general terms, enables the battalion to set out on its journey with everything ship-shape.

India affords many advantages for the successful practice of camp life. In the northern districts, from November 1st to the first week in March, the climate is magnificent. A bright sun all day, without too great heat, clear atmosphere, entire absence of damp or rain, cold mornings and evenings, and, lastly, unlimited space. All along the principal roads the Government possesses good camping grounds, separated from each other by distances varying from eight to sixteen miles. These plots of ground are reserved exclusively for the use of troops, or as halting-places for Government officials, who, in visiting their respective districts, affect "camping out" to a very considerable extent. The camping ground is several acres in area, and its boundaries are marked on each side by a few small brick pillars. At one extremity a square yard, surrounded by a mud wall and blessed with the euphonious title of "Birdass-Khana," is set apart for keeping in its covered shed a plentiful supply of dry straw or grass for bedding, and wood for fires.

Here, supremely happy, a native caretaker resides, who is responsible not only for the safe keeping of the stores but for the cleanliness of the ground. To ensure an abundance of provisions, the camp usually lies about a mile from some native village. Within its precincts, too, there is always a well (though I can't say much for its mud-flavoured water), and frequently a spacious grove or "tope," as it is called, of trees, whose welcome shade at noon-day is valued greatly by the sweltering soldier, and happy is that man whose good fortune it is to find his tent pitched underneath its leafy branches.

But before we set out on our journey, let us pause for a moment and see what has to be provided in a camp for both officers and soldiers.

In India officers receive, in addition to their pay, moneys varying in amount according to rank, termed allowances, and out of this they must supply themselves with everything otherwise provided by Government when soldiering at home. For instance, there is no barrack accommodation, no mess-house, no tents. Everyone must pay for his bungalow, and even if he happens to occupy a sergeant's quarter, containing about two tiny rooms—no other house being available—Government demands, or rather deducts

from his monthly pay from ten to twenty rupees. The regiment rents a bungalow for the mess at sums per month varying from eighty to 150 rupees, according to size and station at which it is quartered. No magnificent allowance of coals and candles awaits the needy subaltern on Saturday mornings; no soldier-servant administers to his wants, so that when the regiment marches every officer provides himself with servants, tent, conveyance for his baggage, and whatever property he leaves behind at his old station is sent on to his new one at owner's risk and expense.

And so it comes to pass, when marching orders arrive, the battalion buys its own mess tent and furniture, kitchen tent, stove and cooking utensils; and each officer buys, hires, or, if he can, borrows a tent for himself. He next supplies himself with baggage animals and conveyance, which generally consist of one camel, at a cost of nine rupees, and a country cart drawn by two bullocks, at about twenty-five rupees a month. In this latter most of his baggage goes, oftentimes his servant, his servant's family, and no doubt their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts. The camel carries his tent, or at all events a load of about 400 lbs. The tent may be any size. What is called a Swiss Cottage, or a staff sergeant's tent, is uncommonly cosy, double roof, double fly, or side walls, two doors which may be opened out to form neat and airy porches, and an extra fly to give friendly shelter to a native servant. But just as often the tent (subaltern's for choice) is reduced to a minimum in size and weight, and what has obtained the name of a "Cabul" tent is a very Lilliputian in size, 80 lbs. in weight, six feet high—a miniature house; a shelter so small that its appearance gives one the idea of a tent seen through a telescope inverted, just enough room for a bed, and barely for a bath: a *multum in parvo* in economy, weight and comfort.

Lastly, supplied by Government, come the hospital, canteen, sergeants' mess, quarter and rear-guard, orderly-room, sergeants' tents, and one for every sixteen men.

Having disposed of these preliminaries, let us suppose a day's march is about to commence.

About 3 o'clock A.M. the bugle sounds "the rouse," the whole camp springing immediately to life. On all sides an indescribable Babel of sounds ascends. Camels growling, their drivers yelling, soldiers hammering at tent pegs, bullock drivers shouting and plying their bamboos, which resound on the bullocks' lean ribs: native servants and followers topping the din with shrill wrangling. Ten minutes pass, the bugler this time sounds a single "G." Every

tent falls as if by magic, and what was lately a pretty canvas village is now a tangled wreck ; but only for another few minutes, for ten or fifteen more suffice to have all neatly packed and loaded on the transport animals. As soon as the tents are safe, where once a tent stood a bright blaze springs up ; for orders in India prescribe that all straw or grass bedding be burnt before the regiment



THE REVEILLAK.

leaves the camping ground. A very limited time is allowed the men to dress for parade, and while they hastily swallow a bowl of coffee and hunch of bread they sit about in the dusk of the morning from fire to fire, or lounge around some extra friendly flame (for these morning are chilly), and discuss the probable events of the

approaching march in language that cannot always be considered quite parliamentary. Suddenly goes the "Fall in." Parade is quickly formed up, the roll is called, and in five minutes we hear the order "Quick march!" The band strikes up, and off we start.

After we have been about an hour on our journey, the first halt takes place. Arms are piled, the men fall out, pipes are lit, and five minutes' rest is granted. A longer time at such an early hour would only cause chills or stiffness, and so we are soon on the move again.

When half the morning's work is done we halt again, but this time for twenty minutes. The sun is well above the horizon by this time, and the rawness of the morning air is tempered to the khakee-clad soldier; but it is not the temperature of the atmosphere nor even the commanding officer's whim that decides the spot where this halt is to take place, but the fact that we have arrived where cauldrons of smoking tea and blazing fires proclaim the presence of the coffee shop.

This half-way halt will, I think, be a good opportunity to describe and explain what a coffee shop is. One of the great institutions attached to a regiment in cantonments or on the march is "the coffee shop"; it is quite essential to the well-being and comfort of the men. Everything, excepting alone intoxicating liquors, is to be had at this emporium, a veritable "universal provider," and as a certain supervision is exercised over the class of goods and the rate of prices (by the regimental staff), the British soldier is not left altogether at the mercy of the ordinary bazaar merchant. The establishment generally stands in a central position in barracks, or rather, as they are called in India, cantonments. The owner, an enterprising native, pays to the funds of the regiment a certain round sum for the exclusive right of selling all purchasable articles to the men of the battalion, and in addition to this he must supply by exchange small coin for the payment of the troops on pay-days. To anyone unacquainted with the manners and customs of the East this may appear an unimportant item, but when you hear that the money-changers referred to in the New Testament, like many other institutions mentioned in the Bible, still exist—that these men live solely by changing money—that in every bazaar they are to be seen seated in their stalls, or often in the roadway or street, with their small change spread out in heaps before them—that a charge is made for changing any coin, and that to give change is not part of a shop-keeper's duty, you will be convinced that the coffee-shop owner is placed

for five minutes only, before reaching our new camping-ground, making altogether, from start to finish, a total of thirty minutes for rest and refreshments.

In addition to the coffee shop man our quartermaster, with an efficient staff, precedes us the day before, and at our halfway halt the orderly officer of the day, and one man from each company, having had only ten minutes to enjoy their matutinal meal, go in advance of the regiment, so that when the column arrives in the camping-ground we find rations for the day already drawn, breakfast in progress of making, and the camp marked out, the exact position for the centre pole of each tent being defined by a wooden peg.

The regiment forms up in column of companies to the rear of each line of tents, piles arms, men take off their belts, accoutrements and coats, now all well begrimed with dust, and each company is told off into parties for tents. Our baggage animals getting about twenty minutes start of us from our old camp, and not being "entitled" to a coffee halt, are generally awaiting our arrival. So the men set to work in right earnest; some hastily unload the discontented camels, and lay out the tents ready for raising, others hammer in the tent-pegs—not the attenuated ones we are accustomed to see at home, but solid thick pieces of tough wood, in length from about eighteen inches to three feet—and thus much progress being completed, all stand by to haul. Ten minutes, or so have elapsed. Next the adjutant orders the bugler to sound one "G," and once more, in a moment of time, the little canvas village springs into existence.

The greatest emulation exists between companies at this period to see what lines of tents will be first pitched, and who will have ropes and guys first belayed taut, and ends neatly coiled and stowed away. Company officers take good care that the lines of tent-pegs and standards for the doorways are accurately dressed, for although the camp is only pitched for the day the utmost neatness and regularity is observed. If a peg is out of dressing, it has to come up, or if a tent is not in the exact line it must come down; and when an incident of this latter kind occurs, it is known to the whole camp, and the inhabitants of the unlucky tent fare badly from the officers and men of their own company.

The tents being thus pitched, one or two men from each company double off for the bedding; six pounds of straw or dried grass per man suffices to furnish their "lodging on the cold ground" at night, in the morning to be consigned to the flames.

bank, smoking, even asleep in bed if you give him the order. A soldier gets all this done for 6d. a month, hair cutting included; the less fortunate officer pays him 2 rupees.

The dhobies or washermen too are already at work, either washing in a handy stream hard by, or starting without a rest for the nearest "pani." Wait a little, and you shall see and hear the bakers kneading and preparing their dough, to be presently baked in their primitive ovens, constructed of mud plastered over a framework of iron work, shaped something like half an orange. These are heated by fierce wood fires, the loaves are put inside, door fastened up, and bread is the result. It is wonderful how they can present you with such a tasty loaf, for it is one of pure wheaten flour, well baked, well flavoured, and would put to shame many an English loaf turned out of a baker's shop. When the bread is served out, the ovens are pulled down, their iron frames slung on the back of the useful camel, and the baking establishment starts towards evening for to-morrow's camping-ground.

Awaiting our arrival stands, salaaming, the head-man of the nearest village, dressed in his brightest colours, and attended by a few favoured followers. He hands us the "nerrick," or price list of all commodities for sale in his important town, with the latest market price quotations. This imposing document is, however, comparatively useless, as, interpreter and all, we cannot read his lingo, and even if we could we should not be likely to get what we wanted at the quoted price. Our camp police are hardly posted when a crowd of natives, who have been eagerly expecting our arrival, scatter in all directions through our lines. First come the vendors of eggs, milk, butter, game (teal about 1d. each), then those that deal in the various curiosities of the locality. These alone would take a small volume to describe. Suffice it to say, here you have jewellery, Rampoor chudders, cutlery, knives with dozens of blades, knives combining knife, fork, and spoon, fearfully and wonderfully made, knives requiring a microscope to see them and yet warranted to cut down a forest tree, brass work from the native "lota" to the brazen dragon, silver-mounted walking sticks, embossed iron drinking cups, betel knives, nose rings, finger rings, arm rings, ankle rings, and no doubt wedding rings if you want one, and innumerable other articles of merchandise. These hawkers, pedlars, merchants, or whatever else you like to call them, surround you, form square about you, attack you, and if they conquer are sure to "charge you." The officers' lines, too, are besieged by the local "shikarees," or native sportsmen. Deeply

we selected two or three pliant canes from the nearest jungle, and applied them tenderly to their bare legs.

But this case was an exceptional one; in many districts game, like the "atung and dhrinkin" Pat Malloy bears witness to, was plentiful and fine, and the pursuit of it, an example or two of which I shall give further on, tended to relieve the monotony of camp routine.

In describing our daily march, it must not be supposed that when the last section of fours brought up the rear of the regiment that we then saw the end of our column. There was a long tail coming on behind: first, our hospital waggons or ambulances, drawn by bullocks, the officers' spare horses and ponies and their grooms, or syces, then a long string of dhoolies, and finally as many followers as could keep up with the battalion. Someone may ask what is a dhooly? Let me describe one.

A dhooly is like a long cage, with curtains instead of bars or wires; in shape a parallelogram, very light and portable, yet strongly made; about seven feet long by three wide and three in height, the side curtains can be looped up or let down at will, the bottom is composed of cord which supports a mattress, a ridge pole runs along the top and protrudes about four feet at each end. The framework and ridge pole are generally made of bamboo, which is light and tough. Four men (with two or three extra in attendance as reliefs), miserable to behold but of wonderful endurance, bend under its weight, while at each step they utter the most heartrending groans and exclamations, and apparently struggle to keep up with the column, though in reality it gives them little trouble to do so. These dhoolies are quite an institution in India; indeed they exist in some shape or form in all hot countries, and to a certain extent resemble the sedan chair of our grandfathers' time (which, by the way, is still usefully employed in Beaumaris). The Mahomedan sends his wife, with curtains carefully closed, in this class of conveyance, and many a sly peep she takes between them when her jealous guardian is not looking. When ground is impracticable for horses or wheels, the sure-footed dhooly bearer safely carries his load. At hill stations, though of fancy shape and known by the name of jampan, the dhooly is ubiquitous, and tastefully dressed bearers daily take their fair burthens to "eat the air." Than in a dhooly there is no better system of conveying luncheon after a hot field day, and many a journey by night is comfortably got over by its help.

When first we commenced our trip, the pace was scarcely three

Now a few remarks about the game, laws, customs and style of small game shooting in the glorious East. When our camp is pitched, our tents and tent pegs perfectly "dressed," off we start to dress ourselves. We doff our dusty khakee uniform, and let the barber and the bheestie do their handiwork. Shooting costume of the simplest kind is quickly assumed, and breakfast almost as hastily swallowed, for game is reported handy. We lose no time in starting, for there will be many competitors for the game, and first come is first served. No cabinet minister more jealously guards a state secret than the eager sportsman conceals from his dearest friend the existence and bearings of a convenient jheel. So each vies with his neighbour who is to be first on the happy hunting-ground. We generally go in threes, with a motley crowd of chattering followers; one of these carries a gun, another a cartridge bag, another light refreshments in the shape of sandwiches and B.'s and S.'s (these last indispensable). Another a game bag or two, and so on, according to taste, most of the commodities (gun and all) being carried on the head. Now, for shooting in India there being no "strictly-preserved, trespassers-will-be-prosecuted, dogs-will-be-shot, no-admittance-except-on-business" sort of ground, the general rule is, that whoever first arrives on the scene of operations claims the ground as his own for that day, and warns others that they must either follow or go in the opposite direction. Frequently, however, there is room and to spare for all; in some places, notably beyond Delhi, a whole regiment in skirmishing order could scarcely cover the extent of "cover" holding game. This is chiefly where black and brown partridge, quail, hares, or black buck, are to be found; snipe ground is more limited as a rule, three guns being enough; and, lastly, there is jheel shooting. Now do not think a jheel is a kind of bird or wild beast: it is a pond of any size, from a bog-hole to a small lake. Usually it is very shallow, varying from two to six feet deep, full after the rains, gradually becoming dry in the cold and hot weather. Its existence is of the greatest value to the natives whose farms surround it, as it supplies the water for irrigating the crops, which is absolutely necessary for their existence. You can scarcely realise how thickly a jheel is sometimes covered with game, geese of all sizes and descriptions, duck of various species, teal and widgeon of many kinds. On its banks the snipe abound, while pelicans, flamingoes, and the stately siris adorn its bosom. Talk of an Irish bog paved with snipe, it is, so to speak, deserted when compared with the ordinary Indian jheel. The



failing, and to send it by bearer. Helping myself first, I sent off the bag with strict injunctions to the messenger to return with mine. Ducks now came in flocks, cartridges went as fast, and so I now sent my retrieving nigger after the last messenger to hasten him back. Trying to retrieve a wounded duck, my foot went into a hole, and I sprawled forward into three feet of water. Picking the duck and myself, up I returned to my rushy retreat. Ducks still plenty. Half right turning to fire at one, I found my right foot had stuck in the mud, and being unable to withdraw it, I fell this time on my back. The weather certainly was warm, and so was the water; but wet clothes are at any time most uncomfortable, and so divesting myself of all raiment except a canvas coat, to hold cartridges, and a thin flannel shirt, I shot for the rest of the day in this attire, and thus finally rejoined my party. "'Twas pleasant and cool," as Bryan O'Lynn says.

But misfortunes never come alone, and soon my small stock of cartridges was exhausted. Sister Anne never looked more anxiously for somebody coming than I did for my nigger, but "he never came—in vain I watched," and soon the last shot in the locker was expended. Ducks on the right of me, ducks on the left of me, and an empty gun. Thoroughly disgusted, and vowing vengeance on my truant magazine, I finally collected my bag—and, indeed, I may add, my "bags"—and went off to find my companions, whose performance was still audible, the ducks, as if out of pure spite, to quote the Psalmist, now coming about me like bees.

Having joined the remainder of the party, we returned about three miles to our camp, well laden with spoil, our niggers bending under their loads.

But I must not delay over this topic, interesting only to a few, for much could be told of achievements after black buck, black partridge, that game and handsome bird, of the death of the peafowl, sand grouse, and hares—the last *ad nauseam*. So I close the subject with the remark that our "hot-pot" when in sporting regions was never empty, and it was to be partaken of not only in our own, but in the sergeants' mess, and many of the men also were regaled with the result of our excursions. We used to think that a fat snipe, a juicy duck, or a plump teal apiece was no despicable addition to our breakfast or dinner.

But all this time the visitors in camp have been plying a roaring trade, and, as mid-day approaches, are leaving by degrees. The barber and bheestie having performed their respective duties, now well sated with curry and rice, most probably are indulging in

effects a sale or not, for it is his "kismet," or fate, he is satisfied. The old Brahmin bull sleepily wanders up and down the "High" street, taking here a mouthful of grain, there one of rice or barley, poking his handsome head into any booth or basket that he fancies, and welcome, thinks the Hindoo owner, for is he not holy? An unpleasant customer he is, nevertheless, to visitors; he views us with suspicion, as if we were about to usurp his place, and when he takes his stand in the middle of the street facing us, he becomes a formidable, if not an impassable barrier.

Towards evening there is a general move campwards; the grass-cutters bring in their fodder for the night; the untamable camels, in batches of eight or ten, having feasted on their dry and thorny food, stroll homewards in single file, each batch headed by an incomprehensible camel-driver. The bullock-wallahs are loading their heavy baggage for an early start, and while the officers are dressing for mess, and before the bugle goes for that popular parade, let us briefly notice some of our other regimental institutions. First, we carry our bank with us, two or three large iron safes filled with silver, a large portion of which simply goes from one safe to another, and back again through the medium of the British soldier. One belongs to the canteen, the other contains company pay or cash-boxes. The money out of the latter is paid weekly to the men, and most of it just as "weakly" finds its way back to the former. These chests require two at least, and sometimes four bullocks to drag; they are always guarded by armed men on the march, and deposited in front of the quarter-guard, under whose charge they are when in camp. No one is permitted to open these except an officer, and even then in the presence of the sergeant of the guard.

Next in importance, if not first, in the eyes of Tommy Atkins, is the canteen. Government allows a capacious marquee for its use, and large supplies of beer await us at convenient stations along our line of march; an ample supply is carried with us, which makes it thick and muddy, but the flavour is there, and it is no less palatable to the thirsty soldier, though it is only as clear as mud.

Besides the canteen, we have the quarter and rear-guard and their tents, the sentries watching the front and rear of our camp, and a hospital tent, complete in all its arrangements. Our camp itself is pitched daily with monotonous preciseness, and on the same pattern: the officers tents in line with those of their respective companies, leaving a space, say fifty yards, between, to

in seven, not, perhaps, in order to keep the fourth commandment, but because experience has proved that, although man's endurance is equal to a greater strain, baggage animals are unable to stay if a continuous march be carried on without any break or intermission.

Now the conditions, independent of camp life, were varied, owing to the great changes we experienced consequent on our pilgrimage, in climate, scenery, and circumstances. Sometimes, as I have already noticed, sport helped us to pass our time, often a brief sojourn near some great city, whose buildings, gardens, inhabitants, or histories occupied our attention. A surprise often awaited us as we drew near a cantonment or military station. It might be that a band from a friendly regiment, English or native, waylaid us two or three miles from "home," and played their choicest selections of music, marching at our head. Mayhap, a challenge to cricket, or to a friendly game of polo, met us, or frequently, a hospitable invitation to breakfast or dinner, and cordial offer of such luxuries as clubs, assembly rooms, or lawn-tennis grounds "during our stay." As we approached, men of the garrison, in all the well-known variety of undress, turned out to see how we jogged along; then we put our best foot foremost, and tried to look as fresh and smart as clothes, accoutrements, "arms," and, I may add, faces would permit. Once, especially, it was our lot to fare sumptuously after a long march, for our men found barrels of beer rolled up to our new camping ground, looking out, so to speak, for our arrival, and waiting to be tapped by comrades of another regiment, who were the generous donors.

I should like to dwell on memories of Lucknow, to walk through the rose-scented Wingfield Park, to speak of its Residency, its Alumbagh, or Dilkusha, its roads dotted with monuments to heroes who fighting fell; to traverse with my readers the forty-seven miles, a long battle-field all the way, that leads to Cawnpore; to rest awhile at that station in the Memorial Gardens, always green and fresh, which guard the dust of those victims massacred by the bloodthirsty Nana Sahib; or to spend a few lingering moments in the splendid red-brick church, built in memory of the slain on the broad *maidan*; or, farther north, to climb the ridge at dusty Delhi, to mark the little brick pillars which now point out the positions where our batteries played their part in its historic siege; to write afresh the short story inscribed on the Cashmere Gate, to describe the ruined bungalows, or read the pitiful stories on the monuments in the various churches or cemeteries. Than this last I

it was absolutely necessary to traverse a native bazaar or street. Many people have had an opportunity of seeing in the exhibition surnamed the "Colinderies," a very faithful representation of a bazaar, and so far, *ex uno disce omnes*; but much is wanting to complete the model. We must add: streets narrow, smells coarse, odours of cocoanut oil, native tobacco, greasy curries, and smoking kabobs; all combine in an unwholesome blend, while the roadway is crowded by chattering natives, naked children, yelping pariahs (native dogs), and creaking bullock carts.

Perhaps it is not generally known that in India all the European community is classified as either "civil" or "military." The former consists of Government officials, members of the legal, medical, and other professions; the latter need no description. Between the two classes there is a certain amount of jealousy; hence a judicious mixture is always beneficial to both parties. When a station such, for instance, as Ludhiana, is termed a "civil" one, we may infer that no troops are quartered there, though the Government is administered by an able staff of Government officers, whose authority is upheld by the aid of the police.

I have recorded the hospitable reception we always experienced when approaching a military station. Such was not our fate when we marched through, or halted in, a "civil" one, for civil though the English residents no doubt are, they take no notice of a regiment on its way. The band does not rouse the inhabitants; no blinds are pulled up; no faces appear at the windows; a red coat, much less a khakee one, for them has no attractions.

I may remark, in passing, that besides visiting great cities in our wanderings we crossed some of the principal rivers in the great Indian Peninsula: the sacred Ganges, the historic Sutlej, the Jhelum, whose waves arrested the onward course of the great Alexander, and, lastly, the mighty Indus. Horace, I think, states, *Non curis contingit adire Corinthum*. I freely translate his remark by saying, it does not fall to the lot of everyone to visit such waters as these. The principal road, too, we traversed for hundreds of miles deserves a word. In the East the roads generally are kept in exceedingly good order, and would put to shame many of our English highways. The manner of making them has much to do with this, and so has the material they are composed of. This latter is carried in small baskets on the heads of coolies of all ages and sizes, who receive payment in "cowries," or shells (familiar to us in this country as counters) for each basket-load. The final

by a wire fence only, the railway threads its way. Tunnels, viaducts, and levels are despised. If our road climbs a hill, so does our railway; if it goes down again to the deep, the iron track keeps it company. Sometimes it leaves us, but only to appear soon again round some unexpected corner, and, like our road, it seems to be made up of countless windings, turns, and gradients.

One of our last camping grounds deserves a few lines. It was so different in every respect from anything we had as yet experienced. Its name is Hussain Abdul. It is only a little spot; a Zoar in size, but great in reputation. To begin with, it is intensely English. The camp, a grassy field, is situated in a valley. Mountains, albeit bleak and bare, rise on every side; close by flows a fair-sized river; not one of the muddy Ganges type, dotted with dhobies, alive with alligators, or beset by dusky bathers, but a pretty English-looking stream, its waters sparkling and fresh, its banks clothed with luxuriant grass, its edges fringed with tempting water-cresses. English, too, is the climate, and most regiments can tell their experience of its rainfall. In our case torrents deluged us for two days, and had we not taken our departure between the showers we might be there even unto this day. Built on the banks of a bubbling rivulet, whose waters issue from the ground in beautiful clear streams, and only a mile from camp, stands a celebrated Sikh temple. Beside the building is a square fish pond, through which the stream flows, and disporting themselves in its bright waters are numbers of sacred fishes. These are fed at the hands of a boy-priest, who greeted us while he ministered to them. I may here mention "us" referred to, consisted of myself and two or three officers of my regiment. Like a war-horse scenting the battle from afar, or a well-trained setter drawing on a confiding covey of partridge, we opined that "thereby hanged a tale," and so, closely questioning the mutual attendant of the fishes and ourselves, we evolved the following history.

About the time when little birds built their nests in old men's beards, and turkeys smoked tobacco, a holy fakir was travelling, whether north or south I trow not, but, at all events, travelling on foot and in midsummer (this expression to suit my readers) in the country of the five rivers (Punjaub). Worn out with fatigue, choked with dust, and parched with thirst, he arrived one day, or once on a time, at Hussain Abdul. No sparkling stream in those days cooled the parched plains, no welcome well, or benevolent "bheestie" appeared to quench his thirst. No; the country was black, barren and burnt up. The inhabitants disbelieving him

petticoats. The former are not, indeed, cut after the similitude or fashion of a Bond-Street tailor, but are made very loose above and much too long and tight below, so tight round the ankles that it is a mystery how the wearers get into them; so that, owing to this cause, those appendages which, when talking of ladies, it is considered impolite to mention, instead of being graceful, neatly shaped and straight, present a bow-like, not to say horse-collar appearance. Instead, too, of having the head uncovered, or enveloped anyhow, all the ladies at Hussin Abdal wore horn-shaped head-dresses, such as towered on the heads of women in England and on the continent during the reigns of the Plantagenets. There have been many curious and interesting theories respecting the history and meaning of this extraordinary fashion. As to its antiquity we have the authority of the Psalmist, who directs people "to set not up their horn on high"; as to its existence in the present day, the red-costumed inhabitants of Hussin Abdal. What the horns I beheld were composed of, we never ascertained; this was partly owing to the shyness of the ladies, and partly owing to the fact that they were concealed, or rather covered, with part of the red upper garment thrown over. Some affirmed the towering erection was a kind of hat, others padding. This latter view was supported by the opinion of the barber, who was doubtless a knowledgeable man, quite a "Jehandida," a man who had seen the world, for he had been this way before.

Before drawing this sketch to a close, it may not be out of place to add a few words regarding our baggage and how it was carried.

As we were not part of an army in the field, the officers were not actually limited by regulation in the quantity they can take; but just as powerful a "duty" was imposed, namely, that each paid for his own transport. The result was that an officer's kit was as limited as possible, and sometimes "more so." Two boxes or portmanteaux, a camp-bedstead, and a few blankets, a folding-table, a folding-chair or two, a dhurrie, or small native-made carpet, a collapsible wash-hand stand, a tin bath and basin, these furnished a tent from "roof to cellar." If it was a "Cabul tent," one camel for transport was sufficient; if not, two camels and one country cart carried enough for two officers.

All kinds and conditions of baggage animals were "served out" for the use of the regiment, partly, I suppose, because no others were available, partly not to overwork one batch by too long a march, but chiefly to accustom troops to the management, loading and unloading every description.

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loved powers of mischief are greatly restricted. Often before this linking process can be effected, and just as his load is nicely packed, up he starts, jumps, kicks, yells, and only regains his usual discontent when he relieves himself of all his load. I must not altogether malign him, however. I said he is never happy, but I believe there is a bright spot now and then in his existence, when, in company with a few of his fellow-labourers, he can manage to stampede in the neighbourhood of a jungle, into which he dashes, tearing, smashing, scattering his load, and then browsing contentedly on the nearest thorny tree. When his little game takes place in the dusk of the morning through a crowded camp, he is not a pleasant customer to meet. Two tent-poles, with large iron spikes, one on each side of him, and well in front, often form part of his load, and as his movements are erratic and rapid, and as there are no regulations laid down in the drill-book as to how to "receive him," I should prefer to be charged by a troop of cavalry, if given the choice, than to encounter him.

Capability of subsisting on the poorest food, power of going days without water, and great endurance, constitute his good points; and so easy to load and unload is he, that I believe the British soldier prefers him to any other transport. He is useless, or nearly so, in wet weather, for when the roads are slippery or muddy, owing to the peculiar formation of his feet, he is unable to travel.

Next to the camel may be classed the mule. It must have been a disappointed lover that first traced the derivation of this animal's name to the Latin word *mulier*, a woman, for if the camel did not exist, I name an ill-natured mule as the most "contrary" beast alive. When mules were first supplied to us, every man who said he knew all about horses stated also he understood mules, but one day's experience convinced him of his mistake. A mule is uncommonly handy with his heels, and just as determined to rid himself of his load as a camel. Mules require a greater number of men to look after them. Individually their load is only about 160 lbs., and they are very liable to sore backs, but they can go anywhere. On rough mountain and rocky ground, they are as surefooted as goats, and so handy that not only are they used for carrying baggage, but, as everybody knows, they are utilized for artillery purposes; and we have in India several very serviceable mule batteries, whose valuable services have been written in the books of the chronicles of our Indian campaigns. Now if the camel

Owing to the slow rate at which they travel, they are the least desirable description of transport animal ; but as many packages and classes of baggage are unsuitable for elephants, camels, or mules, the country cart is indispensable, especially as its load may be as indescribable as it is unlimited.

Such is the life of a "Soldier on the March," not, after all, so unlike the pilgrimage we all undergo as we travel through our span of existence. In both cases, the promised land lies at the far-off distance, and the path is thickly strewn with its troubles, its hardships, and its work ; while a due proportion of adventures, pleasures, and wholesome occupations form the silver lining to the cloud.

Why a greater number of wealthy sight-seers or tourists do not travel out of those beaten tracks, whose resources for adventure are well nigh exhausted, and extend their journeyings to the gorgeous East has often been an unsolved problem to me. Most people seem to consider that India is the home of cholera, pestilence, and famine ; is the country of an everlasting burning sun, of parching thirst ; in short, that residence in it, however limited, can only be termed temporary exile. And though it is no exaggeration to say that these are the conditions of existence for two-thirds of the year, yet for the remaining four months, termed the cold weather, Italy herself cannot rival in clearness and colour the Indian sky ; and for variety and extent of happy hunting-grounds wherein to exhaust one's love of adventure, sight-seeing, and sport, there is no country or climate can surpass that of our mighty Empire of India.

occasionally visit you in your bed-chamber. At sundown crickets chirp in myriads in the trees, so as to render conversation in their vicinity impossible; and all night long the great bull-frogs will croak a hoarse and deafening lullaby when you lie in bed awake, wondering whether the punkah-coolie has gone to sleep or not.

Sikhleepore is an historic spot, moreover, claiming (with half a dozen others) the notoriety of being the scene of the first outbreak of the Mutiny. Its gardens are one of the sights of India, and in their midst the country residence of His Excellency the Viceroy rears its palatial pile, and haughtily belies its misnomer Residence. In these gardens the inhabitants congregate in their tens and twenties when the sun slants down, play tennis, gossip, and listen with countenances unmoved by any sign of humour to the native band while it struggles manfully with trombones and bars and semi-breves.

Sikhleepore is by no means an unpretentious station. Its society boasts a civilian element, which goes by train to its bottle-washing in "the city" every whit as finely as Blackheath or Sydenham.

"Call this India!" exclaimed Merrithort, as he lay extended on a China-chair in the ante-room. "Where are your pigs, and your polo, and your pagoda trees? Why, barring the heat, the comforts of this place compare quite unfavourably with those of my club smoking-room in London! I can't even swear at my servant in a way that he can appreciate."

"Even you have found out it is no joke," said Dorman, to whom the other had applied for a few Hindustani oaths to help him, as he said, to make things pleasant for his bearer.

"It's no joke," replied Merrithort, "to be kept awake by frogs all night and some beastly bird or other all day; even the Egyptians only had one plague at a time."

Dorman laughed.

"You'll soon get used to mainahs and night-jars and bul-buls," he said.

"I didn't come all this way to kaow-taow to a bul-bul," replied Merrithort.

"Wait till you hear the brain-fever bird."

"God forbid!" said Merrithort fervently; "one horror at a time, please. When I have taken off my fourteenth shirt to-day and wrapped myself in blotting-paper, I'm going for a mosquito that lives in my punkah somewhere. He, at any rate, is a lively

ture he has often seen and admired ; but the number of clubs, mansions, and palaces he encountered in the Chowringhee was a novel sight to him.

He prowled about like a jackal, as Merrithort said, among these sights and scenes while the weather allowed ; but the balls, levees, crowded drawing-rooms, and gay philanderings of the great city did not attract him. He went no more into society than he had done in England. When society was thrust upon him he took it calmly, but he never sought it. Had he during those few cool months that succeeded the arrival of the regiment at Sikhleepore, accepted the many invitations sent to the mess, and gone with his brother officers to the gaieties of the winter season, he would often have met his old friend Meg ; the winter had passed, summer had come and gone, the rains had deluged the country, and he had only met her twice—once when he had called after the Charterises had handed her over to her brother's care, and once again when he had met her accidentally in the street.

When he left England he bade the girl good-bye, telling her that they would meet again—sometimes. Never, since that night when she had confided in him, had he alluded once to the tenour of their conversation, or to his own story as he had revealed it.

Through those months which had since elapsed, her unhesitating reliance on his powers, her sympathetic pity, and the expression of her love which he had stifled on her lips, had been present to his mind, and were, unconsciously to himself, brightening his life. An oasis of hope had sprung up in the desert of his loneliness ; but the closer he approached it, the further it seemed to recede, and the more it appeared to resemble the effect of a deceptive mirage. The things that Meg had said and done were, he argued, only the result of compassion affecting an impulsive girl deceived into the belief that pity was but another word for love. Impulse had wrecked many a life, as surely as premeditated purpose had wrecked his own. Although Meg's character had always interested him, and latterly compelled his admiration—although the thought of her had gained a larger place in his heart than he cared to allow—he would not, for the selfish sake of securing a life of quiet contentment, risk the happiness of a fresh and girlish nature, untried in the world, unschooled in experience, simply because, in a moment when grief and pity had sharpened the edge of her susceptibilities, she had been carried away into making an avowal of she knew not what. Thus it was that he was led, insensibly almost, to avoid her, lest he should

none of them successful. The most persistent of them was Mr. McGuire, a partner in her brother's firm. He was an influential, wealthy man, on the right side of forty, who knew his own mind, and had every reason to believe that he rarely undertook what he failed to carry through. He had undertaken to possess himself of Meg's hand and heart, and when she very courteously declined to part with either, he found himself quite unable to accept her answer as an ultimatum. He was a quiet, persevering man and, far from being baffled at a single failure, simply bade her take her time and think it out. The Wyldes, although they never interfered with Meg's affairs, decidedly encouraged Mr. McGuire in his attentions, and rather pointedly showed their inclinations in his favour.

Toward the end of the cold season, Meg began to fear that her admirer's constant visits to the house would speedily reach a climax in a second declaration. It was, therefore, with a two-fold sense of pleasure that she received an invitation from her old friend, Mary Charteris, to spend a week at Sikhleepore. The visit would keep the McGuire question in abeyance for a time, and enable her to see and speak to Clement Dorman. She sat with Mary's letter in her hand, and—Meg was greatly changed—*thought*. She thought out a problem of alternatives, and seemed at last to arrive at some definite determination, before she finally wrote her answer bidding Mary expect her on the morrow.

Meg and Mary Charteris had not met often since they had parted after their voyage; the distance that separated them was too great to be performed in an ordinary drive, and the railway, except during a short period of the year, was a purgatory avoided by the wise; beside which, Sikhleepore, although within the radius of His Excellency's invitation list, was but a suburb, and for the most part attended to its own affairs. Lady Charteris had, of course, been asked to tiffin with the Wyldes, and had occasionally met Meg at a ball, but such meetings had been few and far between.

"I am so glad to have you, dear," said Mary, on the evening of her guest's arrival, as they sat together in the verandah after dinner, looking at the dark waters of the Hugli.

"And I am very glad to come," said Meg. "I have had a jolly season, and have enjoyed myself; but, after all, I think I like this best." She was tired and rather pale, her pallor throwing into strong relief her dark eyes and hair. As she lay upon her wicker chair, her loose white evening gown clinging about her figure, and

the distance and the chattering of a wakeful mainah close at hand, she thought of her own changed life and feelings—of things that could never change—of the difference between Mr. McGuire and Clement Dorman—of the theatre where she had acted—of the ditch in which her poor dear Dad had lain—of Dorman's barrack-room and the story she had heard : and when at last the frogs had croaked themselves to sleep and the mainah had ceased to talk, and she had tossed and turned for many another hour—listening to the dismal howling of the jackals, the monotonous drumming of a festal tom-tom, and the other strange noises which haunt an Indian night—she, too, fell asleep, and slept soundly, while a hungry mosquito trumpeted around her curtains in vain endeavours to reach the dainty prey of delicate flesh that lay within their network.

The following day Dorman called in the morning, according to the Indian custom. He was the same, Meg thought, as he had always been. He stayed a few minutes talking to her and Mary, and then left. In the evening she saw him again : he was riding, she was playing tennis.

And so the days passed by, until one evening in the gardens she found herself sauntering with him along the banks of the river.

"What is on the other side?" asked Meg, as she stood looking at the water.

"A wild wilderness," he said. "That bank is as different to this as possible ; it is like another land."

He paused, and looked dreamily across the river. After a silence of some seconds, speaking slowly, and as if he were quoting from some book and testing his memory rather than addressing the girl beside him, he continued :

"Uncultivated, almost uninhabited, with its soaked soil and its atmosphere laden with moisture it teems with vegetation ; it is overgrown with every kind of tree and plant and creeper—a dense forest of foliage, and a jungle of rank grass and rotting leaves, suggestive of the abode of snakes and creeping things, but not of birds or winged insects. It is a tract of country seldom visited by white men, and which even natives seem to hurry through."

"Do you see that flight of steps leading down to the water's edge from the little temple?" he asked in a different tone, turning to Meg and pointing out the place. "I landed there once, and walked up the road ; I seemed to be walking in a forgotten country, like the Prince in the story of the Sleeping Beauty. There was scarcely a hut to be seen ; but at one time there

"I like him," continued Meg; "he is good and kind, and a gentleman, and rich, and—not old. My brother and sister-in-law both wish me to marry him, and he is in my brother's office."

"I congratulate you," said Dorman mechanically.

"But I refused him."

"Then, Meg—but why do you seem to speak as if you wanted advice? There is an end of the matter. Why consult me?"

"Because he will ask me again when I go back to-morrow."

"I cannot advise you, Meg; do not ask me—do not ask me! Think it well out for yourself, my child: or, decide—no. Meg! I cannot help——"

He stopped because he saw that she was not listening. They were in the centre of the river. Toward the west a long reach enabled them to see the sinking sun, but toward the east a bend in the river interrupted the view along its waters. Meg was looking and pointing in the direction of the bend.

"What is that?" she asked. They were quite alone upon the river; not a boat was in sight. Dorman stood up and looked.

"Good God!" he cried, "it is the Bore." Fixing the rowlocks and seizing the oars, he began to pull, looking anxiously at the broad black line, crested with white, that reached from bank to bank and swept slowly round the bend. He pulled frantically, but made but little progress; the boat was heavy, and the oars not meant for sculling. When, presently, they began to hear a dull rumbling sound, accompanied with a distant plashing on the beach, he unshipped his oars and exclaimed:

"We cannot do it, Meg; I cannot reach the shore in time. We must ride over it, or swim."

Meg's cheek blanched a little, but she said nothing.

Cutting the sheets and halliards, he lowered the sail, and hung it and its light spars into the water.

"The ballast in the boat will sink her if she fills, but those will float," he said. "Meg, my darling, we shall be safe if you will trust to me." He bent his head and kissed her.

Meg hung her arms about his neck. "Clement, I am not a bit afraid; let it come, I do not care—I love you!"

In far less time than all this takes to tell, he had slipped a noose round her waist and lashed her to an oar which he placed athwart the gunwales. With the other oar he kept the boat's head down stream, in the direction of the bore. Side by side they sat, with the oar resting on their knees and his arm about her waist, watching the advancing wave as it slowly

and read about, but they are rare. Ninety-nine warriors in a hundred never see them, and die, just like ordinary mortals, in bed. Plain clothes are more often worn than uniform, and plain Dick, Tom, and Harry in plain clothes are very plain indeed.

But little people are enacting little plays under our very noses every day, little farces, little comedies, and sometimes little tragedies. And little things make up life, a number of lives a regiment, a number of regiments a force. There is no knowing what a force cannot do. It can build up an empire, just as a number of cart-loads of bricks build up a house. And how like a regiment is to a cart-load of bricks, all packed in neat rows, all red, all alike, and shot together in a heap by Mr. John Bull, the great land contractor, on some spot which he ultimately intends to build upon. At any rate, the presence of a number of these bricks means possession.

Some of these bricks, in course of time, become important corner stones, or ornamental copings, or even stately columns and pillars of strength. Sir Henry Hammer was such an one. He was always destined for an important place in the structure, and eventually he filled it.

And many other changes have taken place in the little community to which I once belonged. Some, like myself, have left the regiment though not the army, while others have retired from the service altogether. Were I to dine at mess to-night—not at Sikh-leepore, but at some other “pore” or “bad” place to which the regiment has been moved—I should probably not know more than just a face or two, where a few years ago a dozen would have smiled me welcome.

Sir Henry Hammer's noisy laugh and dictatorial tones have departed, and common-sense given place to niggling and exacting niceties of management, which make but sorry reins wherewith to guide a coach. Colonel Fussy has in turn retired—into private life, where no doubt he devotes his whole attention to the correct striking of his time-piece.

And Merrithort!

Geniality and cheerfulness are the lubricants that grease the mechanism of routine. These Merrithort and Charteris supplied. The ready fun and readier laughter of the one eased the wearing monotony of barrack life, while the unselfishness and quick sympathy of the other went far to relieve many a heavy grind. Together they oiled the wheels of the machine, making it work smoothly, and preventing friction between its component parts.

good fellow he was! and what a loss to your regiment! That fellow, Dorman, treated him scandalously, and Tommy was rather a friend of his, too. I never thought he would have had the face to marry the girl afterwards. She was a horrid stamp of girl, though; and after all, Tommy is to be congratulated on his escape. They do say, you know, that Dorman was not particularly keen, and that when she followed him out to India, she made the running, and forced him to marry her after what he had done. Well, well; I don't know which to pity most. He was a bad hat, I am afraid, and a sneaking fellow into the bargain—you know all about his having been married before, of course—but Miss Peggy will comb his hair for him, I warrant. She led her poor old father a devil of a life, and simply wore out her mother; she will be more than a match for Mr. Dorman—ha! ha!—Well, good-bye, Rambler; remember us both very kindly to your wife. Only the other day Mrs. Dropper was saying how she missed her. Between ourselves, there is an ugly business going forward about that Mrs. Small; I am doing what I can to help her. Good-bye."

Good-bye, Colonel Dropper, with all my heart; and long may the time be before our next how-do-you-do! I am sick of you; and I know a great deal more about them all, Lieutenant-Colonel Dropper, half-pay, than you seem to think, or even than you do yourself. What I know, I like to tell in my own way.

Men and nations are not unlike buckets in a well; one goes up and another goes down; the full one is made to rise as the empty one descends. Old Drone filled his pockets full of gold and rose rapidly; Sir George Charteris emptied his, sank lower and lower, and at last was lost sight of altogether. As Mr. Drone in turn sank, so his old partner, Mr. Dribble, rose. Granstone Court became Broadwick, and Broadwick is now The Court again, the property of Mr. Dribble.

A candle, as Mr. Drone himself would have said, flickers for a long time before actually going out. When its last spark seems to be extinguished, when it gives no light at all, when everything around it is sadly dark and dismal after its brightness, it will suddenly flare up, and with a desperate struggle, attempt to appear like its old self again. The effort exhausts it, and it sinks down into what it was before. And so, as each struggle for existence wears its strength away, the light dies at last, and not a glimmer can be seen in the cold and empty socket.

Thus old John Drone, the vulgar tallow-chandler, had died. For weeks had tender ministering hands fostered the fire that

him on to other rails, which sometimes lead him in a new direction, but always with a heavier freight of goods in tow. The crack of the rosetted whip that starts the horses on the first stage of the bridal trip is the stroke that knocks away the last dog-shaw and launches a frail craft to sink or swim, as best she can, on calm or troubled waters. And what very troubled waters are the first twelve months of wifedom—the transformation scene in which the ideal so rapidly dissolves into the real; the period when sweet illusions vanish, and stern facts appear; the hard apprenticeship, in which old lessons have to be unlearnt and new tasks undertaken; the longest year of all a wedded life, for how reluctant are we to admit the truth that fresh and boisterous spring is ripening into summer, mellowing into autumn, and even hardening into winter—the slow descent from Heaven, to which we soared so swiftly, down, down to earth again, which we left so long ago. All this seems but idle chatter, but these are the thoughts that press themselves so prominently forward when I think of Meg.

Meg, as she was struggling in the water, supported by the strong arm of Dorman, had but just awakened, as it were, to a new life, a moment afterwards to be confronted with death. But Dorman was a powerful swimmer, and a cool, determined man; he was one of those in whom nervous tension induces an almost preternatural coolness. The story of their swim for life was well known in Sikhleepore: How Charteris, from his verandah, saw the bore upset the little boat; how, knowing that Meg was in it, he rushed along the bank to find another boat; how he watched the swimmer striking out bravely for the shore, and put out to help him; how very little Dorman said about it all, and how fearless Miss Wylde looked. It was talked over and discussed for many a day round the band-stand in the gardens; but I think that only Lady Charteris and myself knew all the truth. Calcutta heard the story, and for once at least Mr. McGuire failed to carry through an undertaken project.

Meg, with one idea dominating her whole existence—Meg, with a reckless temerity bred of ignorance, and fearing nothing—Meg, with her self-abandonment—Meg has realised her hopes; she is transported for the moment with a rush of sudden joy; and putting her petty sorrows all behind her as things never again to be remembered, smiles triumphant on the future, which opens up a prospect all gladness, hope and pride. Into it she steps without a fear. And what was the reward of all her patience?—one that very few would envy her: the second love of a man whom people

morning, exercise in the afternoon, a nap in the evening, a daily paper and a comfortable bed, are items they add up every twenty-four hours and call the sum total an enjoyable day. A hope of a succession of such additions is the acme of their ambition, and so long as the monotony continues, the cup of their contentment is full to the brim. Those men, my dear Rambler, are the pleasantest acquaintances and the 'nicest' friends. They make the best husbands, and are always welcome in society. They are always happy; it does not matter their being sometimes rather dull. No! I shall never be what is called a social success."

I did not think he would; but he had succeeded in making his wife look as she had never looked before, and at her husband in a way that she looked at no one else.

All this was in the days of Sikhleepore, when Dorman, fired with a new ambition, was reading for an examination, and Meg began to go about but little, staying at home and devouring all the books that she could buy or borrow: "For," said she to Mrs. Rambler, "Clement is so very clever, you know, and I want to try and understand the things he likes to talk about."

Mrs. Rambler told me this one morning, and for the remainder of the day was unusually preoccupied and silent. In the evening she made a spasmodic remark about the difficulty of fixing up a cosy nursery in a great big Indian house, and went to bed with the air of a woman who had something on her mind.

For many a day to come I saw no more of Meg, and very little of her husband. The few cool weeks of winter gaiety had fled, the scorching summer sun had disappeared behind great banks of cloud, and deluges of rain had flooded the country and widened out the Hugli, when I saw them together once again.

It was a heavy July evening, sultry and still; the rain for the time had ceased, but the air was dense with clouds of mist. Passing their bungalow, I saw them in the compound. A carriage waited at the gate; a bell was tinkling feebly far away across the maidan. Dorman carried in his arms a small white box, in shape and size like a violin case. I stepped aside, and bared my head as they passed by me.

Poor girl! The little link that would have served to bind her interests to his far more securely than the common ties of society or books had snapped.

Then they went away together, and remained away for weeks. Shortly after their return, Dorman passed a stiff examination well, and this took him and Meg out of the near surroundings of my life.

At the Easter Review.

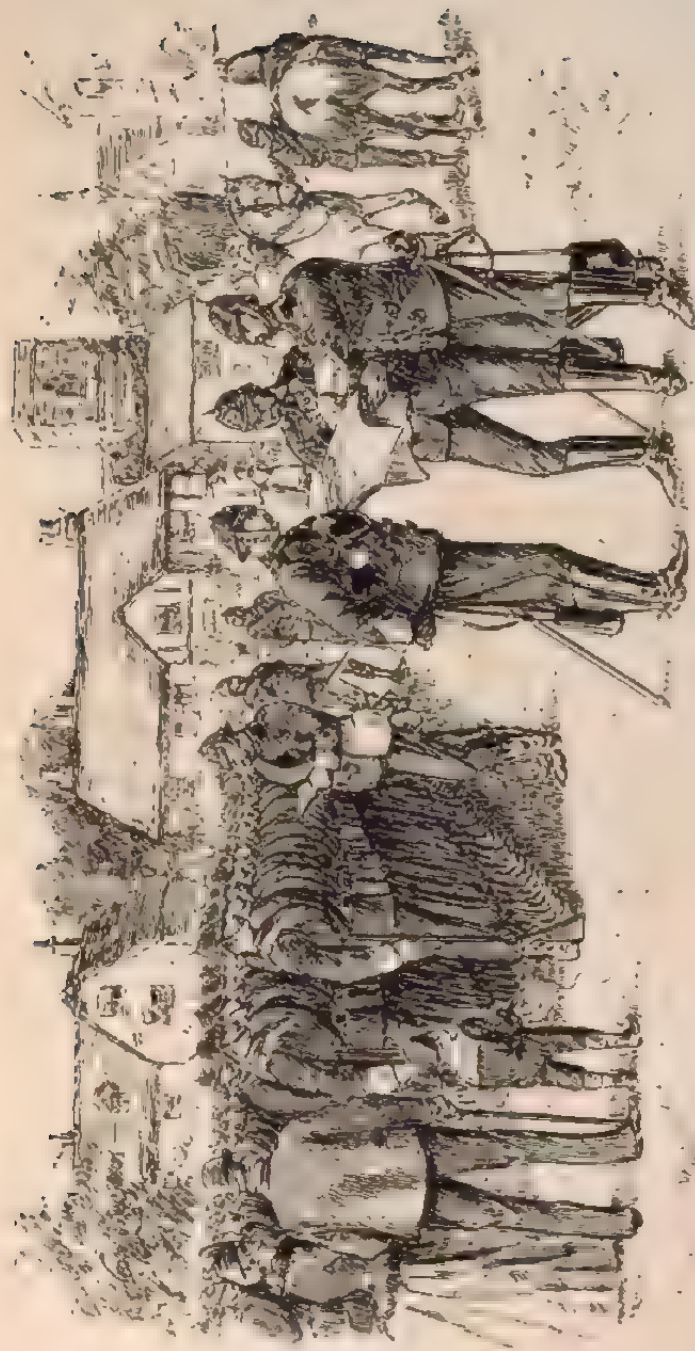
By ARTHUR M. HORWOOD.



IT is Easter Monday morning, and a voice, following a sharp knuckle-rapping at my door, informs me it is seven o'clock. Shaking off dull sloth with a celerity that would have charmed good old Dr. Watts, I arise and devote the next half hour to the stern requirements of civilization. The occupant of the next room, Jones, is indulging in a *barcarolle* as he splashes about in his bath; this is presently elaborated with several shakes not to be found in the original score as he proceeds to towel his body. I draw up the blind, and peer out. Before me stretches a wide expanse of grey sea, relieved by a bright streak of silver on the horizon, as the newly-risen sun struggles to break through the thin clouds. Half-a-dozen dark fishing-smacks are hurrying home, laden with their night's spoil; and a full-rigged ship in the distance is ploughing her way down channel, every sail set to the freshening north east breeze. On the beach not a bathing-machine is in sight, I can promise you; and with the exception of one or two early-rising old gentlemen, who are already abroad to take the air, it is deserted. Down below in the street, however, the bustle and activity, distinguishing features of Brinemouth, have already awakened for the day, augmented by the presence of the large number of volunteers staying in the place for the Review.

I catch a glimpse of Rawkins, our subaltern of the day, hurrying up the street on the opposite side of the way, to visit our men's quarters (we, the officers of the 100th Middlesex Rifles, have established our mess at the Royal Hotel), and then return to my shaving brush and soap, and complete "fixing" myself for the day.

On opening my door to descend, a fine fragrance of cigars salutes my nostrils. Five or six of "ours" lounging in the hall are thus early contravening the rules and regulations of the house, and continue doing so until the summons to breakfast compels abstention



MORNING PARADE

Field-days are all much alike. There is the usual amount of doubling over ploughed fields or rolling downs, that sorely tries the wind of the stout and those no longer exactly youthful; and the recurrence of the inevitable long tedious spells of inaction, only enlivened by the skirmishes with the orange and apple vendors, who so persistently push their wares at the different halts; and the almost inevitable march-past, or "ancient superstition," as it is now irreverently called.

To-day's manoeuvres seemed as though they would pass off on the same undiversified lines. We had debouched on to the Downs, the troops converging from all points; the air had vibrated with the din of many bands of music, all playing different tunes—the



"ON SPECIAL DUTY."

whole forming a pleasing discord. Later on we had received from our commanding officer the information that our brigade was to threaten the enemy's flank, and had been marching some time with this object in view, when I heard the adjutant say to my captain—"Can you spare Mr. Greene?" and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he thus addressed me—

"Oh! Mr. Greene, our waggon has got stuck fast a little in rear. I want you to take a squad of men and hasten back to its assistance. Use all endeavours to extricate it, as, you know, it contains our spare ammunition; and as we're in the neighbourhood of the enemy, a small party of their cavalry may attack and capture it if it's not got away quickly."

Now it must be known that we, the 100th Middlesex, were one



out of the difficulty. Accordingly I set off at an even higher speed than had my unsuccessful ambassador across the ploughed field, into which I sank almost up to my ankles. In five minutes I reached the gate of the homestead, and turned into the yard with an air of the greatest importance that I could assume.

I encountered the mortal in whom my hopes were centred emerging from a barn, spud in hand. In the suavest of manners, and most dulcet of tones, tempered with a genial dignity of bearing, which I felt ought, should, and would soften and melt the most inexorable of the sadly-tried army of agriculturists, I begged on behalf of the Volunteer Force—that great unpaid and deserving organization—the loan of a couple of his stout (mark you, I said “stout”) horses, to help our waggon out of the hobble.



STUCK IN THE MUD.

I am constrained to relate that my eloquent appeal did not meet with the desired result. In fact, I don't think the refusal my sergeant met with could have been more emphatic than the gruff assurance that he (the farmer) would see me hanged first before a single quadruped of his moved a leg in the service of the Force.

I could not but think that his language amounted to insolence; nevertheless, I pocketed my feelings, as I opine is the proper thing to do when on service, and yet further urged the exigency of the situation.

But I might as well have spared myself the trouble. No, he hadn't got any horses to lend me—that was flat—and he wouldn't if he had, so there! Why not? Why not, by Jingo! because he wasn't going to assist a set of confounded Volunteers, a party of whom last year trampled over a field of his set with oats, doing

A broad grin spread over the fellow's countenance. "Bless you, Sir, it's the young misses' doings. They told me to bring 'em along without saying a word to him. He'll make a fine dust now when he knows it; but they do just what they likes with him."

Without further ado the fresh horses were attached, and the operation of exhuming the wheels of the waggon was now moderately easily accomplished. With a sturdy "Gee up!" the vehicle was got in motion, and drawn upon something like *terra firma*, when all of a sudden I perceived a couple of mounted scouts appear on the crest of a hill behind us. I knew them for the enemy, for on noticing us one of them turned and galloped back, presumably to inform the commander of their party.

But they were too late to molest us. The young farm labourer said, "In for a penny, in for a pound," and stuck to us with his horses like a trump. Our "four-in-hand" set off at a smart gallop also, we running alongside at our hardest; the whip cracked, the mud was thrown up high in the air, and the waggon rattled along like a house on fire. The hedges positively flew by; we were splashed up to our eyes. Sergeant Richards began to puff heavily, and grew exceedingly red in the face, when I had the pleasure of espying our battalion halted at the bottom of a slope ahead of us.

Our arrival was hailed with indications of lively satisfaction; and my invaluable aide, the farm hand, was thanked by the Colonel for his services. I tore a leaf from my note-book, and wrote a few lines of acknowledgment for him to take back to the young ladies of the farm for their kindly sympathy, and slipped a souvenir for himself into his hand, and then we all once more returned to our respective stations.

The review passed off with honours for our side; we, the invading force, succeeding in driving the defenders from their position; and as for the march past, I need only refer you to the opinions of the press to show that we distinguished ourselves as usual for steadiness in passing the saluting point, and, I am pleased to add, that our transport waggon obtained a paragraph all to itself.

If we go to Brinemouth again next Easter, I think it will be only polite of me to make a call at that farm house. I only hope that not *all* the family will be at home.

on service, and that consequently there is something amiss in our system of musketry instruction. As I write I have come across a paragraph in an article by Brigadier-General Bengough, describing in the *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* a tactical rifle meeting held in his command, which explains my contention better than I can do it myself. He is describing one event in the competition which was meant to represent an enemy advancing on the firers. Balls about three feet in diameter were rolled down a hill, and General Bengough remarks, "to show how vast a difference lies between good target shooting and good field shooting, I may mention that last year, when exhibiting this practice to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief of Madras, two sections were selected at hazard from a British regiment which were then the best shooting regiment in India, judging by the standard of 'figure of merit,' and from a regiment of Madras infantry which then stood near the bottom of the list of native regiments. The section of the latter regiment made the best shooting at the balls."

I will now go on to describe the shooting of the regiments which composed the Sikkim Expeditionary Force, and would in the first instance point out that, perhaps because not much resistance was expected, neither of the regiments which were selected had any musketry reputation worth mentioning. The two companies of British infantry were taken from the Derbyshire regiment, which in the season 1886-1887 had stood only twenty-ninth, and in the season 1887-1888 twenty-second, among the regiments of British infantry in the musketry return. The 32nd Pioneers were even worse from a "figure of merit" point of view; in the seasons above mentioned they had stood only seventieth and fifty-ninth respectively. These were, of course, armed with the Snider, while the Derbyshire had the Martini. The expeditionary force started with 200 rounds of ammunition per man, and each soldier carried seventy of these in his pouches.

The first occasion on which the Imperial forces came in contact with the enemy was at the stockade placed at the admirable position of Jeluktsoo. Here the enemy stood long enough to allow our men to get to close quarters—possibly one or two of the Thibetans may have been killed or wounded with the bayonet—and here fifteen dead were found in and about the position on that and the following days.

On the 19th of April a reconnaissance in force took place up to the foot of the Jelap Pass; only a very few rounds were fired, and it afterwards transpired, in a round-about but tolerably trust-

It is of course unquestionable that a man fires with greater accuracy when he knows that his enemy is very much worse armed than himself; but still, taking into consideration the fact that the enemy fought for the most part in jungle, and in what may be called extended order, since we never got them in masses, the musketry results of the Sikkim expedition are worthy of attention. And this brings me back to my starting point, viz. that these results were achieved by regiments whose range-shooting is little better than "moderate."

The figures I have quoted are not official, but, taken from notes made carefully by me on the spot, they may, I think, be relied upon as pretty accurate.



organized in 104 regiments, 23 of which were composed of foreigners. Each regiment had 2 battalions—except the Régiment du Roi No. 28, which had four—and each battalion consisted of 4 companies of Fusiliers, with the addition of a company of Grenadiers to the 1st battalion, and a company of Chasseurs to the 2nd battalion. The number of all ranks in a regiment was about 1,200. In addition to the above there were 12 battalions of Chasseurs, 7 colonial regiments, and 1 regiment of Marines. The cavalry consisted of 39 regiments, of which 1 was a Cuirassier corps. The artillery was organized in 7 regiments, and comprised the Sappers and the Pontooners. The Engineers were a corps of officers without men. The Household troops were composed of the “Cent Suisses,” for the interior service of the Palace, the Garde du Corps, the Gendarmerie, and the Chevaux Legers. The Garde du Corps were composed entirely of gentlemen. In addition to the above were the Garde Française of 6 battalions, and the Garde Suisse of 4 battalions. These two regiments, though belonging to the Guards, were not practically members of the Maison du Roi. The Provincial troops were a sort of militia, recruited by lot, officered by country gentlemen, and constituted a substantial reserve to the regular army. In the regular army men were obtained nominally by voluntary enlistment, but really in great measure by *récotage*, which may be translated as “kidnapping,” or “crimping.” The engagement was for eight years, with power to re-engage for successive periods of two years. The men were poorly paid, insufficiently fed, and badly clothed, till just before the Revolution their lot was somewhat ameliorated. The discipline had been, at all events in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., severe. The Comte de St. Germain, who was Minister of War from 1775 to 1777, introduced the German system, and instituted the punishment by the cane. Meeting with universal resistance, for it was substituted blows with the flat of the sabre. What proves that corporal punishment was unknown in, and regarded as an indignity by, the French army was that even the infliction of blows with the flat of the sabre provoked mutinies in many regiments, and that numerous suicides, to avoid this degradation, took place. One grenadier said, with reference to this innovation, “The only part of the sabre which I like is the edge”; and this saying speedily ran through France, and still further excited the indignation against the Comte de St. Germain. Another anecdote illustrates the feeling of the army on this subject. A private of the regiment of Laval was ordered to receive blows with the flat

Withdraw, and give me the knife!' He took it, in fact; and with one blow cut off his left hand."

A finer instance of chivalrous and loyal feeling was perhaps never given; but what are we to think of the two brawlers who allowed their innocent comrade to suffer for their offence, or of the officer commanding the garrison, who did not remit the cruel penalty? The great cause of discontent in the army was the fact that high rank was practically denied to all save those members of the old *noblesse* who had Court influence. This rule affected both the lesser *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie*, while promotion from the ranks was so rare as to be almost non-existent. At the commencement of Louis XVI.'s reign the regulation was that no one not of noble birth could rise above the rank of lieutenant; but in practice this rule was not very strictly observed, especially in the artillery and engineers.

In 1781, however, when Marshal Segur was Minister of War, a royal edict was issued providing that no one should obtain a commission in the army or navy unless he could trace his nobility back for four generations. By this edict the area of appointment was so much restricted that it was found impossible very strictly to enforce the new regulation; as a matter of fact, however, down to the outbreak of the Revolution, all the higher commissions were monopolized by noblemen of influence, often appointed, when little more than boys, to the command of regiments without reference to their qualifications or military experience, and simply because they belonged to the *haute noblesse*, and had protectors among either the courtiers or courtesans of Versailles. These amateur soldiers never failed to display the most brilliant courage, and sought opportunities of reaping renown in the field, but the details of the profession they deemed beneath their notice, and they carefully shunned the monotony of garrison life. They, in time of war, usually spent the winter at Paris or at their chateaus, only joining their regiments when the campaign was about to open. Most of the other officers who were possessed of influences followed the example of their commanding officers. In peace time such officers spent even less time with their regiments, only appearing from time to time on the occasion of inspections or some great ceremony. The actual commanding officer was the lieutenant-colonel or major, who was aided by the poorer and less influential officers. These had all the work, but got none of the credit.

Promotion from the ranks was, as I have said, of rare occurrence, and led to little when it did take place. Practically "the ranker"

wounded. At the battle of Filinghausen he was wounded by a large bullet which carried with it a piece of cloth. A painful operation for the purpose of extracting the cloth became necessary, and this operation Batten bore without even frowning. At Minden a fragment of a shell broke two of his ribs. After fifteen days of hospital he was beginning to approach convalescence when he learnt that a battle was imminent. From this he was resolved not to be absent. Eluding the vigilance of the doctors, he reached the house of a peasant, where his sufferings became so great that he fell fainting on the floor. On recovery he bought from the occupants all the linen which they could spare, and with it encircled his body with a thick bandage, which enabled him to breathe with less pain. In this state he walked twenty miles, through woods and hostile detachments, reaching his regiment just as it was going into action. At the battle of Fulda, in 1768, his company, the grenadiers, consisting of three officers and forty-five men, was detached to occupy a mill in advance of the line. The guide took it the wrong way, and they fell into an ambuscade of Prussian hussars. The French officers, believing resistance impossible, gave up their swords. The commander of the enemy's party, addressing himself to Batten, said: "Follow the example of your officers, and give up your weapon." "Come and take it," replied the sergeant, who then shouted, "Close on me, Grenadiers! close on me!" saying this he charged his weapon. This was a remarkable arm, borne solely by the sergeants of the Dauphin regiment. It was a sort of forked halberd, and commemorated an exploit of the regiment at the siege of Mons, where it had captured a corps of the enemy which sought to defend a ravine with similar weapons. The Prussian commandant rode at Batten and tried to ride him down or sabre him. A desperate single combat too place, which ended by Batten killing his adversary. Infuriated by the sight, the hussars threw themselves on Batten and his grenadiers. The struggle was desperate: Batten fought like a hero, and, bravely seconded by his comrades, did great execution, the sergeant himself killing eleven of the enemy. Numbers eventually prevailed; the grenadiers were all either taken or killed and Batten alone, covered with wounds and streaming with blood, was left to continue the hopeless contest. As a last chance of safety he sprang over a hedge and used it as a parapet. But the end was at hand: the hussars surrounded and rode him down, their horses trampling on his head. Disarmed and a captive, the enemy were about to kill him when a corporal, struck with admiration

the remainder of his long and honourable life, a link between Fontenoy and Austerlitz, the early parts of the reigns of Louis XV. and Napoleon.

When so gallant, so distinguished, and so capable a soldier could not, at the price of so many campaigns, wounds, and brilliant actions, such capacity, win no higher rank in nearly half a century of service than the rank of lieutenant, it is easy to conceive that practically the barrier between the soldiers and their officers was so insurmountable as to destroy all ambition on the part of the former, and to render sympathy between the two almost impossible. By it the army was divided into two distinct classes, almost into two races. The gulf of separation was widened moreover by the unaffected contempt felt by the noble for the plebeian in France. Yet the latter was often richer and more cultured than the former. Moreover, the French officer of noble birth rarely troubled himself to acquire that capacity in his profession, that respect and affection from his men only to be acquired, the first from the constant practice of his duties, the second and third from living amongst and studying the habits, wants, and characters of their men. Brave to excess were the officers and ever eager to see active service, generous to a fault also, and certainly not more harsh than the officers of other nations at that time, perhaps less so. These good points, however, were not sufficient to make up for the want of habitual intercourse and a common devotion to a common duty; and as the liberal ideas promulgated by the encyclopædists and brought back from America began to spread, the soldiers asked themselves why they should have all the hardship and toil and the officers all the honour and glory, seeing that the commanded were at least as prodigal of their blood as the commanders, and very often more capable in professional matters than the belaced and luxurious stranger, who avoided the sight of their men as much as they could, and looked upon them as mere flesh for cannon. In the *Garde Française*, which, at the time of the Revolution, had been for many years constantly in Paris, and had been necessarily more strongly impregnated with the democratic ideas of the Parisians than had been the rest of the army, the feeling of the men towards their officers was particularly bad. The latter were all men of high birth and social standing, who, owing to their connection with the Palace, considered themselves rather courtiers than soldiers. They rarely saw their men on parade, and did even condescend to accompany their men to and from th

issued by his Government that violent measures were to be avoided. The result of this want of energy was on this occasion that the soldiers raised their hats in salute to the mob, and, liquor being brought to them, drank to the health of the King and the nation.

On Sunday the 12th July the Parisians learned that Necker had been dismissed; and processions having at their head busts of the ex-Minister and the Duke of Orleans traversed the city. They appeared on the Place Louis Quinze, and were charged by the regiment Royal Allemand; but these were driven back by showers of stones. On this, Prince Lambesc arrived at the head of his regiment of dragoons. These advanced against the mob, and drove it through the gardens of the Tuileries. In the tumult which followed, the busts were broken, and a soldier of the Garde Française was killed, but the assertion made in several books that the Prince de Lambesc, with his own hand, killed an old man is untrue. On the contrary, the Prince saved the life of a young woman, who, holding a child in her hands, had been thrown down by the crowd.

Whilst this tumult was taking place, the Garde Française, who, a few days previously, had come to blows with the Royal Allemand, heard what had happened in the gardens of the Tuileries, and furious at learning that one of their comrades had been killed, turned out of their barracks, and opened fire on a squadron of Lambesc's dragoons, who had been left to overawe them. The dragoons retired, and were followed up to the gardens of the Tuileries by the Garde Française, who placed themselves between the mob and the royal troops. More foreign troops were brought up from the Champ de Mars, and were ordered to dislodge the Garde Française, who opened fire on them. The royal troops, restrained by the previous orders to avoid shedding blood, did not return the fire to which they were subjected.

Encouraged by the weakness of the authorities, 1,200 of the Garde Française proceeded to the Palais Royal, where they openly fraternised with the populace, who, knowing their men, plied them with wine. Thus primed these heroes, who, from their flight across the Maine at Dettingen, were nicknamed in the French army "les Canards du Maine," returned to the gardens of the Tuileries with a tail of brigands, announcing their intention of driving off the foreign regiments. Baron de Bezenval, the Commandant of Paris, however, fearing the spread of disaffection in his ranks, had withdrawn his troops to the Champ de Mars. Early the next morning the Committee of Revolutionists at the Hotel

a small draw-bridge, by means of which a crowd rushed in and lowered the large draw-bridge. The Governor then directed his men to fire with their muskets on the mob. Several of the latter fell, and the court was instantaneously cleared, showing that had de Launay acted vigorously from the first and fired his cannon he might have saved the Bastille. At this moment some of the Garde Française arrived with a few pieces of cannon, and, under the direction of their sergeants, commenced a regular attack on the fortress. Elie and Hulin, the former a half-pay officer of the Queen's Regiment of Cavalry, and the latter an ex-officer of the Garde Française, acted as leaders of the armed populace. The latter again entered the outer court, pillaged and burnt the Governor's house, and mistaking one of the inmates, Mlle. de Monsigni, a young and beautiful girl, daughter of an officer of the garrison, for a daughter of the Marquis de Launay, tied her to a bundle of straw to which they set fire, swearing that they would burn her alive if the Bastille were not surrendered at once. The flames were just reaching the girl when one of the soldiers, Aubin Bonnemere, who had let down the draw-bridge rushed forward, explained the mistake, and carried the young girl to a place of safety. This act of heroism and humanity may well be set against his disloyalty. The struggle lasted above three hours, only one gun being fired from the Bastille, and that doing little damage. As to the musketry fire from the garrison it seems no doubt, owing to the treachery of the soldiers, to have been comparatively harmless. The invalids, after a while, pressed the Governor to surrender; but the Swiss gallantly insisted that he should hold out. This he did, relying on assistance from the Baron de Bezenval; but the latter, though he sent three couriers to Versailles, asking for permission to act, received no answer, and, finding that his troops were not to be trusted, eventually withdrew them to Versailles. At length, closely pressed by 50,000 insurgents and 2,000 of the Garde Française, and, despairing of succour, the brave de Launay determined to blow up the fortress. On, however, rushing to the magazine he was stopped by some of the invalids, who presented their bayonets at his breast. He then begged them to at least die with arms in their hands; but the French portion of the garrison urged, as French soldiers have so often urged since then as an excuse for treason, that they would no longer fight against their fellow-citizens. On this he proposed that a white flag should be hoisted, and an attempt made to obtain a capitulation with a condition that the lives of the garrison should be spared.

apparently did not play any very active part in the attack on the Garde du Corps, and some of them joined the latter in protecting the person of the King when the mob had penetrated into the private apartments. They also intervened to save the lives of the Garde du Corps, exclaiming, "Let us save the Garde du Corps, as they saved us at Fontenoy." They, however, nevertheless failed to do their duty, which was obviously to join the Garde du Corps and the regiment of Flanders in dispersing and shooting down the scum who insulted the King and Queen, murdered some of the loyal Garde du Corps, and cut off their heads.

Nor was the Garde Française long without imitators. Before long the greater part of the army openly manifested its insubordination and disloyalty. A few instances will prove the truth of this assertion. The regiment of Bassigny had already, in 1788—when quartered in Brittany—protested against the orders given them, and had been, by a decree of the Minister of War, disbanded, the officers being cashiered. The general of the district, however, found it out of his power to carry out the decree, and it became a dead letter. Some two years afterwards, when the army had become thoroughly demoralized, the regiment drove away its colonel. About the same time the regiment of Poitou imprisoned its lieutenant-colonel; the regiment of Languedoc having without orders quitted Montauban, where it was quartered, the regiment of Nonilles refused to replace it in garrison; the regiment Royal Champagne insulted its officers and threatened to shoot them. At Metz the loyal resolute Marquis de Bouillé had his headquarters. He was respected by his men, but even he could not altogether stifle the manifestation of insubordination, aggravated by the peculation which had kept the garrison in arrears of its pay.

The worst instance was the mutiny of the Régiment de Salm—composed of Germans. On Bouille approaching the regiment in order to address it, he is saluted with a cry for pay. Getting no satisfaction, Salm marched towards its colonel's quarters with the view of seizing the colours and military chest. Bouillé and the officers got there before the mutineers, and posted themselves, sword in hand, on the outer staircase. The regiment drew up in front of the house; but, impressed by the resolute bearing of the General, did not charge. Some scoundrels in the ranks fired off their muskets at him, but always some better disposed comrade struck the weapon up. Bouille managed to get an order

heroes back to Nancy as fast as their horses could go. The whole of Mestre de Camp then marched on Luneville. A parley ensued, and the carbineers gave up M. de Malseigne. He successfully escaped at the corner of the first street, unhurt, under a shower of bullets; but, returning to the carbineers, he was again surrendered, and this time safely conveyed to Nancy, where he was thrown into prison. The Marquis de Bouille promptly marched on Nancy with all the troops which he could collect, sending on a proclamation offering the mutineers the choice of unqualified submission within twenty-four hours or destruction. On the road, a deputation from the town met him. He received them in the presence of the regiment of Salm, now so completely impressed by Bouille's conduct, that when the mutineers spoke with insolence, they cried out to "Hang the scoundrels!" With National Guards, the mutineers number about 10,000 men, while Bouille has no more than 4,400, about one-third of whom were National Guards. The garrison were daunted by his firmness. Château Vieux urged resistance to the last. The Regiment du Roi were alarmed by the state of feeling of Salm. Mestre de Camp broke out into vehement curses to hide their terror, and the National Guards did not know what to do. Bouille had arrived within thirty paces of the gate, when a flag of truce was hung out, and it was announced that the mutineers submitted. The regiments were already marching out by the different gates assigned to them. Some stragglers, however, remained behind with a mob of the civil population, and refused, when summoned, to open the gate to Bouille, threatening to fire a loaded cannon rather. A gallant young captain of the Regiment du Roi, M. Desilles, who had remained with his men in order to moderate their excesses, placed himself in front of the muzzle, and exclaimed: "They are your friends, they are your brothers; the National Assembly sends them! Would you dishonour the Regiment du Roi?" Dragged away by some men of Chateau Vieux, he returned and seated himself upon the touch-hole. The cowardly scoundrels, on this, shot and bayonnetted him, and fired off the gun, which, being loaded with grape, struck down fifty men of Bouille's leading files. The reply was a rush at the gate, before which the mutineers retired. But in the meantime the regiments which had left the town, hearing the firing, returned to assist their comrades. A fearful struggle ensued. It ended by Bouille's complete success, though at the cost to him of 40 officers and 500 men. Of the mutineers, it is estimated that some 3,000 were killed or wounded. Before nightfall the three regiments were on

de Ville, and afterwards in the citadel, while the military authorities, to avoid exasperating the populace, ordered the regiment to quit the town. No sooner had the regiment left than Marat again denounced M. de Belzunce, who was taken from the citadel, the National Guard offering no resistance, and torn in pieces, portions of his body being actually eaten, and other portions preserved in spirits. This amiable and loyal young officer was deeply loved by Charlotte Corday.

The disappearance of discipline and loyalty in quarters had their natural results as soon as the army took the field. There being but a small Austrian force in Belgium, the French were tempted to invade it at the end of April, 1792, but in every direction they, to quote the words of Alison, "encountered discomfiture and disgrace."

Biron, at the head of 10,000 men, marched from Valenciennes on the 28th April, on the 29th encountered, at Jemmapes, Beaulieu with 4,000 Austrians, who had assumed order of battle. After a preliminary cannonade, Biron sent a column to attack; but 2,000 Austrian cavalry suddenly appearing, Biron, justly distrustful of his troops, ordered a retreat to Bossu. Scarcely had the French formed up at that place, than two regiments of French dragoons, who had been in advance, but had no enemy in front of them, seized with a sudden panic, galloped back on and through the infantry, shrieking the old parrot cry, "*Nous sommes trahis!*" Biron strove in vain to rally them; the infantry, for the most part, followed the shrieking dragoons. At length he succeeded in inducing some of them to face about and resume their ranks. The next day there was another stampede. Another column, under Dillon, 4,000 strong, quitted Lille on the 28th. The following day they stumbled on a body of the enemy on the march. Startled by this sudden apparition, the French fell back, but being pursued by a few squadrons with some pieces of light artillery, which fell upon the rear guard, the whole force fell into disorder. Dillon and his officers strove in vain to keep them steady, all to no purpose. The heroic Republicans had only the courage to wound their commander, and rushed tumultuously to Lille, yelling out "Treason!" and on their arrival at Lille, Dillon was massacred by the populace as an atonement, I suppose, for the cowardice of his soldiers.

I think that I have written sufficient to show that this year the French army, at all events, has no reason to look back with pride on the French Revolution.

He had but three around him
As audience on that day :
Field-Marshal Toll, Count Piper,
And Lagerbring were they.

The King, I say, addressed them,
And serious was his tone ;
“ Our Finnish host, God help us,
Moves backwards, never on ;
The hopes we built on Klingspor,
It seems have been belied,
For Sweaborg is surrendered,
Our best support destroyed.

“ In miracles we trusted
As long time as we dared ;
But the Archangel tarries,
He hath not yet appeared.
And meantime ever nearer
The crash of war doth ring ;
It is for Us as Monarch,
A very serious thing.

“ Our royal will and pleasure
Is, therefore, with all speed,
A grave determination
To carry out in deed ;
And so we have commanded
The trappings bring to-day,
Our Swedish Lion hallowed
In Narva’s awful fray.

“ King Charles, the Twelfth his gauntlets
We are resolved to don—
Here twofold is Our meaning—
As King and man in one.

Field-Marshal Toll, Count Piper,
Here, both of you we pray,
Bear witness to Our conduct
On this important day."

How far the war in Finland
He gave another turn
By this conceited action,
We have as yet to learn.
But certainly his courtiers
He startled up a bit :
The aged Toll, Count Piper,
And Lagerbring, to wit.

H. S.



nist had been in the habit of all-round play. The result was that after one or two sharp hits on the leg, the man unaccustomed to guard his leg was glad to move to a leg guard, which, of course, uncovered his head and body, a fact immediately taken advantage of by his astute antagonist. He then tried to draw up and counter, a manœuvre with which the second man dealt after the fashion detailed in the earlier part of this paper.

Still, I think it might be useful occasionally to practise players exclusively at the head, arms, and body, as teaching them to make their play closer, and to take advantage of small openings; to say nothing of the fact that the sabre-player accustomed to our method finds himself somewhat embarrassed in foreign fencing-rooms, where he finds leg-play rigidly tabooed.

Of the Conduct of Assaults.

It is exceedingly desirable that sabre-players should scrupulously acknowledge hits, and stop after a hit. Some will only call those hits which come with considerable force, and, strangest of all, we know many players who entirely disregard hits upon the arm. Now it does not take a heavy hit with a moderately sharp sword to disable a man, and if one's antagonist is only to acknowledge when prompted by the feeling that makes an Irishman say that "he's kilt intoirely," a premium is given to hard hitting, to the destruction of all science and nicety.

To hit with a certain amount of force, the force that comes of precision and velocity, is good, but force must not be made the chief end of play.

In commencing an assault with a stranger, after forming your engagement by touching his blade, you will do well to fall back immediately to prevent surprise. Then, if he should wait for you to attack first, return, by a cautious advance, within measure, and in order to try him, make a feint. If he answer it and you are prepared, deliver your real attack, and be careful, whether successful in hitting him or not, to return immediately to your guarding position. If he does not answer feints, you must try him with simple direct attacks. Should you succeed in hitting him with these, you will probably find him willing to answer to farther feinting.

It may happen that you have in front of you a man with so strong a defence that he is hardly to be reached by attacks, simple or compound: that is, attacks with or without feints. In that case, it is not necessary, as I have heard it expressed, "to retire out of distance and throw stones at him"; you must make false attacks,



ATTACK AT LEFT SIDE OF HEAD AND GUARD.

therefore, if you see that your opponent is about to attack, that instinct of self-preservation which has been said to be the first law of nature should lead you to guard. An application of the same law should make the attacking party sedulous to guard the riposte which should follow the parry "as surely as the night the day."

I hope I may be permitted to insist upon the fact that it is an absolute necessity that the riposte should so follow, even if you are bound to make what we may term a conventional riposte, i.e. without much hope of reaching your adversary. It is your best defence against those repetitions of attack made on the lunge, which are named *remises* and *redoublements*, and tends to check the overboldness of an antagonist, who, if he has not the fear of the riposte before him, will renew his attacks with tiresome persistency and overweening confidence.

You are to beware of returning always at the same spot. Some men make all their ripostes at the head, the consequence being that combined phrases with a view of guarding the return and getting on with the counter-riposte are made on them with the greatest ease.

Let the man, therefore, who wishes to become a really formidable swordsmen study to vary his ripostes in every possible way. Some ripostes are, of course, better than others. I have already mentioned where a very good classification of them is to be found; but a riposte, however good in itself, will lose its effect by constant repetition.

The same thing evidently applies to the counter-riposte, which is but a riposte made upon a riposte.

It is hardly necessary to point out that every movement, however slight, made by your adversary is to be watched with the greatest care, and that you are to be ready to take advantage of any opening he gives you.

By-the-bye there is not an entire accord of opinion as to *how* you should watch him; some, in fact, the vast majority of fencers, being in favour of keeping their eyes fixed upon their adversary's, while one most distinguished fencer told me that he had nothing to do with his adversary's eyes, that he concentrated his attention upon his hand. You will find, however, that if you keep your gaze fixed on his you will be able to follow your adversary's movements both of foot and hand.

You will find some men who will attempt to lay traps for you by giving evident openings, with a view of guarding and delivering a pre-arranged riposte. In this case, if you are aware of possessing

It is the custom of some players to guard the right and left sides of the head with high tierce and quarte respectively ; in this case, you can feint at the right cheek and cut at the left, or *vice versa*, or you can feint at right or left cheek and deliver a vertical cut at the head.

A method of attack which I have seen successfully employed against men who engage in tierce is to cut over the blade, beat sharply on the back of it with the back of your own, and cut at the right cheek.

Be careful that your beat is made while in the second position, and lunge with the attack.

A riposte that sometimes succeeds is made from the head guard, by binding your adversary's blade and pointing at the breast.

Whilst sabre-players, on commencing each new phrase of an assault, join each other's blades as a matter of courtesy and to avoid surprise, they seldom keep the blades joined, "give the blade" as it is called ; you therefore lose what is known to fencers as "*le sentiment du fer*," and are thrown entirely upon your eyesight for a knowledge of your opponent's projects, but when once a phrase has begun, you will be considerably assisted by the feel of the blade, which will, in a manner difficult of description but very perceptible, reveal to you your adversary's intentions.

You will lose a good deal of the advantage you might gain from this source if you constantly maintain a tight grip of your sword. The hold should be tightened at the moment of cutting and of guarding, and slightly relaxed between whiles.

It may be as well to state here, that a phrase, in the language of the fencing school, is that conjunction of movements which takes place before a hit is given ; it may be long or short, according to circumstances. It may be arrested by a sort of tacit mutual agreement between the players without a hit, but a hit immediately terminates it.

I desire particularly to call the attention of actual or intending sabre-players to what is called by French fencers "*le toucher*," or "*le sentiment du fer*," and by English ones, when they notice it at all, "the feel of the blade."

In M. Cordelois's interesting and instructive book, *Leçons d'Armes*, a work written with a clearness and distinctness of diction not always observable in works on this subject, there are some observations on the respective domains of the eye and touch in guiding the swordsman in the act of attacking or guarding, which

self by employing the almost endless variety of feints at his command, and that hits worked for and got in this way are much more to his credit than those got in the former manner, as any man with a good eye and tolerable execution can take advantage of an evident opening, but to make one for oneself argues some knowledge of the game.

I would venture to recommend that the beginner should be in no undue haste to commence loose play; the longer he devotes himself to the lesson the better, and the more likely he is to become a really efficient and regular player.

The over-anxiety of pupils to launch into the assault in our fencing-rooms is a great trouble and annoyance to masters who often see the effect of patient and careful labour thrown away from this cause, and a young player who "framed" in the most promising way in the lesson pick up all sorts of unswordsmenlike tricks and join the overcrowded ranks of the rough-and-tumble school.

I have always had a great opinion of the capacity of the sabre as a weapon, and, high as my opinion is of the system in use in England, am sure that it is capable of farther advance.

There are matters, especially those connected with opposition, which require careful study, and might in time bring the broadsword to the same degree of regularity which characterizes the small sword. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I speak of the system and not of its application, in which fencers sin as much and as frequently as their brethren of the sabre, and with much less excuse. It is, according to the temper of the observer, either amusing or saddening to hear a solemn condemnation of the evils and shortcomings of sabre-players fall from the lips of fencers who, immediately they cross blades with their favourite weapon, rush incontinently into every conceivable and even inconceivable error.

But all this does not affect the system, which seems to be as nearly perfect as possible. Indeed, were it not for the immense improvements introduced into the system of fencing during the present and last centuries, one would be tempted to regret the almost unnatural divorce which has taken place between the use of the point and that of the edge since the abandonment of the old rapier, or cut and thrust sword, for the modern triangular-bladed small sword. It has resulted in a system of almost over-refinement and elaboration in the one case, and in the other in the introduction of wide and slow movements, and the neglect of essential precautions.



INSIDE OUT AT THE BODY AND GUARD (PRIME).

1881
J. H. G. G. G. G. G.

of the system which they laborously built up being lost, on the one hand, by carelessness, and, on the other, by the introduction of useless eccentricities.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary development of fire-arms, the "white arm" is not dead yet, and the knowledge of the use of a sabre is of considerable service, especially under the peculiar conditions of service of our troops; and even if it had not a real practical value, it should still be cultivated in our garrisons if only as a valuable gymnastic and hygienic exercise.

One cannot but regret that England is so badly provided as it is with fencing-rooms, few towns outside London possessing anything of the kind. The smallest town of France possesses its *salle d'armes*, generally ably conducted by a master who has received his instruction in the army, there a great nursery of fencers. Why should it not be possible to say the same of our service? If we possessed a fencing establishment as carefully organized as that which the French have at the school of Joinville, we would soon turn out good fencers with point and edge in plenty for military purposes; and, no doubt, many of these men, on leaving the service, would be reluctant to abandon altogether their old calling, and would find a congenial employment in giving instruction and spreading a knowledge of the sword among the civil population, to the great improvement of their physique. But, in order to attain anything resembling perfection, it must be distinctly understood that instruction in gymnastics, in the ordinary sense of the word, should form no part of the functions of the master-at-arms, whose entire time should be devoted to his own improvement and that of his pupils in the use of arms. That is quite a sufficient field for one man's energies; and while ordinary gymnastics, under proper medical supervision, are, no doubt, valuable in developing the physique of young recruits, adding, in combination with proper food and improved hygienic conditions generally, to the chest-measurement and general bulk of the town-bred lad, and assisting materially the work of the drill-sergeant in ridding the agricultural recruit of his clumsiness and slouching habits; yet any considerable amount of practice in the gymnasium for a man whose growth is finished, leads to a perhaps ornamental but useless development of muscular fibre which tends to make him stiff and slow, to make him, in fact, what is called by fencers and boxers "muscle-tied." This is incompatible with that freedom and ease of action which is necessary for the successful handling of any weapon.

It should be entirely superfluous to press upon military men—

"salute" with which a public assault is generally commenced, an exercise which, like the salute in fencing, serves to give the key to the succeeding assault, and to steady the players. It is brief, a merit which in this case is almost carried to excess.

The Salute.

The two men, after laying down their masks to their left respectively, face each other in the first position. Both fall on guard and make a double beat on each other's blade, and spring back to the first position, bringing that part of the hilt of the sword into which the blade fits on a level with the lower lip, the blade in a vertical position in front of the face, sheath and edge to the left (in other words, at the "recover swords"); then salute by dropping the point, of the blade to the left till it is on a level with the shoulder, the arm extended without stiffness, hand in quarte (nails up). Bring the sword again in front of the face and drop the point to the right with the hand in tierce (nails down), in each case letting the movement of the head accompany that of the hand. Slope swords (this part of the salute is, of course, addressed to the spectators on either side); then fall on guard again and join each other's blade with one sharp (but not heavy) beat; beat a double "appel" with the foot, and spring up smartly to the first position forward (bringing the left foot up to the right), salute each other by bringing the hand to the recover swords and lowering the swords till the hands are on a level with the right hips, and about five or six inches from them, the hands in tierce.

All the movements of falling on guard, recovering to the first position, beats and "appels" should be done with smartness and quickness, and should contrast with the movements of the head and hand in the actual salute, which should be slow and, if possible, graceful.

including the disablement of a senior lieutenant, who stood a good chance of losing an eye, not by actual conflict with the enemy, but through a rash attack upon a bottle of Bass's ale with his sword instead of a corkscrew. After this the *Martin*, bearing the commodore, followed by the armed boats in tow of the launches, entered Melilla creek, the gun-boats firing big guns to clear the bush—in directions given by a signalmen at the masthead—while the boats landed their men to destroy King Anazanza's town. Though the gun-boats expended a good deal of shot and shell firing into the bush, it may well be doubted whether much damage was done. You know, if you pierce a hole in a piece of cardboard, holding it close to the eye, you are enabled to see a good deal that lies on the other side; but a person at a little distance looking through the hole sees nothing. Well, we were like that person, and so were unable to see more than a yard or so among the leaves; but a darkey ensconced in the bush, peering through the foliage, would have us well in view. This fact was brought to light by an accident that occurred to one of the officers of the *Arctik*, which was bringing up the rear. Shells had been fired into the bush for some time, and most people would have concluded nobody could be there. But, no! a wily native was secreted there somewhere, and as soon as ever the officer (who had just come up from the furnaces below to get a mouthful of fresh air) popped his head over the vessel's side, down he dropped, shot, not with a bullet, but with a piece of broken iron sancepan—a "pot shot" indeed!

Early the following week similar proceedings were resorted to in Makatala Creek, and the succeeding day the town of Manuel Vacca was destroyed. This man was a chief who was the reputed head of the pirates. He was an old offender, having been imprisoned at Ascension some ten years before. It had been whispered about that we were likely to meet with a warm reception from a battery of guns in some commanding position, but nothing came of it. Following this, the village of Fernandez, upon the opposite bank of the river, formed the object of attack. The gun-boats weighing, proceeded to anchorages suitable for shelling the country in the vicinity, thus covering the small boats until they had fairly entered the bush and were lost to sight amid the dense mangrove and dwarf palms. Then they were left to their own resources, and if a thought of possible disaster did cross the minds of any, it must be admitted the surroundings were not assuring. So very narrow is Luculla Creek, so hidden by the luxuriant foliage and under-



WE ENTER LUQUILLA CREEK.

locality. The chief whose domains were to be invaded named Polo Bolo—had established himself near water unapproachable by the gun-boats, some four miles from their anchorage. The orders of the day deputed the *Poam* to tow the armed boats against the fierce current of the river to a given situation, when they, detaching themselves from the gun-boat—but still in tow of the steam-launches—were to proceed to Polo Bolo and burn and destroy; then, as it might not be prudent to return the same way, and the officer in command possessing the clue to threading a labyrinth of streams, a long *detour* was to be made by which it was hoped to reach the ships before nightfall.

The first landing was made at about 10 o'clock: a few minutes elapsed, and the air was darkened by smoke from the crackling huts. A repetition of this took place an hour afterwards elsewhere; but at this place, although the bush was thought to be cleared by rockets, as also by volleys from the marines, so very closely did the natives hang on to our withdrawal that scarcely had the boats got under-weight again, ere a pattering shot here and there advised celerity and caution; for a large boatful of men under certain conditions, such as being entangled in the bush, with its steam launches disabled, or what not, would have afforded a capital target for an all-round fire, of which the darkeys, safely ensconced in the dense bush, would not be slow to take advantage. Indeed, the first of the above cases actually took place towards evening, when a launch, with one of the paddle-box boats in tow, being somewhat sluggish in getting away by being jammed on the mud-bank, the natives were emboldened by her situation to open fire upon her. In a minute or two, however, having extricated themselves, the crew ran her out of danger. All that was now to be done was to get home, that is, to return to the ships. This was not so easy a matter. The shades of evening closed fast, and some anxiety must have ruffled the bosoms of those entrusted with responsibility, who were aware that ere they could hope to emerge into comparatively large water, a very difficult pilotage must be effected over mud-banks and dangerous shallows. However, the knowledge obtained on previous explorations, when sometimes by the force of circumstances the Hibernian plan of survey was adopted, of running upon the lumps to see if they existed, and so determining their position with exactitude, pulled us through with not so many groundings after all.

During the course of these hostilities, the centre of fighting gradually advanced up the river. It was not deemed prudent to

Congo, the obstruction of its cataracts being overcome by overland carriage.

These active operations concluded what must be accounted a successful expedition. A general dispersion of the ships was then resolved upon for sanitary considerations; for although the health of the squadron was very good, having respect to the fatigue and exposure undergone, yet experience had shown that nothing like a sojourn can be made here without its being followed by baneful consequences.

These were not the piping times of peace, but rather times of stirring events, which to be carried to a successful issue demanded much forethought and anxious deliberation on the part of superior officers, and steadiness combined with cheerful alacrity from the rank and file. Such occasions call for a fuller state of discipline than usually obtains. There are on board every ship some boisterous and unruly spirits who chafe at the curb thus imposed, and who, rather than bear the yoke submissively, proceed to acts of insubordination; whilst, at the same time, the vigilance of the executive is perhaps keener to detect such manifestations. At any rate, on board H.M.S. — minor acts of disobedience at length culminated in behaviour so violent that her captain deemed the circumstances sufficient to justify him in resorting to extreme measures, and in order to strike terror into the breasts of the evil-doers he instructed the ship's clerk to draw up a warrant for flogging one of the ringleaders.

The hour of punishment has arrived. The boatswain's mate on duty amidships, who has been hanging about in suspense, nervously toying with his chain of office, now pacing forward a little, and then hurriedly turning to scan the face of every officer who appears on deck, in expectation of orders from the first lieutenant, at length catches sight of that officer, and at a given signal from him, he walks quickly forward to the hatchway, executing meanwhile a whistle more shrill and prolonged than is his wont, which is instantly caught up and echoed by others; then bending his head down the opening, he thunders out in deep sepulchral tones that rattle like letting go the anchor: "All —l —l hands." Whereupon the ship's police bustle about with enthusiastic energy to drive every soul upon deck. There is a something in the demeanour of these officials that indicates this is their hour of triumph. Notice of the event has been previously given to the various officers, with a request for their presence, and buckling their swords around the waist, they cluster together upon the quarter-

purple with successive flourishes of the cat, whose cords being apt to tangle are cleared by being passed through the fingers of the operator. Each lash is registered and announced by the master-at-arms, with special emphasis when the dozens are reached, which progress is also reported with a salute to the captain; and the common practice is to put on a fresh man at every dozen, the selection being confined to the boatswains' mates as their prescriptive right. Of course it is within the discretion of the commanding officer to arrest the punishment at any stage, and the same, we presume, would also ensue upon the intervention of the doctor. This event, however, seldom occurs, not that there is a lack of sympathy for the sufferer, but because it is felt that flogging, when it takes place, must be well deserved. The average punishment is from two to four dozen lashes.

Our readers might expect to learn that the torture is borne very differently by different characters. It not unfrequently happens that the prisoner, upon emerging from below attended by an escort of marines with side-arms, steps into the arena with a jaunty air, and you fancy the terrible infliction presently will make little impression upon him. His after bearing, however, soon causes you to change your opinion; as soon as the cat descends, his whole body struggles violently, making one fear for the fastenings; he begins to cry for mercy, and vows the strongest protestations of future obedience, which of course avail him nothing. He has the physique of an athlete, and you expected better things from him, especially when you have contrasted his demeanour with that of another who has to undergo the ordeal, and who to look at when his bust is bared, seems scarcely fit to undergo a sentence so severe. Nevertheless, the latter carries himself bravely; the writhings of his body bear witness to acute suffering, while now and then a groan is extorted. When a fresh man, with a fresh cat, prepares to give his dozen, the captive evinces a desire for a drink of water—a basin of which usually figures in such scenes—with which he is at once supplied; after that, with head, which even his strong will cannot sustain erect, sunk upon his outstretched arm, he endures bravely the remainder of the torture. Again, in a rare instance or two, we have known others of wild, untamable spirit go through the ordeal defiantly, passing a running comment the while, counting the strokes and, at its conclusion, with mocking deference return thanks for it.

At the termination of the punishment, the back of the flogged one is not a fair sight to see. He is hurriedly released, a garment

and attention drawn to grievances by the circulation of cheap newspapers. In those days, as now, the island was given over to the custody of the Superintendent, a naval captain, generally a stern disciplinarian, who often exercised his powers very unpleasantly. Lights were to be put out as in feudal times; smoking was allowed only at fixed hours; the ship's police went the rounds at night; and nobody was to be out of doors after a prescribed hour except by special permission, or the trespasser would be challenged by a sentry, placed in custody till the morning, and then be brought before the representative of Her Majesty, who, with brow severe, held his *levée* and administered justice according to the Rules of the Service. The little cottages in which lived the few married officers and their families were regarded as so many cabins on board ship, and we are informed that these little homes were subject to the same discipline as obtains there. Ah! these were anything but the good old days, my masters! And yet it is a fact that the few survivors of that period affect to lament the degeneracy of these times, and are loath to believe in the superiority of our ironclads and present methods! A treat in its way is it to listen to a knot of these old sailors as they discuss the affairs of the nation, when tempted by a bright sky to sun themselves in some favourite haunt, say Common Hard or Plymouth Hoe.

This was the era of the "Wooden Walls of Old England," which were made to look so magnificent by a free application of the tar-brush and whitewash-brush; and under such a *regime* upon Ascension Island the houses were all to be *just so*, and the garden paths laid out according to some stated pattern; they were to be as much alike as the uniform buttons of one's coat. Indeed, to such lengths was this craze for uniformity carried that we have received it as a tradition, that all the ducks and fowls were ordered to be of one colour; and when in the course of Nature this regulation was infringed by a parti-coloured brood, the order went forth that they must either be eaten, or as an alternative, by a master-stroke of genius, be whitewashed and have their legs blackened!

A keen observer of the suburbs of our seaport towns may yet detect traces of this sort of thing in the tarred cottages of old pensioners and pilots; and at some of our coastguard stations you will see the signal-pole all ship-shape; the white stones that define the garden-beds are periodically touched up by the old artist's brush; the water-butt is not allowed to spoil for want of the proverbial "haporth o' tar"; while such a modern thing as a galvanized iron bucket is regarded as an abomination!

guished through the mists that curl up the face of the precipice as we tremblingly peer down. A late writer who called here while on upon a scientific tour says he does not know a more giddy walk anywhere. We feel it is not good to linger here, for a desire creeps over us to throw ourselves off into space.

A little alteration in the set of the Trades is sufficient to bring on the "rollers"—a sort of heavy ground-swell produced upon the smooth water, which suddenly dashes into fury near the shore and makes landing a dangerous matter; hence it is by no means an uncommon thing, upon your return to the ship, to be slung, like a cask, from the crane upon the pier and lowered into the boat by the chain.

In taking leave of Ascension we might glance at its sister island, St. Helena; we prefer, however, to adopt the course more usually followed by Her Majesty's vessels, which, after a sojourn at either of these islands as a sort of holiday, return to the wearisome monotony of the coast. Will our readers be pleased, therefore, to accompany us thither, at which, we will suppose, we arrive in a fortnight more or less. A stranger usually finds a difficulty in distinguishing one black face from another, they are so much alike; not so we. Having made upon previous occasions small purchases of fish, fruit, or vegetables from one and another, a sort of mutual acquaintance has sprung up between us and them; as soon as the anchor is let go they swarm on board, men and women, if permitted, being very pressing in their inquiries after you. There is not much ceremony with them; hence it sometimes happens that, no matter how you may be engaged, however private your devotions, your cabin curtain is cautiously pushed aside, and a pair of thick lips queries, "Ha, Massa; how you do, Massa?" "Any washing?" and they present you a bundle of certificates for perusal from previous ships, many of which, if you take the trouble to read them, will inform you the bearers are the greatest rascals under the sun, and warn you against entrusting any washing with them! We daresay it is a good thing they are unable to read all the strong missives written about them; but we put it to you whether it is not enough to ruffle one's feelings a trifle if, while on shore strolling about, you should happen to light upon a darkey sporting the very linen you had given him to wash! Well, well; after all, is he not a man and a brother? And is he more criminal than some of our own professors of the laundry, from whom, indeed, we have once and again recovered our linen by a small cheque upon "Uncle," at the sign of The Three Balls?

various messes, requiring a dozen hands to partake the numerous offerings extended to them to taste, the most popular of them being chaired with special musical honours; while, on the other hand, a shower of well-aimed missiles, composed of Christmas pudding, has perchance saluted him who was disliked.

And now, for the space of the next six or eight months, when we may reasonably look forward to another sea trip, little events, which, under other circumstances, would be estimated at their proper value, become magnified into importance, and everyone is taken up with trifles. The mail steamer arrives, bringing us a batch of late letters, and perhaps some arrears that have been dodging the ship for months. For a day or two this is as good as a tonic to a sick man, then languor creeps over us again, and we are glad when a stray whale fixes our attention. Upon this point we rather fancy we shall remove a wrong impression from the minds of those who are not strong in natural history. Many persons consider whales are to be seen only in the Arctic latitudes. By no means. They frequent some localities more than others, but they may be said to be found in all parts of the ocean; and a sight, indeed, it is to see a large one, resembling nothing so much as a vessel turned upside down, where the keel is the backbone of the animal, for in scientific language a whale is not, strictly speaking, a fish.

Huge as is the leviathan he is harmless, an exhibition of Providence to be noted also in the most ponderous of the animal world, in the elephant and rhinoceros, which if endued with the ferocity of the tiger or leopard would inflict tremendous disaster upon both man and other animals. If everything depended upon bulk, some of us would be nowhere; and with the whale size is not everything. He has his enemies, specially in the "thresher" and sword-fish, and a hard and desperate time of it he has now and again, the former springing up in the air and then descending upon the whale with slashing blows of its tail, while the sword-fish is doing its very best (or ought we to say worst?) by hacking away at him underneath; and as witnesses of such encounters you may suppose we are not a little interested. It may not be generally known that these monsters, the largest of living creatures, possess the power to rise from very great depths with such rapidity that the velocity they acquire at the surface carries them some distance into the air, to the great alarm of any who may be in the vicinity. This brings to our minds the particulars of an exciting event that happened to two brother officers who had been visiting a friend on another ship, as they were returning late one night to their own

Cologne is surpassed in an unenviable way by Elmina, for its disagreeable smells are seventy times seven.

There is another disagreeable that will long continue to be associated in our memory with any mention of this place, though possibly the remembrance may become diminished with the lapse of time that destroys all things. The force of circumstances necessitated our anchoring off the fort for a week. Such a week of rolling! It thrust into the shade some very respectable performances we had already accomplished in this direction, besides filling up an abnormally large space in the log-book for breakages.

Cape Coast Castle, we suppose, ought to be regarded as holding first rank among the West African towns. A few of the chief streets have trees planted adown either side, and there is some attempt at drainage. It is the centre from which Government administration radiates, and the occasions are rare when one or more of Her Majesty's vessels are not lying at anchor in the offing.

Cape Coast Castle is associated with the name of the gifted but unfortunate L. E. L., whose literary contributions are well known to lovers of poetry, and whose career ended here so sadly, after a short residence, as the wife of Governor Maclean. This part of the coast formed the base of operations conducted by Lord Wolseley, a few years ago, against the King of Ashanti, in which the former was so signally successful; many readers will doubtless remember how he returned in triumph, loaded with the spoils of war in the shape of King Coffee's umbrella.

Ashanti is one of the dark places of the earth; its ruler is notorious for his indulgence in hecatombs of blood, either as propitiations to his gods or in fits of rage. Among these barbarians the law which obtains condemns the King's personal servants, more than a hundred in number, to be slaughtered upon his tomb, so that he may go to the infernal regions with a proper retinue: more pleasant is it to be informed that the same law, with discriminating compensation, allows him, if he so pleases, to be subjected to the clamours and caprices of the mystical number of 8,888 wives.

As we glide down the coast impelled by a current which nearly always sets towards the Bights of Benin, in accordance with well-known laws, we arrive off Whydah, the chief trading port of a petty kingdom of the same name. In this province, in 1877 or thereabouts, a white trader was taken up, publicly whipped, and otherwise maltreated by the natives. For this outrage a fine of 200

it. Though we do not yet see them nor hear their cries, we now know it is all right; and, presently, the last lingering doubt is all removed when we espy them, shaking themselves like ducks and paddling leisurely towards us, now that serener elements permit them breathing time.

But 'twas not always thus. Sometimes, you know, 'tis not in mortals to command success, however much they may deserve it. Occasionally it happened, in spite of the most strenuous action and gallant bearing of a darkey crew that, from lack of experience in one of the number; from a slight error of judgment on the part of the steersman, who might have succeeded had he waited for the next roller; from some structural defect in the canoe itself; or because the physical strength of the party was unequal to contending with so great a natural force, they came to grief at the very outset. Danger confronted them in a swiftly-advancing breaker, which momentarily gathered height and volume. It might chance that, owing to the inert cask of oil, they were too heavily handicapped successfully to meet the huge wave, and they would be engulfed; or, again, if the steersman's nerve failed him at the crisis, and his trembling hand allowed the head of the fragile canoe to swerve aside, the breaker with onward sweep and irresistible might would assail it with a crash, rearing the bow well into the air and flinging it back into the broken, seething waters of the previous roller, the dark bodies of its occupants being shot out in different directions stunned and mangled, clearly discernible now and then with the rise and fall of the billow; those not badly hurt, to scramble ashore, some to become the prey of sharks, some to regain foothold for a moment in the treacherous retreating sand, but only to be overwhelmed by succeeding breakers. The cask of oil, meanwhile, is the sport of the waves; it is already a mile to leeward, being alternately washed upon the sand and carried out again into the froth and foam by receding waters.

The indemnity having been paid in full under such circumstances, how mortifying is it to record the loss of the mail steamer chartered for its conveyance!

This shipment of the oil occupied several days. It was a long pull from the mail steamer to our ship lying well away upon the horizon, and in our return journey every evening, with our faces seaward and eyes glancing across the Atlantic, nothing intervening but our vessel's black hull, with masts shooting up into the sky, we could not fail to be forcibly reminded of what before had been given only a passing thought—that the ship was always to be

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anywhere. It was hot work, as might be expected, but we never heard that anybody was the worse for it, though symptoms of sun-stroke were exhibited by one of the players for a short time.

Lagos impressed us as having the most home-like and civilized appearance of all the towns upon the coast.

From the frequency of our movements one might reasonably suppose we of the cruisers would be well acquainted with the geography of the coast. Well, perhaps it was so; and yet upon a dozen different occasions we could not tell where we were. It was, indeed, often difficult to make a good "landfall," as it is termed (that is, to come in from sea to the very place you want), partly on account of the Guinea current varying from its normal speed, but mainly because the land lying low it was frequently hidden by a smoky vapour that hovered over the surf. In this way the mail steamers even are sometimes in error, overshooting their mark, and you see them racing back at speed with funnels all asmoke.

In the centre of the Bights is old Calabar, and the region of the "oil-rivers."

(To be continued.)



the supporters of law and order will heave a sigh when they read of the tranquillity which reigned in the "distressful country" when Engineer "Larcom and the police" controlled its destinies. The archæologist and antiquarian will find here recorded what their pursuits owe to the researches and discoveries of Murdoch Smith, Wilson, Warren, and Conder; whilst lastly, all classes of the community will be glad to read something of the history and working of that corps which, in Charles Gordon, has given to the nineteenth century its simplest, noblest, and most heroic spirit. When we add to this that General Porter has used the immense mass of material at his disposal skilfully and well, that his quotations from ancient records are woven with most excellent judgment into the narrative, that the style is as clear and as attractive as we should have expected from the talented author of the *Knights of Malta*, that the illustrations, maps, text, and binding are all that can be desired, we trust we have taken the first step toward disposing the least militarily inclined of our readers to the perusal of this record of the doings of a most distinguished corps. Before dealing, however, more closely with the volumes before us, we should like to express our regrets that it has not been found possible to include in the work the history of the Indian Engineers; their field of labour was so vast and varied, and their achievements in it, whether in war or in the construction of canal, road, or railway, so remarkable, the names of so many of the officers, of Everest, Waugh, Kennedy, Napier, and others are so well and so honourably known, that a history of our military engineers which lacks this branch of it can be termed in no real sense complete. We can only trust that the hope to which General Porter gives expression in his preface may be fulfilled, and that ere long a companion volume to those before us may deal with the rise and fortunes of the Indian Engineers.

General Porter's book divides itself into four parts: Part I., Military History; Part II., Organization; Part III., Departmental and Civil Work; and Part IV., Biographical Sketches. We will endeavour to give our readers a general idea of the contents of each.

Part I. commences with Waldivus Ingeniator, chief engineer to William the Conqueror, and traces the history of the military engineers of England from the Conquest to the present day. In the earlier centuries the information to be gathered is naturally not extensive, but it seems that "The Greatest of all the Planagenets" was the first English monarch who largely employed in

the first foundation was laid of a permanent Corps of Engineers in connection with England's earliest standing army, we come to May 26th, 1716, which General Porter calls the birthday of the Corps of Engineers. Up to this date the Artillery and Engineer Services had worked very closely hand in hand; thus we find an Engineer—Blood—commanding both Artillery and Engineers at Blenheim, and, indeed, of the two we gather that the Artillery had, as a rule, occupied the subordinate position. However, on the initiative of John Richards, the Chief Engineer of the day, a warrant was framed and signed which separated the two services, gave the Artillery a separate establishment of two companies and formed a regular Corps of Engineers. As General Porter says, "This day (May 26, 1716) may therefore be taken as that on which the Engineer branch of the British Army blossomed into a distinct corps, with grades, and a prospect of steady and continuous advancement from rank to rank, without impediment or hiatus. It was also the birthday of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. From this time that Corps became quite distinct from, and no longer controlled by officers of the sister service. It rapidly reached a sturdy manhood, and few who have not studied the details of the ordnance history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have any idea how recent has been the emancipation of that noble regiment from the control of the Engineers."

Space does not permit us, however, to follow General Porter through his most interesting account of engineer work in the wars, great and small, of the eighteenth century. The use, however, which the versatile Earl of Peterborough made of the scientific corps in Spain is too good to be omitted even from a review. One of the Earl's engineers writes:

"While we stay'd at Huette there was a little Incident in Life which gave me great Diversion. The Earl, who had always maintain'd a good Correspondence with the fair Sex, hearing from one of the Priests of the Place That on the Alarm of burning the Town one of the finest Ladies in all Spain had taken Refuge in the Nunnery, was desirous to speak to her. The Nunnery stood upon a small rising Hill within the Town; and to obtain the View, the Earl had presently in his head this Stratagem:—He sends for me, as Engineer, to have my Advice how to raise a proper Fortification upon that Hill out of the Nunnery. I waited upon his Lordship to the Place, where, declaring the Intent of our coming, and giving plausible Reasons for it, the Train took, and immediately the Lady Abbess and the fair Lady came out to make

twenty years. In that period fresh branches, such as the Telegraph and Submarine Mining Battalions, the Field, Railway, and Postal Telegraph Companies, the Coast Brigade, and the Local Engineers in the Colonies, have sprung into existence. The most interesting chapter in Part II. is, however, that which is devoted to the history of the School of Military Engineering, for ever associated with the name of Charles Pasley. To Pasley, the founder, and, for twenty-nine years, the head of that Institution, the Royal Engineers owe more than to any other name mentioned in their history. Pasley was in advance of his time, and it was his merit that, in days when the value of education as applied to affairs military was neither believed in or understood, he grasped completely how enormously better both officers and privates may be made by a due evoking of their intellectual powers. The subject matter of Part III., which is devoted to the Departmental and Civil Work done by the corps, is a convincing proof of this, for what is there recorded could not possibly have been performed by men who had not received that intellectual training which, though its immediate aim may be to fit for a particular walk in life, yet enables its recipient to cope the more easily with the difficulties and novelties met with if he is suddenly thrown into a new sphere of labour.

Passing over the chapter on National Defence, we come to, in chapters ii. and iii. of Part III., the Survey Work done in the United Kingdom, in India, in America and in Palestine. Every Englishman is acquainted with the results of the Ordnance Survey, a work which the "*Rapport de la Commission Militaire sur l'Exposition Universelle de 1867*" calls "*œuvre sans précédent et qui devait servir de modèle à toutes les nations civilisées,*" but in General Porter's pages we read how those results were arrived at, the early difficulties surmounted, the gradual advance, the scientific work demanded, and the amount of ingenuity expended; nor was the mapping in India, America, and Palestine less remarkable. The chapter dealing with service in the Household of the Sovereign brings out the strong interest which the Prince Consort took in the Corps of Engineers, resulting, in the first instance, in the employment of several of its officers in positions of the highest responsibility in the service of the Royal Family, and, secondly, in the large share which Engineers had in the organization of the International Exhibitions, in the construction of South Kensington Museum, and in the formation and development of the Science and Art Department. The parts which Drummond and Larcom

Whale-Fishing in Russia and Norway.



THE seas extending between the North Cape and the Kanin Peninsula are at the present time the seat of an industry which supplies, in addition to whale-bone, glue and train-oil, an artificial *guano*, and tinned meat which is said to surpass the beef of South America in flavour and nutritive quality. But it is no longer the true whale (*baleena*) of Greenland which is pursued for the sake of its blubber



A WHALING STEAMER.

and baleen plates. This animal, which used to be so common on the British coasts as to constitute an article of food during the winter, has now been driven by generations of pursuit towards



"A PALPABLE HIT!"

a spear having a blade twelve feet in length; the huge carcass is hauled towards the vessel, a chain is thrown around it, and attached to the bow or stern, according as the weather is fair or foul, it is towed into port and beached in the neighbourhood of the factory. The hunting of the whale must be exciting sport; for it is necessary to fire at him at the moment when he comes to the surface for air, after a prolonged dive; one must also be well within thirty yards of him, as the flight of a projectile dragging a wet rope after it is of course extremely erratic. Vessels have often to cruise about at half speed for hours before they succeed in getting a shot.



journey. The distribution of the remaining troops of the expedition now claims our attention.

After supplying the requirements of General Earle's force, three out of the seven infantry battalions which had ascended the Nile in whalers remained unappropriated; of these, one, the Essex Regiment, besides providing the garrison of El Howeyiat, was detailed to guard some of the more important points on the long line of communications, whilst the remaining two, viz., the Royal Irish and the Royal West Kent Regiments, were to form that infantry which Lord Wolseley meant to send across the desert as soon as the road to Metemneh should be open, and as soon as sufficient supplies should have been collected at that point. This collection of supplies, however, it was known must be a question of some time, and these regiments, the last to be despatched from Gemai, did not commence to arrive at Korti until the third week of January.

Meantime, at Korti, much had happened of importance: at the head-quarters of the expedition it was early appreciated that the supply of camels with the Desert Column could only last a certain time, and that it would never be numerically sufficient to carry thither the vast amount of stores required at Metemneh; help, it was clear, must be got from outside, and accordingly in December negotiations were entered into with the Kabbabish Arabs, in the hope of persuading them to employ some of their countless camels in transporting our English supplies across the desert. This tribe of Kabbabish Arabs is one of the largest in the Soudan, and occupies the line of valleys which, lying west of and parallel to the Nile, run from about opposite Dongola south towards Kordofan. So far the Kabbabish had remained neutral in the struggle between the Mahdi and the Khedive, and in one way (indirectly, it is true) had much facilitated the working of the expedition; the bullocks on which our troops had been fed had, for the most part, been purchased from Kabbabish traders, who buying the cattle in Kordofan, used to march them up north to points where in our meat contractors they found ready and eager purchasers. Further, it was evident, owing to the proximity of the Kabbabish territory to our line of communications, that a declaration of hostility against us by the tribe might harass incalculably the expedition. Apart, therefore, from all hope of getting actual aid from the tribe, it was of the highest importance to secure its continued neutrality. The negotiations for some time hung fire, but at last, early in January, Sheikh Saleh, the head of the tribe,

to fill Sir Herbert's place, and reinforcements seemed necessary to enable the force at Gubat to take Metemneh; Sir Redvers Buller was given the command of the Desert Force, and he, in company with the Royal Irish Regiment, left Korti for Gubat on 28th January. The Royal Irish Regiment, which had been adjudged the prize offered by Lord Wolseley to that regiment which made the best performance on the river between Sarras and Debbeh, started on its march in high spirits. The men, their kits carried on camels, marched on foot, with but a gallon of water a day as a ration. Despite this necessary privation of water, the regiment, composed of men seasoned by service in India, and by five weeks of constant labour on the river, made most excellent marches, and their record over the 176 miles of desert between Korti and Gubat will compare not unfavourably with the best marches in history. Leaving this reinforcement on the road, we return to the doings at Gubat.

After Sir Charles Wilson had left for Khartoum, and Colonel Talbot for Gakdul, the work of strengthening the positions at Gubat was steadily proceeded with. The defensive works were, as we have said, two in number—the Guards' Fort and the River Fort. The defence of the former consisted of a wall built of the mud concrete blocks taken from the houses of the now destroyed village; this wall was strengthened in front by an earthen parapet, by a ditch, and by a broad and effective zeriba, whilst on the parapet of the fort, two of the 7-pounder guns of the Camel Battery were mounted. This work, on the edge of the high ground, commanded the desert on three sides of it to a considerable distance, whilst on the fourth side, some 600 yards distant and some fifty feet below, lay, by the river's edge, the River Fort. This was a long and narrow earthwork, close to and parallel to the top of the Nile bank. The parapet, made thick enough to resist field artillery, had in front of it a sufficiently broad and deep ditch, whilst beyond the ditch stretched a zeriba and a wire entanglement; the gently sloping river bank below the High Nile scarp formed a convenient storage-place for provisions, whilst inside the fort rough huts were erected for the accommodation of the many wounded.

The few camels that remained at Gubat were parked to the south of the fort, whilst between the fort and a small outwork to the north of it were picqueted the horses of the Hussars. Immediately opposite the River Fort was an island of considerable size, a mile long by perhaps 600 yards in width, and separated

there, waiting to proceed to the front, the remaining half of the Camel Battery, the 2nd division of the Naval Brigade, and most of the Hospital Bearer Company. Loading up his camels with stores, and adding the new comers to his party, Colonel Talbot started on his return journey, and travelling by day, reached the vicinity of Metemneh on the morning of the 30th. A small force came out of the town to meet the convoy, but a well-directed shell from one of the 7-pounders dispersed the force, and allowed the convoy to reach Gubat unopposed. Although the convoy brought no direct news from Korti, still its arrival raised the spirits of all, and so made the reaction greater the next morning when the fatal news of the fall of Khartoum was received.

In the very early hours of the 31st January, a native boat brought Lieutenant Stuart Wortley and two English soldiers to Gubat. The tale they had to tell was a sad one; it was, in brief, that the steamers had reached Khartoum on the 28th January, to find that the city then had been for two days in the Mahdi's hands and that Gordon in all probability was dead; that on the return journey both the steamers had been wrecked, and that Sir Charles Wilson and all his party were now encamped on an island some forty miles up stream, in close proximity to a strong hostile force. Such was the blow that staggered all at Gubat on this memorable morning. Apart from the feeling that the Expedition had failed in its primary object, and that the noblest of Englishmen was dead, it required but little reflection to see how much the disaster had altered the whole military situation. As long as Gordon was in Khartoum, he held the Mahdi's main force chained before it, and so made our advance in small numbers to his assistance feasible and secure; but the disaster of the 26th January changed all that, and made the position at Gubat at once a critical one. The Mahdi's army, amounting to between 30,000 and 40,000 men, was now free to move down the river and engage the trifling force at Gubat with thirty-fold superior numbers, and that before reinforcements in any great strength could possibly reach it; the arsenals at Khartoum, and what they contained, were in themselves an enormous accession of strength to the Mahdi. The situation was, indeed, a grave one; however, the course for those in command at Gubat was plain. Gubat must be held, and Sir Charles Wilson must be rescued. To ensure the former, the camels were started off the same evening once more for Gakdul, to bring back this time, it was hoped, the now much-needed reinforcements; to ensure the latter, on the same afternoon the *El Saja*

low, and for the heavily-burdened steamers navigation was extremely difficult. On the afternoon of the 24th, a native told those on board how great had been the effect of the recent English victories, and how that it required but one more such victory to cause the Shagiyeh to rise and cast in their lot with the English. On the same day, too, was sighted a portion of the force which had left Khartoum for Metemneh, but which the English victory on the 19th had caused to halt, and which was now encamped twelve miles from Gubat.

On the evening of the 24th the steamers reached Gos el Bessabir, having traversed in the day fifteen miles. The next day, despite one of the steamers running aground, and despite some very difficult navigation, considerable progress was made, and the night was passed at Hassan Island, after a run of twenty-eight miles. During the day the steamers passed Wad Habashi, a point whence guns had frequently fired on the steamers in previous voyages. On this occasion the battery was unarmed, and it was evident that the guns had been taken away by Feki, the commander of the force seen on the previous afternoon.

The day of the 26th January was spent in the rapids, and only three miles of progress was made. In the broken water one of the steamers went heavily on a rock, and was with great difficulty got off again. The only information received this day was a report that for fifteen days almost incessant fighting had been going on round Khartoum, but that in this fighting Gordon had always been victorious. No hint was received of the tragedy already enacted that morning.

On the 27th, the Shablooka Rapid safely passed, the rate of progress was much quicker, and at night-fall, after a run of twenty-five miles, the steamers anchored within that distance of Khartoum. On this evening the first tidings of the disaster reached Sir Charles Wilson. A native reported that a man had ridden that day down the bank carrying the news that, on the previous morning, the Mahdi had entered Khartoum, and that Gordon had been killed. This story was not, however, credited on board the steamers, as it was said that similar reports had often been hitherto received—reports which never had had any shadow of foundation. During the greater part of this day, the 27th, dropping shots from both banks had been fired at the steamers, a sign that the country, as Khartoum was neared, was becoming pronouncedly hostile.

Early on the 28th January the steamers continued their journey,

and through the smooth water made rapid progress. When within twenty miles of Khartoum, a Shagiyeih from the right bank repeated the news heard the previous evening, and urged those on board to turn back. On, however, they move, and soon reach Halfiyeh, fourteen miles from Khartoum. The town, wrecked and devastated, bears all the signs of recent war. By the river bank are noticed a number of flat-bottomed boats which Kasm-el-Mous thinks he recognizes as from Khartoum, and which lead him to imagine that Gordon's troops are once more in possession of Halfiyeh. Musketry fire from the banks, however, soon dispels this illusion, and onwards the steamers press. As they advance, the banks seem to be alive with Arabs, and soon a battery of four guns, as well as rifles innumerable, begin to play on the steamers; the work is beginning in earnest. The steamers escape this first battery in safety, only to come under the fire of another one higher up the river. Fortune, however, favours them once more, and, gliding by, the white buildings of Khartoum are seen in the distance. Now the guns and rifles of Omdurman open fire, and a moment or two later heavy musketry fire from the left shows that even the island of Tutti is no longer in Gordon's hands; the outlook is not promising. Still on the steamers press, rifle bullets and shells flying all around them. More guns open fire, this time from the direction of Khartoum; the Government House, Gordon's residence, becomes visible, but no flag flies on its roof, and no shots proceed from the town in answer to the thousand rifles firing on the steamers. At last, on the sandy ground in front of the town, Arabs are seen drawn up to resist a landing. What had been a dreaded probability before, now becomes a certainty, and it is clear, beyond the possibility of mistake, that Khartoum has fallen. To go farther now, even if possible, is entirely useless, and, the signal being given, the steamers face about, and move down stream. The same gauntlet of shot and shell has again to be run, and all hands on board, Englishmen and Soudanese, fire and fight as best they can, 250 against a hundred times their numbers. The bullets ring against the iron plating, and the shells plough up the water, or else whistle over the steamers. By some happy chance or other no shell finds a vital spot, and, with a loss of but two killed and four wounded, Sir Charles Wilson is once more north of Halfiyeh. His farther progress is not hindered, and at nightfall the steamers rest at Gebel Royan, twenty-four miles north of Khartoum. Here a messenger was sent on shore, who soon returned, bringing with

him a story which, seen in the light of later evidence, was in the main, a true one. It was, in brief, that on the night of February 25-26, Khartoum had fallen, owing to the treachery of Faraj Pasha, who, one of the chief officers in the city, had, towards early morning, had the gates opened to admit the Mahdi's troops. The surprise was complete; little resistance was offered, and Gordon himself was among the first to be shot down.

The feelings of those on board the steamers it is hard to realize. In the fall of Khartoum the English saw the failure of an expedition towards the accomplishment of which much blood and labour had been expended, and whose very failure was all the harder to bear from its having approached so nearly to success; to the Black troops the fall of Khartoum meant the loss of wives, children, homes, and property, of all that made life dear. To those in command, however, the difficulties of the existing situation can have left but little time for general reflections, for the task then before them was quite sufficient to demand all their attention. With a rapidly falling Nile, the cataracts, much more dangerous in descent than in ascent, had to be passed, and to do this when pilots and crews were visibly failing in their allegiance became doubly hazardous.

The descent once commenced, misfortune pursued the party. On the 20th, in the upper of the three rapids between Wad Habashi and Khartoum, the *Talahawiyeh* struck a rock; so serious was the damage received, that the steamer had to be abandoned, and her crew accommodated as best might be in the *Bordein*, and in the large nugger which that vessel towed. On the 30th, happily there was no disaster, the *Bordein* made good progress, and by nightfall reached Hassan Island, at the head of the Shablooka Cataract. The next morning, the descent of the rapids was commenced, and at first all seemed to go well; the worst of the broken water was safely navigated, and the *Bordein* was just on the point of reaching the clear water below, when she struck a rock. The wreck was complete, water poured in very rapidly, and almost as soon as crew, food, and guns had been landed, the vessel sank. The island near which the *Bordein* was wrecked, and on which the shipwrecked party took refuge, was just a few miles above Wad Habashi, and this point had, since the steamers last passed it, been once more occupied by Feki and his force. With this hostile body, estimated at several thousand men, so close at hand, the position of Sir Charles Wilson and his force was a very trying one, and to procure assistance, Lieutenant Stuart Wortley and a couple

of Englishmen were despatched down stream distant, at nightfall. On Meinat Island, Sir the other Englishmen of his force spent two the black troops were all wavering, many of the the captain of the *Talahauqah*, Abdul Hame he had deserved Gordon's confidence by deca of the 2nd February. Happily Feki did not great must have been the joy when, on the 8 in the shape of the *El Safia* was seen coming.

Near Wad Habashi, a battery and entrench struected close to the river's edge, and at direction of the navigable channel made it n to pass within 200 yards of the battery. Then position, one facing straight across, and the the river respectively up and down stream. the *El Safia* attempted, but just as she came gun, and just when the firing between those on shore was at its height, a sudden escape of showed that a shot had penetrated the boiler sence of mind, Lord Charles Beresford let the what way it had 'as far upstream as possible and he so increased his distance from the bat yards. Now was shown the enormous power t With almost absolute precision the fire of these the embrasures of the battery, and so deadly they sent forth that the Arabs were unable to the guns were, indeed, loaded under cover, embrasures, but with the bullets playing on attempt to lay them meant certain death. the machine guns, the Arab fire was wild and once again was the steamer struck by heavy a too on the *El Safia* fired with such effect that were unable to show themselves above their their entrenchments in quest of food and Arabs thus completely penned within their Beresford stayed at anchor all day whilst the boiler. Meantime, Sir Charles Wilson so dent had happened to the steamer, moved his Island to the main land on the right bank, a opposite the enemy's position; here he brought and by their fire helped to keep the Arabs in the boiler was mended, and just before dawn.

the *El Sagia* slipped off almost unobserved by the enemy. After picking up the nigger containing the baggage of the Khartoum party, and after exchanging a few shots with his yesterday's antagonists, Lord Charles Beresford steamed off and took on board Sir Charles Wilson and his party from the right bank. On the same afternoon, February 4th, the steamer reached Gubat, having successfully accomplished its mission, and having given to the Arabs of Wad Habashi, in a most unmistakable manner, a taste of the fighting qualities of an English-manned and English-armed steamer. Indeed, there can be no doubt that if afterwards offensive operations toward Khartoum had been undertaken, the lesson taught at Wad Habashi would have been found to have had a very marked effect upon the bearing of the Mahdi's troops.

A despatch containing the news of the fall of Khartoum left Gubat on 1st February, and, passed along with all possible speed, reached Korti on February 5th. Lord Wolseley at once informed the Home Government of the disaster that had happened, and explained how, and how much, it had altered the general military situation. The change was indeed great, and its greatness shows the inherent difficulties under which the scheme of relief had been planned and carried out. The expedition, we know, was only taken in hand at the eleventh hour, and when the condition of Khartoum had become so critical that its fall in a few months, if unrelieved, was a certainty. Time, therefore, was an all-important factor in the problem to be solved. Two courses only, we believe, were open to those who formed the general scheme of the campaign; one was to make the relieving force so large that even if it arrived at Khartoum after the city had fallen, and in consequence at a time when the whole of the Mahdi's strength could be turned against it, it would still be strong enough to crush all opposition; the second course was to send a force which, though *of itself* not strong enough to cope with the Mahdi, would still, *if it arrived before Khartoum fell*, be able to do so in conjunction with Gordon's troops and taking into consideration the great advantages which the possession of Khartoum would give in all offensive operations; such a force, too, even if it did arrive too late, would still be strong enough to secure its own retreat. The first of these courses, in one way the surest, would, in point of time, be much the longest, and would almost to a certainty bring the expedition too late; the second offered, with some risks, a reasonable chance of arriving in time. Inasmuch, therefore, as the object in view was *not to crush the*

Mahdi, but to save Gordon, the second course was adopted, and the expedition planned and carried out on these lines. Once granted that this reasoning is correct, the adverse criticisms which have been directed against the handling of the expedition, because it was not at once able to retake Khartoum after its capture by the Mahdi, are beside the mark, and fall to the ground.

For, indeed, once that Khartoum had fallen, it became evident beyond doubt that even if the Government decided to crush the Mahdi, the Desert Force could not undertake any offensive operations before it was joined by the River Column; this could not be at the earliest before March 5th, supposing even that but little time was lost in the capture of Berber, whilst if the Mahdi advanced northwards from Khartoum before this junction was effected, it was doubtful if the Desert Column could even retain its hold on Metemneh. If forced to retire from the Nile to Abu Klea, this column might still, however, hope to strike thence across to Berber, and there form a junction with the River Force, while a fortified post at Abu Klea would still bar to the Mahdi the desert road. Further, too, it was probably explained to the Government that if the Mahdi was now to be crushed, the expedition would assume such large proportions that Osman Digma might once more have to be reckoned with; for it was more than possible that the Mahdi would now procure Osman's co-operation, and a move by him from Suakin towards Berber would endanger our communications along the Nile. On other grounds, too, with a large force engaged in long and uncertain operations before Khartoum—the town was fortified, and if well defended might hold out for months—it would probably be necessary to open the Suakin-Berber road for purposes of supply; this likewise meant an expedition to Suakin, and the defeat of Osman Digma.

Whilst the Government was considering these points, and endeavouring to arrive at a decision as to its policy, steps were taken to strengthen as far as possible the position of our troops in the Desert. Sir Evelyn Wood, with the Royal West Kent Regiment, advanced to Gakdul, whilst Sir Redvers Buller and the Royal Irish were pushing on with all speed to Gubat. The convoy which had started from Gubat on the evening of the 1st February left behind it at Abu Klea a reinforcement for the garrison there. This point had now assumed great importance, for if the Mahdi by a sudden blow could succeed in capturing it, he would cut off the force at Gubat from its supplies, and render its position on the Nile untenable and almost hopeless. Colonel Talbot on reaching Gakdul

found there Sir Redvers Buller and the Royal Irish, and with them started on the return journey; all haste was made, and on the 11th February, the garrison of Gubat saw with pleasure the Kharkee coats of 500 infantry soldiers, and heard with relief that their long expected General had arrived. The period of inaction had been trying to the garrison; they had steadily strengthened their fortifications, but beyond doing that, and collecting all obtainable information as to the Mahdi's movements, there had been little to employ them. On the 10th February, news had come that the Mahdi was at last in motion down the left bank of the Nile, that the villagers on the east bank had been ordered to assemble, and that batteries were to be established on that bank to take in reverse the River Fort. The situation had indeed become serious when General Buller arrived. For defence against such a force as the Mahdi could now bring against it, the position at Gubat had but little to recommend it; strategically its communication with its base of supplies might be cut at any moment by a successful attack on Abu Klea, whilst the tactical position was such that it would not have been difficult for the Mahdi to enclose our force completely, and starve it out. General Buller who had come to Gubat, we fancy, with the intention, not of retiring, but of taking Metemneh, soon saw how critical was the situation, and how little hope there was under the existing conditions of numbers and position of coping successfully there with the Mahdi's forces. He determined, accordingly, to retire to Abu Klea; at Abu Klea he would be able to fight the Mahdi under advantages strategical and tactical denied at Gubat, and from Abu Klea it would be still possible to strike across the desert to Berber and effect there a junction with General Earle's column. The first step was to get rid of the *impedimenta*, and on the morning of the 13th February, a convoy started for Korti, taking with it all the sick and wounded, however sick or wounded they might be. It now became clear to all that a speedy retreat was a certainty.

The picture which the convoy presented as it formed up for its start in the morning twilight was one which those who were present will long remember. This departure, first signal of retreat, marked the final setting of the hopes with which the Desert Column had, six weeks before, left Korti; buoyant and confident, under a leader loved and trusted, there seemed nothing *then* to the troops of the Desert Column which they could not accomplish, no obstacle which they could not overcome. Misfortune, however, had dogged their footsteps and disappointed their hopes; first their

leader fell, then the city they went to relieve almost before their eyes, when success seemed now, bitterest blow of all, retreat, although accomplished, must be commenced. It was a that from which so much had been expected little, save bloodshed, had resulted. As to the of all came the escort of Camel Corps, thin, as then the great mass of sick and wounded, stretchers carried by the black soldiers, the litters and cacolets, others, more convalescent some were dying, whilst others were so ill the little hope that they would ever reach their journey the latter was Sir Herbert Stewart, now past grown, and surrounded by friends anxious to be destined to be their last good-byes. Around him were gathered little knots of soldiers, saying well and encouragement to their suffering comrades faces above, lit up with kindly affection and pity with the pale and sickly ones of the sufferers too, emaciated from want of food and rest, and with gaping sores, looked nearly as ill as the either side the soldiers were lighting the mortar sentries' bayonets gleamed on the dull, grey right, in the dawning light, was visible the Metemneh, whilst in rear of all ran the steady

This convoy, so heavily embarrassed, which had gone many miles by that which at first part of the Mahdi's army marching from Kh information, however, makes it probable that only some Arab troops sent out from Metemneh column had been seen to start. Wherever it ever, the convoy was forced to halt, and to enormous numbers, hid in grass and scrub, it was in whose bullets soon began to whistle over them. A couple of Hussars managed to get away, and for assistance, but long before this assistance the shape of the Light Camel Regiment, or Klea to Gubat, arrived. The sudden appearance unexpected alike by attackers and attacked to retire, and enabled the convoy, escorted to proceed once more on its road. Long the attack on the convoy, or of its rescue, 1

had been given to prepare for retreat the next morning. So reduced were the camels in number that it was necessary for all the soldiers to march on foot, the animals being only just sufficient to carry kits, ammunition, food, and water. Much had to be left behind, and during the afternoon and night of the 13th February, fatigue parties were at work, throwing into the river the food that it was necessary to abandon. The guns from Gordon's vessels were taken out into mid-stream and sunk, whilst essential parts of the machinery of the steamers were removed from their places to be carried away on the morrow; the absence of these parts would render the steamers useless, as such, to the Mahdi, whilst their possession by us would enable us, if ever we subsequently recaptured the steamers, to make them once more serviceable. It was a weird, weird night, that last one at Gubat, as, with fires blazing, the work of demolition proceeded. As usual, the drums in Metemneh played throughout the night, but the Arabs, as was seen afterwards, had no suspicion whatever of what was really doing at Gubat. Shortly before dawn, the column formed up in a valley to the left of the Guards' Fort. The news of the Mahdi's near approach made it possible that some of his troops might attack our column on the march, whilst it was more than probable that the garrison of Metemneh would discover what our movements meant, and would sally out to harass the retreat; accordingly, the dispositions for the march were arranged with care.

As an advanced guard, moved a half-troop of the 19th Hussars and forty men of the Heavy Camel Regiment; then came the Guards' Camel Regiment, on foot, followed by the long mass of camels moving on a front of sixty, and closed up together as much as possible; 500 yards to the right of the camels moved the Mounted Infantry, in column of companies, covering the right flank; 500 yards to the left moved the Royal Sussex men, also in column of companies; in rear of the camels came the Heavy Camel Regiment followed by four guns, Royal Artillery, and four companies of the Royal Irish Regiment. The rear guard was formed of two companies of the Royal Irish Regiment, and two guns, Royal Artillery; on the left flank, and 800 yards from the column, moved the Soudanese troops. In this formation, as soon as it was light, the force, numbering some 1,700 men and 500 camels, moved off. Leaving the battle-field of the 19th inst. to its left, it traversed the gravel hills and passed close to the zeriba where so many had been killed and wounded, and whose site dead

camels, camel-saddles and *débris* still clearly marked. Happily all was quiet; the Metemneh troops came outside the town and looked on, not knowing well what to think. Whether they believed that our column was only moving out preparatory to an assault on the town, or whether they thought themselves unequal to attack so large a force even in retreat, it is hard now to tell; rumour, however, reports that it was not until noon that they discovered that their enemy had escaped them, and that they had courage to enter our forts and to board our steamers. Whatever the cause may have been, not a shot was fired against the retreating force, and General Buller, having cleared the belt of grass and scrub which had so delayed Sir Herbert Stewart's last march, halted at twelve miles from the river; early the following morning he resumed his march, and reached Abu Klea at noon, to find that the sick convoy had already left the Wells for Korti. General Buller, we believe, intended at Abu Klea to await the attack of any force which the Mahdi might send against him, and to make it also his point of departure for marching on Berber, for it was essential now that that place should be captured before any serious offensive movements south of it were undertaken; Berber, too, would be a convenient point at which to effect a junction with the River Column, and until joined by that force, the desert troops would be manifestly too weak to attack the Mahdi's large army. The next pressing step, however, was to secure our own communications with Korti; for it was well appreciated that the fall of Khartoum would exercise a potent influence on the Desert Arabs, who, seeing further in our retirement from Gubat a confession of defeat, would hasten as far as possible to attack and harass our convoys on the desert. The only way to prevent this was to hold, ourselves, every point on or near the caravan road where there was considerable water supply, and so deny to the Arabs the power of collecting at these points; deprived thus of water, the Arabs even could not hope to operate in the desert. With this object in view, the Guards and the Heavy Camel Regiments started on the morning of the 16th February, the former to hold the wells of Abu Halfa, the latter to guard the newly-discovered reservoirs at Magaga; of these points, both to the Korti side of Gakdul, and to the north-east of the caravan road, Abu Halfa is twelve miles, and Magaga twice that distance, from Gakdul. These precautionary steps taken, General Buller had, whilst waiting for fresh transport, to prepare to resist a possible advance of the enemy from Metemneh. The wells of Abu Klea, within a mile and a half of the south-east

edge of the range of hills which, nine miles broad, is crossed at right angles by the Metemneh-Korti road, lie in the bed of a sandy valley ; to the left, as you face Metemneh, the ground rises to steep, well-pronounced hills, 200 feet above the wells, and distant from them at their nearest point some 1,000 yards ; to the right of the road the rise is more gradual, and the slope is broken at intervals by smaller valleys, parallel in direction to the main one. Towards Metemneh, the hills to the left, and the more gently rising ground to the right, both end about a mile and a half from the wells ; the former fall abruptly, the latter dies away gradually into the rolling surface of the desert. Behind us, as we still face Metemneh, the road, following the valley, winds through the hills, and after some eight miles emerges once more on to the level ground. With the exception of some desert grasses here and there, and of a few thorn bushes in the valley, the country around the well is entirely bare.

(To be continued.)



The New French Armour-clad "Formidable."



THE trial trips of this, the most powerful vessel in the French navy, took place a few weeks since, and were attended with very satisfactory results. She was built in the national dockyard at Lorient on the plans of M. Godron, Director of Naval Construction in France. This gentleman was assisted in working out his plans by several of the most eminent engineers in the French service; and the vessel was completed under the personal supervision of M. Marchal. Her chief dimensions are:—

Length between perpendiculars -	-	-	98 metres
Length over all -	-	-	104·6 „
Maximum breadth at the water-line -	-	-	21·2 „
Depth -	-	-	12·4 „
Mean draught -	-	-	7·98 „
Displacement -	-	-	11,400 tons

Height of the heavy guns in turrets above the water-line 2·520 metres.

The hull is constructed entirely of steel, and is partly armoured, as may be seen from the accompanying diagrams.

The armour extends the whole length of the vessel, and it is joined at its upper edge by an armoured deck. The three turrets are moreover strongly protected, the plates extending as far as the armoured deck. The capstan is, finally, provided with a shelter, proof against rifle and light artillery-fire.

The engines are situated entirely below the armoured deck, and the most important parts of the vessel are sheltered as far as possible in the same manner.

It is noteworthy that the *Formidable* is protected throughout by the strongest armour yet adopted. On the belt it is 55 cm. in thickness amidships, 40 cm. at the bow, and 35 cm. at the stern. On the turrets it is 45 cm. thick, and on the armoured deck, which

would necessarily be exposed only to fire at a very sharp angle, 8 cm. thick.

The armour consists throughout of Creusot steel. The largest plate is not less than 44 tons in weight, almost that of a torpedo-boat 33 metres in length completely armed.

The ship's bottom is constructed of a number of transverse ribs crossed by longitudinal rails. The former are 65 metres apart from each other, and are covered on the outside and inside by a system of plating, thus forming a double bottom. The latter is divided



THE "FORMIDABLE," FRENCH IRONCLAD BATTLE-SHIP.

into a large number of water-tight compartments. The turrets are mounted on a very strong foundation obtained by a complex system of steel plates and bars.

In spite of the great increase of weight due to strengthening the ship below the armoured belt, the hull of the *Formidable* is, on the whole, very lightly constructed. It weighs only 4,200 tons, or about 37 per cent. of the total displacement of the vessel, while the armour alone exceeds 4,000 tons.

In wooden vessels the average weight of the hull was 50 per cent. of the displacement, and this proportion held good in the case of the first iron ships. The gradual introduction of heavy artillery,

armour, and engines has necessitated extreme care in the selection of materials for the construction of the hulls of modern armour-clade, and in the *Formidable* it is claimed that nothing has been used which was not absolutely indispensable to the solidity of the ship.

The *Formidable* is driven by two symmetrically-placed sets of engines separated by a water-tight bulk-head.

The motive machinery is not only protected against artillery-fire by its situation below the armoured deck, but is also surrounded by the coal-bunkers, which form an additional and very effective defence.

The engines were furnished, in common with the armour, by the Creusot Works. They are of the vertical compound 8-cylinder type, and indicate 6,400 horse-power at ordinary and 8,800 at forced draught. The large cylinders are not less than 2.020 metres in diameter.

The average consumption of coal per hour at ordinary speed amounts to 6,400 kilogrammes, at extreme speed to 8,800 kilogrammes. This consumption is equivalent to 1 kilogramme per horse-power per hour.

The engines are supplied by twelve tubular boilers, and are arranged in four rooms, separated by water-tight bulk-heads, protected, like the engines, by the armoured deck.

In the boilers there are not less than 3,072 tubes. The total grate surface is 78 square metres, the total heating area 1,980 square metres.

In addition to the motive machinery, properly so-called, the *Formidable* possesses a number of auxiliary engines supplied by two boilers and a special condenser, ten Thirion pumps, one of which alone has a capacity of 600 tons per hour, two pulsometers and two ejectors, raising the total capacity of the pumps to 5,660 tons per hour. The helm, moreover, is worked by steam-power, in common with the capstan, the machinery for supplying projectiles to the artillery mounted on the military masts, and, finally, the dynamo-electric engines. The latter generate the electricity for the interior illumination of the vessel, and for working the Mangin projectiles.

As regards artillery armament, the *Formidable* carries three 37-centimetre guns, mounted in turrets, *en barbette*. This protects only the more delicate portions of the gun, while the movable turret completely encloses the latter and turns with it, leaving only a very small part of the muzzle unprotected.

The guns of the *Formidable* are worked by hydraulic mechanism



FIG. 1 — Longitudinal Section



FIG. 2 — Section across the Axis of the Central Turret

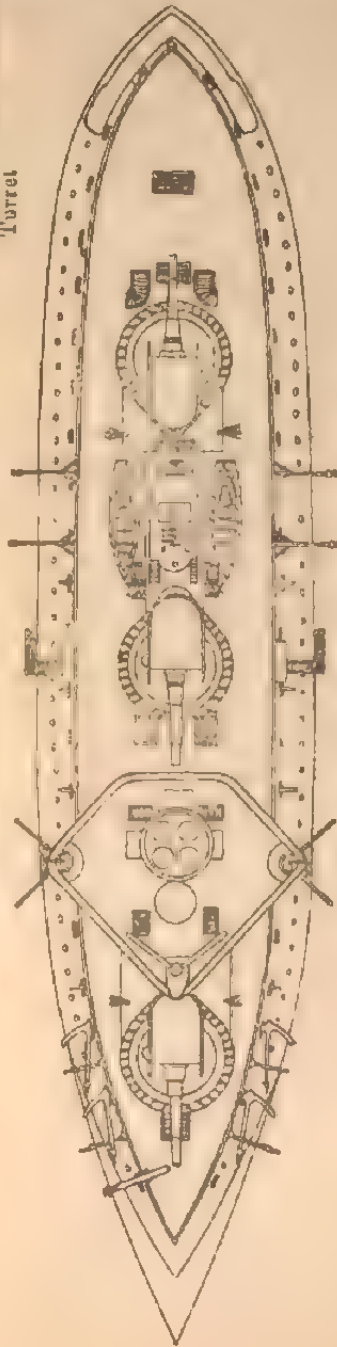


FIG. 3 — The Firmidalle Plan of the Main Deck

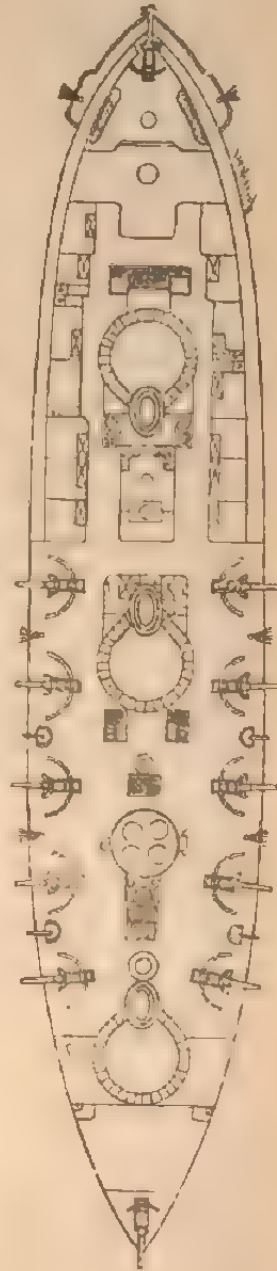


FIG. 4 — Section along the Battery

on the Farcot principle. This apparatus not only moves the gun, but charges it automatically.

The carriers of the projectile can be worked in their normal position; but when the former gun, in its turn, cannot be moved until the latter is in position.

In addition to these heavy pieces the *Formidable* carries 14-centimetre guns in battery, and a large number of quick-firing guns.

To sum up, the *Formidable* is constructed to ensure at once a strong attack and defence. Her speed probably amounts to 15 or 16 knots per hour, compared with that of other vessels of similar construction.

The field of fire of the three 37-centimetre guns is 15 degrees above the horizon. Finally, the *Formidable* is protected against torpedo attack by Bullivant netting, by her large number of water-tight compartments, by her armor, and by an unusual number of machine guns.

Military Problems.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM XVIII.

Accommodation for men in village, calculated on Sir G. Colley's rule (*q.v.* Richards' Text-book of Topography).

$$72 \times 2 \times 2 = 288 \text{ yds. of houses in streets.}$$

2

576 men on ground floors.

288 „ „ upper floor ($\frac{1}{2}$ being left for inhabitants).

864 men.

18 ($8 \times 2 \times 8$) men in detached houses,
= 432.

In the church, 2 sq. yds. per man for sleeping room gives—

$$\frac{30 \times 15}{2} = 225 \text{ men.}$$

Total number of men, $864 + 432 + 225 = 1521$.

Water-supply—

Area of cross section of stream = $1\frac{1}{2}$ sq. feet.

Velocity = 66 feet per minute.

$$66 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = 88 \text{ cub. feet of water passing per min.}$$

$$= 548 \text{ gallons of water per min.}$$

Hay and straw—

No. of cub. yds. in each stack—

$$6 \times 8 \times (8 + \frac{2}{3}) = 66 \text{ cub. yds. hay.}$$

$$= 66 \times 200 = 13,200 \text{ lbs. of hay in each stack.}$$

$$= 13,200 \times 8 = 105,600 \text{ lbs. in all of hay.}$$

$$66 \times 140 = 9,240 \text{ lbs. straw in each stack.}$$

$$9,240 \times 4 = 36,960 \text{ lbs. of straw.}$$

ANSWERS TO No. XVIII.

Name.	Score.	Name.	Score.
	(Highest possible, 50.)		(Highest possible, 50.)
J. O'Kelly .	41	F. Long .	40

RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION.

First prize, £3, is awarded to Serjeant F. Long, Royal Marine Light Infantry. Score 312 out of a possible 400.

No second prize can be awarded.

Reviews.

A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World.

M.A., F.R.S. (London: John Murray,

This new and popular edition of the great written while on a voyage of discovery in H. J. delightful and instructive narrative within purses. The price is 3s. 6d., and for that reader is provided with over 500 pages of which yields to no other in point of attract an excellent steel engraving of the illustri no doubt that this edition will attain immen it should also enjoy a wide circulation t population generally.

My Life and Balloon Experiences. By HEN Edition. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.,


Mr. Coxwell's book has deservedly reached very amusing reading it is, replete with e from the awful to the ridiculous. The set agreeable one to find, at an elevation of 4, vast rent in the silken globe of one's ballo ascent through a thunderstorm, even though Vauxhall amid a blaze of fireworks. Yet thi Mr. Coxwell in the year of grace 1847. Aga felt his "dignity increased," when the ba earthly trammels just as the aeronauts were loftily into space, leaving the netting to flo their defenceless heads. On another occasio in his art, the balloon being found unequal passengers, he had to vacate the car an bystanders, who not unnaturally concluded i his mind." However convenient balloons m of reconnaissance, Mr. Coxwell does not hel to revolutionize the art of war; and this t that, as he has had occasion to note, a cert over the spirits of the most pugnacious whe —a state of mind which is apt to militate a an enterprise.

Internal Ballistics. By J. A. LONGRIDGE. (London and New York : E. and F. N. Spon, 1889.)

The writer, who has long advocated the manufacture of heavy ordnance with steel wire, dedicates this volume to M. Emile Sarrau, and embodies in it the results of the researches in gunnery and explosives which have recently been instituted by that eminent engineer and his compatriots. As the title of this work may prove a stumbling-block to beginners in the science of artillery, we may as well state briefly that it deals with the properties of explosives in general; the phenomena accompanying the ignition of gunpowder; investigates M. Sarrau's formulae for muzzle velocity and maximum pressure; and finally treats of the designing of guns and of pressure curves, concluding with remarks on guns considered as thermo-dynamic machines.

Wanderings of a War Artist. By IRVING MONTAGU. (London : W. H. Allen & Co., 1889.)

Our readers will no doubt welcome the appearance as a book of these "Wanderings," which, during the preceding twelvemonth, have run through the pages of this magazine in a serial form. It has received in the meantime two important additions: an introductory chapter descriptive of the author's childhood and youth, and a third part treating of the Servian War in 1876. Mr. Montagu should prove a great favourite with the martial youth of the rising generation; and, indeed, for those of maturer years and more sober inclinations, no pleasanter reading can be imagined to beguile the tedium of an hour, while at the same time imbibing correct notions of the "realities of war."



At the Play.

EASTER will be ushered in with several novelties and the revival of a good many old favourites at the theatres. Among the former will be "Doris" at the Lyric, a lady who must have been getting somewhat tired of her long wait at the wings ready to step on as soon as "Dorothy" should have worn out her popularity. This, we presume, has at last been accomplished, though appearances on the last night were against the presumption; perhaps Mr. Leslie thought that in mercy to the actors it was time to give them a little change. The HAYMARKET does not change its programme till the end of Easter week, when Mr. H. A. Jones's "Wealth" is to be produced; Mr. Tree has, of course, a prominent and telling part, but it is rumoured that the other characters are not very effective. The last performances of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were rendered more attractive by the revival of that excellent little piece by Mr. Walter Pollock and Mr. Walter Besant, "The Ballad-Monger," which gave both Mr. Tree and Mr. Brookfield first-rate opportunities for contrast with their Shaksperian parts. Mr. Tree's Gringoire had improved since his first appearance in it, and the play had the further advantage of Mrs. Tree's rendering of the part of the heroine.

A new piece is also promised at the AVENUE to replace "Nadgy"—namely, "Lancelot the Lovely," by Richard Henry, with music by Mr. John Crook, in which most of the present company will appear. It will not be long, also, before Mr. Hare will open the GARRICK with Mr. Pinero's new play. This, we regret to hear, is written entirely in a serious vein. However great a master of pathos Mr. Pinero may prove himself to be, we can ill afford to spare his genuine vein of humour, and should success in his new departure lead to his abandoning comedy, we should consider it a great loss to the stage.

The chief revivals this Easter are four in number—"The Harbour Lights" at the ADELPHI, where Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward will again delight the gallery; "East Lynne" at the OLYMPIC, under the management of Mr. J. Coleman, with Mr. L. Cautley and Mr. A. Elwood in the company; "The Silver King" at the PRINCESS'S, with Mr. Wilson Barrett, of course, in his old part; and "The Don" at TOOLE'S, the run of which was temporarily interrupted by the death of the popular comedian's wife. At each of these latter theatres, the revival is only for a short time, to be followed, in the

case of "The Silver King," by "Claudian," and in that of "The Don" by "Artful Cards" and other well-known favourites which Mr. Toole has made popular.

At the COMEDY "Uncles and Aunts" was replaced last month by a new farcical comedy in three acts, by Mr. S. Grundy, called "Merry Margate." To judge by the incessant laughter which accompanies this somewhat feeble entanglement of cross purposes and misunderstandings, it answers its purpose, and indeed for about one act it is fairly amusing. After that, we must confess that Mr. Pennell's mannerisms began to pall, and a sincere feeling of pity came over us for the really competent company who are condemned to represent the inanities of this wearisome play. Miss Lottie Venne manages to put brightness and point into all she does, but even she showed how heavily she was handicapped, and had to rely on some decidedly broad allusions to secure a laugh. Mr. W. F. Hawtray, an excellent actor on certain lines, gave a capital little sketch in the character of the stranger, but Mr. Rutland Barrington has no chance in the tailor-colonel. Mr. Jerome's touching little play, "Fennel," has been put on again here during the preparation of a new first piece, and gives Mr. A. G. Andrews an opportunity as the hunchback, which he made the most of: he was weighted, however, with a most affected Giannina in Miss Hardinge, and Mr. Draycott scarcely looks the part of Sandro.

A *matinée* at Terry's during the month was arranged for the purpose of introducing to London playgoers Miss Kinharvie, an American actress, and proved a rather more dismal performance than even *matinées* usually are. "Young Mrs. Winthrop," owing to the weakness of its main incident, wants very good acting, and very careful rehearsal, to make it "go," notwithstanding the merit of some of its scenes. Miss Kinharvie was common-place, and made no mark in the title *role*, and in common with Mr. Grahame and other performers, showed evident signs of indifferent rehearsal. Miss Marie Linden was not so well suited as Mrs. John Wood to the part of the easily-divorced lady, though she was telling in parts, and Mr Alfred Bishop, always workman-like, seemed hardly to have shaken himself free of his part in "Sweet Lavender." A word of praise should be given to Miss Cudmore, as the blind girl. She played very prettily a part, simple and innocent to the verge of absurdity, not easy to render acceptable, and both she and Mr. Reeves Smith made much of the love scene in the last act over the threading of a needle.

Foreign Service War

SUMMARY OF ARTICLES

MITTHEILUNGEN AUS DEM GEBIETE DES SEEWESEN
und Commissionsverlag von Carl Gerold
Nos. I. and II. 1889.

Two Studies on Torpedo Warfare—Studies
on the Black and Azov Seas (concluded)
Estimates for 1889-90—The Railway Transp
—Torpedo-boat Trials in Spain—A New Am
Russian Armoured Cruiser *Imperator Nicolai*.

RIVISTA MARITTIMA. (Roma: Tipografia d
1889.

Registers of Shipping—Submarine Boat
ations at the Mouth of the Elbe—The
Formidable.

RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO. (Roma
February, 1889.

Studies on Garrison Artillery—The Indirect
lery—The New Nobel Explosive—The Organic
Artillery in War—Modern Fortification.

RIVISTA MILITARE ITALIANA. (Roma: Voghera
1889.

The Grand Manœuvres in Romagna—The
lations for Infantry Fire—Losses in Acti
French and Italian Rifles—Events in Zanzibar

THE UNITED SERVICE. A Monthly Review of
Affairs. (Philadelphia: L. R. Hamers
1889.

Small-calibre Small-arms and Ammunition
at Seven Pines—The Mexican Army.

RIVISTA ARMATEI. (Bucharest: Edward Weig
January 31st, and February 15th, 1889.

The Motives of the Bill concerning Mill
Uniforms of Our Army—The Archduke Ru
of France—Observations on the Military Code

REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE—ARMÉES DE TERRE ET DE MER.
(Paris: 37, Rue Bellechasse.) March 24th and 31st, April
7th and 14th, 1889.

The Small-arms of European Armies—Exercises and Manœuvres
by Night—The New (French) Regulations for Infantry Manœuvres
—Military Life in the Far East—The rôle of the Reserves in the
Attack of Fortified Positions—Night Manœuvres around Kertch.

JOURNAL DES SCIENCES MILITAIRES, REVUE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE.
(Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30, Rue et Passage Dauphine.)
March, 1889.

Commissariat Tactics in the Field, by General Liéwal (*continued*)
—The Organization and Command of Troops (*continued*)—Notes
on the Reorganization of the Army (*continued*)—The Theoretical
Training of the Soldier—The (French) Military Schools from
1682 to 1793 (*continued*).

REVUE DE CAVALERIE. (Paris: Librairie Militaire; Berger, Levrault
et Cie., 5, Rue des Beaux Arts.) March, 1889.

Reconnaissances: 1806—The Lance—Questions in Tactics—The
Marches of the German Armies from 31st July to 1st September
1870—The History of the French Cavalry Regiments (*continued*).

JOURNAL DE LA MARINE. Le Yacht. (Paris: 50, Rue Saint-Lazare.)
March 23rd and 30th, April 6th and 13th, 1889.

The Programme of the English Admiralty—The Stability of
Torpedo-boats—The Loss of the Torpedo-boat "No 110"—The
Future of the Submarine Boat.

REVUE MILITAIRE DE L'ÉTRANGER. (Paris: L. Baudoin et Cie., 30,
Rue et Passage Dauphine.) 15th and 30th March, 1889.

The German Army in the Field—The Grand Manœuvres of the
Russian Army around Elizabethgrad (*concluded*)—The German
Navy and Naval Estimates in 1889-90 (*concluded*)—Marches of
Exercise of the Russian Field Artillery (*concluded*)—The Annual
of the Prussian Army for 1889—Military Mutual Assurance in the
United States—The Exterior Construction of Permanent Fortifi-
cations (*concluded*)—The Composition and War Effectives of the
Austro-Hungarian Army.

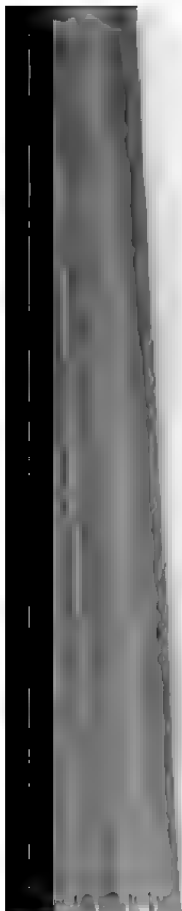
REVUE GÉNÉRALE ET DE L'ÉTAT-MAJOR. REVUE MILITAIRE DES
DEUX-MONDES. (Paris: Berger, Levrault et Cie., 5, Rue des
Beaux Arts.) March, 1889.

The Letters of Prince Hohenlohe—The Defensive Organization
of Foreign Powers: Germany (*continued*)—The Army and the
Exhibition—The War School.

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